JOHN KEATS

THE POEMS

John Keats

Edited, with an Introduction

E. DE SÉLINCOURT

WITH A FRONTISPIECE
IN COLLOTYPE



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PREFACE

THE present edition of the Poems of Keats aims at reproducing, except for obvious errors, the exact text of the three volumes published in the poet's lifetime, and at giving for the rest of his work what seems to be the most approved text. I have left the irregularities of orthography as I found them in the first editions, and have neither consistently modernised them, nor followed Mr. Forman in altering the spelling of certain words so as to make them fit in with what appears to be Keats's usual form. Keats's predilection for Elizabethan spelling does not seem to me to justify its introduction in passages where he did not actually employ it, and it is at least no more characteristic of him than his fluctuations between the modern and archaic spelling of the same word, which are noticeable both in his MSS. and in his printed poems. Similarly, I have not attempted to revise the printing of the *-'d* or *-ed* of the past participles. It is clear, as Mr. Forman shows, that Keats's "intention, speaking broadly, was to print *-ed* when that syllable was to be pronounced, and to replace the *e* by an apostrophe in the opposite case"; it is clear also that such a rule was not consistently carried out. But it is often impossible to decide whether Keats wished the syllable to be dropped entirely, or whether he desired a slightly dissyllabic effect as a variation of his metre, or even whether, as is quite possible, by the retention of the *e* he wished to indicate that the previous syllable should be slightly lingered over in reading. It is probable also that Keats would consult the eye as well as the ear in deciding which form to employ, and he would naturally shrink from printing such words as *di'd* or *ey'd*. Moreover it must be remembered

that he had every opportunity for correcting his proofs, and such proof copies of his poems as are now extant show that he not only corrected them with some care, but also obtained the help of friends in their correction. It is hardly likely therefore that he would have left as many as sixty incorrectly printed in *Endymion*, and yet Mr. Forman, in reducing the form of Keats's past participles to rule, has found it necessary to alter this number.

A word must be said in explanation, and if need be in defence, of the arrangement of the *Posthumous and Fugitive Poems*. It is a practice widely followed by modern scholarship to collect under this head every scrap of verse that can be discovered, and to produce the whole under the title of "Poems," and there is much to be said for the arrangement. On the other hand, I cannot help agreeing with Mr. Colvin that to print snatches of doggerel and nonsense-verses, such as are to be found in the Letters of Keats, "gravely, among the poetical works, is to punish the levities of genius too hard," and I am convinced that when the *Ode to Maia* shares a page with *Dawlish Fair*, and *La Belle Dame sans Merci* is immediately preceded by *Two or Three Posies*, as the dates of composition demand, the mind is not attuned to their proper appreciation, and chronological accuracy is bought at a heavy price.

Accordingly I have relegated to an Appendix those verses which do not seem to me to be worthy of the name of poetry, and would not, we may be sure, have been published by Keats as such; the remainder I have arranged as far as possible on the principles which actuated the poet in the arrangement of his volumes of 1817 and 1820. The *Fall of Hyperion* is placed first, for pure convenience, that it may stand next to *Hyperion*; it is followed by the other narrative poems, then by the *Odes*, by the *Songs and Lyrics*, by the *Epistle to Reynolds*, then by the *Sonnets* and the *Dramas*. The chronological table on pp. 590-4 will, perhaps, atone for this in the eyes of those who prefer the other plan. The Appendix is strictly chronological. It contains much verse which could well, I think, be spared, and it is only added to satisfy those readers who like to possess not merely what their

author wished to be preserved, but that which he would willingly have let die. Even so, it is not quite complete, for certain of the poems are still copyright; but Mr. Forman, with characteristic generosity, has allowed me to print one or two of these which possess a literary as distinct from a purely personal interest, and they contain enough to show how badly Keats could write when he was not inspired.

The same feeling as prompted the arrangement of the text has induced me to place the notes at the end of the volume, rather than, as would perhaps have been more convenient, at the bottom of the page. "Here are the poems," wrote Keats, in despatching to his brother in America some of his latest compositions, "they will explain themselves—as all poetry should do, without any comment;" and though notes may sometimes add to our knowledge in such a way that we return to the text with a fuller appreciation and a wider power of sympathy, for once that they are consulted the poems will be read many times, and in moods—those moods, indeed, in which poetry makes its surest appeal—when all explanatory comments are a source of weariness and irritation. The notes are both textual and illustrative. The record of textual variations makes no pretence at being exhaustive; for a complete account of the different forms through which the poems passed before Keats left them Mr. Forman's edition will always remain the exact and unimpeachable authority, and it would have been wholly unnecessary, even if the material at my disposal had made it possible, for me to attempt again what has already been so admirably done. I have been content, therefore, with recording those variants which are especially interesting in the light they throw upon the poet's powers of self-criticism, and upon the gradual growth, as it were, of a work of art to the form in which the artist thought fit to give it to the world. However, the first version of the *Ode to a Nightingale*, which has come to light since the publication of Mr. Forman's edition, is given in every detail. The earlier drafts of the poems of Keats are of particular value in that he had no opportunities, as, *e.g.*, had Wordsworth or Tennyson, to revise his work after its first publication.

But the main object of the notes, introduction, and appendices is to discuss and illustrate the relation of Keats with his predecessors, and to establish the sources of his inspiration. The subject is one of special interest and special importance to a study of Keats, and much has from time to time been written incidentally upon it; but it has never, I think, been treated systematically in all its bearings upon the spirit of his work and upon its subject matter, style, and vocabulary. Yet such a study, as it seems to me, affords one of the surest methods by which we may come to understand that essential element of original genius by virtue of which Keats is among the very greatest of our poets.

The last and one of the most agreeable duties of an editor is to place on record his obligations to those scholars, both dead and living, who have aided him in his task. The editors and critics of Keats, judged as a whole, have amply atoned for the delinquencies of their earliest predecessors, and a poet who has formed the study, to mention no others, of Charles Cowden Clarke, Leigh Hunt, Lord Houghton, Mrs. Owen, Matthew Arnold, the late Mr. W. T. Arnold, Mr. Robert Bridges, Mr. Buxton Forman, and Mr. Sidney Colvin has been fortunate indeed. To all of these my debt is necessarily great, and has been acknowledged whenever I have been conscious of it. But to the last two I am under a special obligation; to Mr. Forman for his permission, already referred to, to print certain of the poems of which he possesses the copyright, in particular the beautiful fragment to be found on p. 254, to adopt any of his corrections and emendations in the text of Keats (notably in *Endymion* and *Otho*) and also to incorporate in my notes certain characteristic rejected passages from *Endymion* and *Lamia* which are given in his edition, and either are based upon MSS. in his possession or were otherwise inaccessible to me; to Mr. Colvin not only for placing at my disposal all the valuable manuscript material in his keeping,[1] but also for his active interest in my

[1] Particularly the *Woodhouse Commonplace Book* and Keats's *Journal Letters* to America, which contain manuscript copies of many of the poems and supply many variant readings.

book, which has been the greatest encouragement to me in its preparation. I have always found him ready to discuss with me any problems connected with the life and work of Keats which I have ventured to submit to him, and I am conscious how greatly I have profited by his ripe judgment and his unrivalled knowledge of the subject.

I should like also to express my thanks to Mr. Bourdillon for allowing me to make use of his copy of the Poems of 1817, with its interesting annotations in the handwriting of Woodhouse, to Professor A. C. Bradley and Mr. Gilbert Murray for their kindness in reading my MS. and making several valuable suggestions, and to the editors of the New English Dictionary for allowing me to consult their unpublished material upon one or two difficult words. Finally my thanks are due to several personal friends, particularly to my old pupil Miss Helen Darbishire, of Somerville College, who has called my attention to many interesting parallels between Keats and his predecessors, of which I have availed myself in the notes, and has otherwise given me much valued assistance, and to Mr. H. S. Milford, who has read my proofs and allowed me to benefit by his special knowledge and experience. Without their help my book would be faultier than it is; for its faults I alone am responsible.

OXFORD,
August, 1904

P.S.—This volume was on point of publication when two important MSS. came to light—the autograph MS. of *Hyperion* and the Woodhouse transcript of *The Fall of Hyperion and other poems*. The first has preserved for us many earlier readings of *Hyperion* of intense interest in a study of Keats's art, the second enables us to correct the printed text of *The Fall of Hyperion* in several important places, and adds twenty-one new lines, whilst among the minor poems at the end of the MS. are two which have not been published before. This edition was therefore held back in order that I might avail myself of the new material. As much of the volume had already been printed off it was found impossible to alter the text, but the new matter has

been incorporated in the notes, and one or two minor poems added as Addenda to *Posthumous and Fugitive Poems* (*II*). My deepest thanks are due to Lord Crewe for his kindness in placing the Woodhouse transcript, which is in his possession, at my disposal. I must also express my gratitude to Mr. G. Locker-Lampson for allowing me to examine the valuable Keats MSS. in his collection.

OXFORD,
December, 1904

PREFACE TO FIFTH EDITION

THE text of the second edition (1907) was revised in the light of the discoveries referred to in the postscript dated *December*, 1904. The Introduction and Notes were then revised and corrected, and a few notes added on p. 563. The third edition (1912) was a reprint of the second. The fourth edition was revised throughout, and augmented so as to take into account the advance which has been made in the study of Keats during the next eight years. In 1913, the long-lost second volume of Woodhouse's transcripts of Keats's poems, known as Woodhouse (Poems II), had come to light, and found its fitting home in the collection of the Marquess of Crewe. To him I was once more indebted for his generous courtesy in placing it at my disposal. It contains two hitherto unpublished poems, and supplies many variant readings and other valuable information. In May, 1914, two fresh sonnets were sent by Dr. E. Horner to *The Times*, by whom I was kindly permitted to reproduce them. Lastly, in 1917, appeared Sir Sidney Colvin's biography of Keats—a book which alike for its fullness, accuracy, and critical discernment is indispensable to students, and places them still further in the author's debt.

The present edition has been corrected and amplified so as to bring it into line with the most recent scholarship. During the last six years some notable contributions have been made to the study of Keats. On the centenary (1921) of his death, a Memorial Volume was issued; much of its contents was purely commemorative in character, but it contained some essays of real

consequence—among them a study of *The Fall of Hyperion* by Professor Lascelles Abercrombie, and Professor A. C. Bradley's *Keats and Philosophy*, which, taken in conjunction with his previous essay on *The Letters of Keats* (*Oxford Lectures on Poetry*, 1909), forms the most searching review of the poet's thought. The Memorial Volume also published for the first time a letter from Keats to Woodhouse, dated 22nd September, 1819, which throws a new light on the composition of *Hyperion*. Another lost letter, written by Keats to his brother George, 25th to 27th June, 1818, and recording his first impressions of the English Lakes, was contributed by Professor R. L. Rusk to *The North American Review*, for March, 1924. Among other short articles, devoted to special points of interest, may be noted Miss Martha Hale Shackford's *The Eve of St. Agnes* and *The Mysteries of Udolpho* (1921), Mr. Claude Finney's *Drayton's Phœbe and Endimion* and *Endymion* (1924) and his *Hyperion and Shakespeare* (1924), and Sir William Hale White's *Keats as a Medical Student* (1925), whilst correspondents to *The Times Literary Supplement* have from time to time raised interesting points of reading or interpretation in several of the poems. Fuller studies of Keats, made from widely divergent points of view, have been written by Mr. H. I'Anson Fausset (1921), Mr. J. Middleton Murry (1925), and Professor H. W. Garrod (1926).[1] To the last of these, which I was privileged to see in proof, I am indebted for a few interesting notes. Miss Amy Lowell's detailed biography of Keats (*John Keats*, 2 vols., Houghton Mifflin & Co., and Jonathan Cape, 1925) appeared last year. Miss Lowell had access, in her own and other American libraries, to much MS. material which had not previously been utilized. Thus she printed for the first time two sets of verses on "the Poet," and five impromptu stanzas written to follow the quatrain "O'er the Hill and o'er the Dale," etc. (v. p. 357), while she recovered a lost lyric from the pages of *The Ladies Companion* for 1837 (which I have added on pp. 386 A and B). But this new verse, as she readily admits, is of little value. Of more importance are the new facts which she was able to bring to

[1] To these must now be added the Clarence Smith Thorpe's valuable essay *The Mind of John Keats* (1926).

bear upon the details of Keats's life and the composition of some of his poems, particularly of his early period. That the point of view from which Miss Lowell judges Keats, and, indeed, poetry as a whole, is not mine, and that I share with other scholars an inability to accept many of her critical conclusions, do not prevent me from recognising the value of much that her volumes contain. To her, and to all the writers above mentioned, I gratefully acknowledge my debt; for where I have disagreed with them they have at least given me the opportunity of reconsidering my own position. To their names I would add those of Mr. George G. Loane, who called my attention to several misprints in my fourth edition, and sent me some interesting notes, and of Mrs. Katharine Ridley, who kindly allowed me to read her unpublished dissertation upon Keats, and to draw from it several valuable points.

Reviewing my introduction after twenty-one years, I have found much, naturally, which to-day I should express somewhat differently; but recent additions to our knowledge of Keats have tended to strengthen my main thesis, rather than invalidate it. It has seemed better, therefore, to be content with making one or two slight corrections, and otherwise to leave it as it stood, especially as, on the occasion of the Centenary, the British Academy gave me the opportunity of restating my appreciation of Keats from a somewhat different angle.[1]

As my volume was stereotyped, it was impossible to place all my corrections and additions in their proper place. An asterisk at the end of a note indicates the correction of the note or an addition to it; an asterisk at the beginning of a note indicates the addition of fresh matter between this and the preceding note. Such new matter will be found on pp. 564-89.

E. DE SÉLINCOURT.

July, 1926

[1] *Proceedings of British Academy*, 1921; reprinted in the *Keats Memorial Volume* (1921).

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INTRODUCTION

WHEN Shelley, in a metaphor of exquisite appropriateness, laments the dead Adonais as

> The bloom whose petals, nipt before they blew,
> Died on the promise of the fruit,

he suggests two thoughts which are never long dissociated in the minds of those who love the poetry of Keats, the supreme beauty of what his genius actually achieved and the pathos of his "unfulfilled renown". No poet at the age of twenty-four has produced work comparable in maturity of thought, in richness of imagery, in easy mastery of execution, with the contents of the 1820 volume; and empty but irresistible conjecture can only wonder to what heights of song he might have attained if, with no advance of artistic power, but merely with that wider experience and greater independence which are the gift of time rather than of genius, he had reached the years at which Shakespeare had written *Hamlet* or Milton *Paradise Lost*. And yet in Keats there was no taint of youthful precocity. He did not lisp in numbers. He wrote nothing in his teens which could be compared with the earliest works of Pope, or Chatterton, or Blake. He had indeed but three years of serious literary apprenticeship, years beset by difficulties as great as ever hampered the path of poet; but not the uninspiring environment of his youth, nor the hostility of responsible criticism, nor the thraldom of unsatisfying love, nor the haunting presence of hereditary disease could check the ripening of his poetic powers until, more than a year before his actual death, mortality had set her cold finger upon him, and his poetic life had reached its untimely, tragic close.

There is no need to tell anew the beautiful story already familiar in the *Life and Letters* and in the biography written with fuller knowledge and riper literary judgment by Mr. Colvin; it is rather my object to attempt some further contribution to the study of Keats's poetic development and to direct attention to the principal forces which moulded his mind and art. In the case of Keats this study is of special interest, and, I think, of special importance. "The fair paradise of Nature's light" is, doubtless, the inspiration of all great poetry, but the mind which nature inspires may acquire its individuality by widely different processes. Whilst each of his great contemporaries owed no little debt to the influence of a culture either inherited or acquired naturally from early surroundings, and to a wide and generous training which stimulated the mind from many sources, Keats was educated almost exclusively by the English poets. His studies, and he was a deep and earnest student, were concentrated upon their works, and the friendships which encouraged his genius were sealed in a common enthusiasm for them. The ideas which influenced his mind most vitally, the themes which most keenly affected his imagination, the language with which he widened the limited vocabulary of his ordinary life came to him from the same channel. To his English predecessors he served a willing apprenticeship, detecting the deficiencies of each through his appreciation of the peculiar excellences of the rest, till he gained at last that complete unfettered independence which had always been the goal of his ambition.

John Keats was born a member of that section of the community in which, perhaps, we are least accustomed to suspect the presence of poetic thought and feeling. His father, a native of the west country, went to London as a youth and became ostler to Mr. Jennings, a livery-stableman who carried on a prosperous business at the Swan and Hoop, Finsbury Pavement, married his master's daughter, and in course of time succeeded to the management of the business. Here it was that, on the 29th or 31st of October, 1795, the poet was born. He was the eldest of a family of five, with three brothers, one of whom died in infancy, and a sister. His parents are represented as possessed of a talent and distinction

unusual in their class; and ambitious for the future, they intended at one time to send their boys to Harrow; finding, however, the expense beyond their means, they decided upon a private school kept at Enfield by the Rev. John Clarke. Here John was sent in his eighth year, and was soon joined by his brother George. The choice was in many respects fortunate. Charles Cowden Clarke, who helped his father in the school and in all probability taught young Keats from the very first, took a keen interest in his pupil, and from being his master soon became his warmest friend, and exercised the greatest influence upon his development. He was a sound scholar and an accomplished musician; above all, he was an enthusiastic student of English poetry. To him we owe most of our knowledge of Keats's school-days. "In the early part of his school life," says Clarke, "John gave no extraordinary indications of intellectual character; it was in the last eighteen months or so that he became an omnivorous reader. History, voyages and travels formed the bulk of the school library and these he soon exhausted, but the books that he read with most assiduity were Tooke's *Pantheon*, Lemprière's *Classical Dictionary*, which he seemed to learn, and Spence's *Polymetis*." But before he reached the age of sixteen, he was removed from school, and apprenticed to a surgeon in practice at Edmonton. Hence his education, in the strictest sense of the word, must have been very scanty. Of Greek he had learned nothing; and though he had some knowledge of Latin, for he had already begun, as a pastime, a translation of Vergil's *Aeneid*, he could hardly have reached that stage of scholarship in which the influence of classical literature begins to make itself felt. But if he had not laid the foundation of a sound literary education he had at least acquired the habit of reading. After he had left school he continued to pay frequent visits to Enfield and "he rarely came empty-handed: either he had a book to read, or brought one to be exchanged".[1] It was on one of these occasions, probably in 1812 or 1813, that Clarke read to him the *Epithalamium* of Spenser, and the artistic side of his nature received its

[1] *Recollections of Writers*, by Charles and Mary Cowden Clarke, 1878

first definite stimulus. "As he listened," we are told "his features and exclamations were ecstatic." It was in truth the revelation of a new world, but one which was his natural home though he had been born an exile from it. And now for the first time he became conscious of his inheritance. "That night," says Clarke, "he took away with him a volume of the *Faerie Queene*, and he went through it as a young horse through a spring meadow ramping! Like a true poet, too, he especially singled out epithets, for that felicity and power in which Spenser is so eminent. He hoisted himself up, and looked burly and dominant, as he said, 'What an image that is—"sea-shouldering whales!"'" "It was the *Faerie Queene*," says Brown, a friend of Keats's later years, "that first awakened his genius. In Spenser's fairy land he was enchanted, breathed in a new world and became a new being; till enamoured of the stanza, he attempted to imitate it and succeeded."

It is significant that Keats's earliest known composition is the *Imitation of Spenser*, written probably in 1813, and Spenser never lost hold upon his imagination. There was indeed an essential kinship between the two poets, and that brooding love of sensuous beauty, that frank response to the charm of nature and romance, that luxuriance of fancy and felicity of expression to which the *Faerie Queene* owes its irresistible fascination were soon to be re-echoed in the poems of Keats. But Keats was not the first poet to acknowledge that Spenser was his original. Apart from those who may justly claim so honourable a lineage, in every succeeding epoch there are to be found poetasters who have attempted to catch, though from afar, faint echoes of his melody, and to inform their own lifeless puppets with something of the spirit and the gesture of his magic world. Keats's literary education did not enable him to distinguish the essential qualities of Spenser from those of his latest imitators. Naturally, therefore, the influence of the eighteenth-century allegorists is paramount in his earliest writings. They were far easier to reproduce, and he could hardly be expected to realise when allegory devoid of imagination had become mere idle personification, and when a rich exuberance

and easy grace of language had given way, in writers of a less intense and less continuous inspiration, to mere licentious fluency or empty verbiage. In this he was, doubtless, affected by the poetic taste of his time, which, as yet unconverted to the revolutionary doctrines of Wordsworth and Coleridge, still clung to the milder and more conventional romanticism countenanced by the age of reason. Of this period in his development he wrote later "Beattie and Mrs. Tighe once delighted me," and at the same time he showed himself to be momentarily affected by the *Juvenilia* of Byron and the drawing-room melodies of Moore. A weak sonnet shows that already he had come under the spell of Chatterton, but it was not till later that Chatterton influenced his literary methods. For the present he was an eighteenth-century Spenserian, and traces of the diction and style of the eighteenth-century poets still linger even in that poem in which he most fiercely denounces them.

But this phase of his development, which has little relation with his later work, was soon followed by one of more lasting significance. For he was now to come under the spell of Chapman's translation of *Homer*, of the early work of Milton, and of the poems of Fletcher and of William Browne, whilst his delight in the seventeenth-century Spenserians became inextricably blended with his admiration for the most prominent of Spenser's living disciples, the charming and versatile Leigh Hunt.

It was in the summer of 1816 that Keats paid his first visit to the Hampstead cottage, where Hunt presided over a lively circle of literary and artistic spirits, many of whom were soon to be numbered among Keats's own friends; but it is certain that some time before this Hunt had indirectly exercised no small influence on his mind The Clarkes were enthusiastic admirers of Hunt, and in their home Keats had been a regular reader of Hunt's weekly paper, *The Examiner*, from which he had imbibed much of Hunt's radicalism and love of civil and religious liberty. Moreover, it must be borne in mind that to the eyes of young Clarke Hunt fulfilled the double rôle of poet-patriot, so that in every way he would prepare his pupil for the greater master. And when in February, 1815, Hunt was released

from prison where he had been confined for two years "for differing from the *Morning Post*, on the merits of the Prince Regent, and pointing out that this Adonis in loveliness was in reality 'a corpulent man of fifty, without a single claim on the gratitude of his country,'" Keats expressed his delight in a sonnet in which he contrasted the eternity of the patriot's fame with the transient power of the "wretched crew," the Tory ministry of the crown. The same sonnet gives proof that Keats knew Hunt not merely as a politician, but, as indeed he preferred to be regarded, as a lover of our literature who "in Spenser's halls strayed culling enchanted flowers," and in particular as a poet whose "genius true to regions of his own took happy flights". In 1814 Hunt had reprinted a trifle in verse called the *Feast of the Poets*, a light satiric criticism on the claims of his poetic contemporaries to fame, adding a commentary more important than the text, and an introduction, in which he expressed his intention of reducing to practice his own conceptions as to the proper style of poetry. He was in fact already at work upon the *Story of Rimini*, which he had only temporarily laid aside. Evidently many of Hunt's "luxurious gossipings" in the notes to the *Feast of the Poets* were already known to Keats, and if he had not seen *Rimini* in manuscript it is more than probable that he had heard through Clarke something of the general principles which it involved.

In the spring of 1816 Hunt's poem made its appearance with a preface in which he set forth at length his conception of poetic style and versification. The heroic couplet, he said, had been spoiled as a measure for narrative poetry by Pope and the French school of versification, who had mistaken smoothness for harmony, because their ears were only sensible of a marked and uniform harmony. He desired to return to its freer use, as it is to be found in the fables of Dryden, in Spenser, and in particular in Chaucer, its original master. "With the endeavour," he adds, "to recur to a freer spirit of versification, I have joined one of still greater importance—that of having a free and idiomatic cast of language. There is a cant of art as well as of nature. But the proper language of poetry is in fact nothing

different from that of real life, and depends for dignity upon the strength and sentiments of what it speaks. It is only adding musical modulation to what a fine understanding might actually utter in the midst of its griefs and enjoyments. The poet should do as Shakespeare and Chaucer did, not copy what is obsolete or peculiar, but use as much as possible an actual existing language, omitting mere vulgarisms and fugitive phrases, which are the cant of ordinary discourse."

In upholding the restitution to the couplet of the Alexandrine, the double or feminine rhyme, the triplet and the run-on line or enjambement, Hunt set an example which was to be widely and on the whole satisfactorily followed, though he exaggerated into far too general a practice what was after all only an exceptional variation from the rule. But in his use of language his own interpretation of his theory led to most disastrous results. He had attacked Wordsworth, to whom he was obviously indebted for all that is really valuable in the preface, for the meanness of much of his poetry; but whereas Wordsworth was the most correct writer of his day, and was never led by his theories to treat of a great subject in other than a great manner, Hunt confused naturalness with triviality, and construed a freedom from the use of a specific poetic diction into the right to be slipshod in language and vague in thought. His addiction to abstract terms in his description of the concrete, his coinage of adverbs from present participles, or adjectives from nouns, and his reckless use of one part of speech for another can only be regarded as expedients by which to save himself the trouble of thinking clearly and definitely on any subject, whilst he forgot entirely his own proviso that the poet's vocabulary must be freed from all "mere vulgarisms and fugitive phrases, which are the cant of ordinary discourse".

But the language used by a poet cannot be considered to any purpose apart from the use to which he puts it, and it is here that Hunt reveals his own limitations with most fatal results. Absolutely sincere in his affections, and genuine in his convictions both in life and literature, he was lacking in real depth: he was content with a purely superficial delight and was

himself ill-at-ease in the presence of the reality. To this idealisation his reading of Spenser had given an impetus. It was as a poet of chivalrous love that Spenser had first appealed to him. "He hotly burns to be a Calidore, a very Red Cross Knight," and reminiscences and verbal echoes of Spenser in his first love poems make it evident that his great poetic ambition was to be for his own age what Spenser had been for the Elizabethans.

But it was here that the taint of vulgarity in his own origin and the ill-bred tone of the society in which he moved were calculated to have the most dangerous effect upon his work; and the literature of his own day could give him no help in emancipating himself from it. The Della Cruscan School had, perhaps, been destroyed, but a vapid sentimentalism was still accepted instead of genuine passion, and permeated not only the romantic novel, the ballads of Moore, and the early poetry of Byron, but had even touched the broad and healthy mind of Scott. Wordsworth alone might have guided him, but the sublime *Lucy* poems were invested with a spirituality which was too far aloof from his present world for him to recognise in it the consummation of his own more obviously sensuous passion. A deeper and more independent study of Spenser would undoubtedly have served the same end; and it was nothing short of disastrous that his enthusiasm for Hunt led him to believe that the mantle of Spenser had fallen upon the shoulders of the poet of *Rimini*. For woman in Hunt's poetry was merely a lay figure over which to luxuriate a keen but often vulgar sense of the beautiful in art and nature, and chivalry was always more of an ecstasy than an activity. There is no wonder that Keats under his influence failed to realise that the intense sensuousness of Spenser's descriptions is only artistically justified by their spirituality, and that Sir Calidore and the Red Cross Knight are not to be interpreted as though they were mere sentimentalists, masquerading in picturesque costume. The poet's maturer taste condemned these crude attempts at the delineation of passionate feeling. "One cause," he writes, "of the unpopularity of my book is the tendency to class women in my books with roses and sweetmeats, they never see themselves dominant." Under

description, but was less conscious of the sublime and the pathetic,"[1] and Hunt's personal charm and the generous encouragement which he was always ready to extend to budding genius, cemented the relationship. "We became intimate," says Hunt, "on the spot, and I found the young poet's heart as warm as his imagination. We read and walked together and used to write verses of an evening upon a given subject. No imaginative pleasure was left untouched by us, or unenjoyed; from the recollection of the bards and patriots of old, to the luxury of a summer rain at our window, or the clicking of the coal in wintertime." As for Keats, he expanded under the genial influence of his friend, and for the time looked to him with the reverence and admiration of a disciple for his master.

It is uncritical to father upon Hunt all the vices of Keats's early work. For Hunt could never have gained the same sway over his mind had there not been a natural affinity between them. Keats said of the cancelled preface to *Endymion*, "I was not aware that there was anything like Hunt in it, and if there is it is my natural way and I have something in common with Hunt" and the remark expressed a truth of wider application than to the immediate case which evoked it. But it is certain that the theory and practice of his friend led him to accentuate all the worst features of his genius and encouraged him in those very failings which a sounder master might have taught him to overcome. And the superficial similarity between them made this influence all the more dangerous. Keats from the first went deeper than Hunt, but, reading into Hunt's light-hearted enthusiasm some of his own intenser feeling, came naturally enough to regard the language and style of *Rimini* as suited to the expression of that higher emotion of which its author had never dreamed.

Nowhere did the young poet need more guidance than in his treatment of romantic passion. His emotional temperament made it inevitable that he should be a love poet, and from his boyhood he had so idealised woman that he constantly found

[1] Stephens's *Reminiscences of Keats Houghton MSS.* (quoted E. M. L. p. 20).

himself ill-at-ease in the presence of the reality. To this idealisation his reading of Spenser had given an impetus. It was as a poet of chivalrous love that Spenser had first appealed to him. "He hotly burns to be a Calidore, a very Red Cross Knight," and reminiscences and verbal echoes of Spenser in his first love poems make it evident that his great poetic ambition was to be for his own age what Spenser had been for the Elizabethans.

But it was here that the taint of vulgarity in his own origin and the ill-bred tone of the society in which he moved were calculated to have the most dangerous effect upon his work; and the literature of his own day could give him no help in emancipating himself from it. The Della Cruscan School had, perhaps, been destroyed, but a vapid sentimentalism was still accepted instead of genuine passion, and permeated not only the romantic novel, the ballads of Moore, and the early poetry of Byron, but had even touched the broad and healthy mind of Scott. Wordsworth alone might have guided him, but the sublime *Lucy* poems were invested with a spirituality which was too far aloof from his present world for him to recognise in it the consummation of his own more obviously sensuous passion. A deeper and more independent study of Spenser would undoubtedly have served the same end; and it was nothing short of disastrous that his enthusiasm for Hunt led him to believe that the mantle of Spenser had fallen upon the shoulders of the poet of *Rimini*. For woman in Hunt's poetry was merely a lay figure over which to luxuriate a keen but often vulgar sense of the beautiful in art and nature, and chivalry was always more of an ecstasy than an activity. There is no wonder that Keats under his influence failed to realise that the intense sensuousness of Spenser's descriptions is only artistically justified by their spirituality, and that Sir Calidore and the Red Cross Knight are not to be interpreted as though they were mere sentimentalists, masquerading in picturesque costume. The poet's maturer taste condemned these crude attempts at the delineation of passionate feeling. "One cause," he writes, "of the unpopularity of my book is the tendency to class women in my books with roses and sweetmeats, they never see themselves dominant." Under

other guidance, perhaps with no guidance at all, he might have discovered it earlier.

The first poem of the 1817 volume strikes at once the dominant note of the whole. Headed with a characteristic quotation from the *Story of Rimini*, "Places of nestling green for Poets made," it shows the influence of Hunt in its most pronounced form. It is inspired by a genuine love of nature, blended, as always in Keats, with an intensely real feeling for literature and for ancient legend, but after an opening of happy delicacy it degenerates into an indiscriminate catalogue of natural delights associated with the vulgar and mawkish sentiment and expressed with all the indefiniteness of the abstract style of Hunt. The poet

> straightway began to pluck a posey
> Of luxuries bright, milky, soft and rosy.

He tells how Apollo "kisses the dewiness" of the flowers, and "kisses" as in Hunt rhymes with "blisses". The goldfinches "pause upon their yellow flutterings," and the rural spot is not felt to be complete until a lovely woman of the peculiar Huntian type has been introduced into it; the whole poem is replete with adjectives of the delicious order by which he seeks to give utterance to his keen but vague delight, while its versification exhibits that negligence of form which had some precedent in Chapman and Browne, but received its special sanction from the theory and practice of Hunt. And yet notwithstanding such palpable faults of style and temper there are few poems in the volume which do not give some promise of future achievement; either in their imaginative suggestion, or in their strangely felicitous language, betokening the poet who had already "looked upon fine phrases like a lover". Lines such as

> That distance of recognizance bereaves (*Sonnet*, iv. 13)

or

> Full in the speculation of the stars (*I stood tip-toe*, 189)

have a ring about them which recalls the harmony of some old Elizabethan; the pictures of

the moon lifting her silver rim
Above a cloud, and with a gradual swim
Coming into the blue with all her light
(*I stood tip-toe*, 113-15)

and of the sea that

Heaves calmly its broad swelling smoothness o'er
Its rocky marge, and balances once more
The patient weeds; that now unshent by foam
Feel all about their undulating home
(*Sleep and Poetry*, 377-80)

though missing the perfection of his later studies of moon and ocean are touched with the same tenderness, and lit up by the same magic, whilst the sonnet *On first looking into Chapman's Homer* proclaims him capable already of reaching, in supreme moments, the heights of song.

For the poet who could write like this the influence of Hunt could only be short-lived. He was soon to realise that the way in which Hunt "flaunted his beauties" contrasted unfavourably with the grand unobtrusiveness of nature, and when he had learned by deep and reverent study in very truth "to hold high converse with the mighty dead," he found less inspiration in the society of the loved Libertas, who "elegantly chats and talks". But though Hunt's influence was in certain ways to be deplored, Keats owed him an inestimable debt. He had recognised his genius from the first and encouraged him at a time when encouragement was of greatest value. And if Hunt's superficial view of things failed to satisfy the poet's intellect and heart, it was through his genial hospitality that he first met those friends who were more capable of quickening the intenser side of his nature.

For already side by side with the tendency to luxuriate in agreeable sensations, to "lose the soul in pleasant smotherings," had arisen within him the consciousness that if poetry was to absorb his whole life, to become a vocation rather than a pastime, it must correspond with his whole being and not merely with the least essential part of it. There were elements in his nature which had as yet found but partial or unsatisfactory expression,

simply because they lay far deeper and were the harder to express. His was doubtless a supremely sensuous nature; such is the essential basis on which all poetry builds, and it was no more prominent in his early work than it was in the early work of Shakespeare; but the strong common-sense, the sound critical insight into the faults of himself and others, the habitual thoughtfulness of mind, the tender devotion to his family and friends, revealed in his letters and amply attested by all who knew him, are quite incompatible with a complete absorption in the luxury of his own sensations. There was indeed a vein of melancholy within him which made it impossible for him to remain—

> A laughing school-boy, without grief or care,
> Riding the springy branches of an elm. (*Sleep and Poetry*, 94, 95.)

However much he might delight in the impressions of the senses as an escape from the broodings of his mind they could never satisfy his whole nature; and his force of character, to which his most intimate friends bear striking witness, not only helped him to realise his own peculiar dangers but supplied the determination to conquer them. He had a high conception not only of the pleasures but also of the duties of the poetic life and resolutely set himself to bring his own art into accord with his ideals. And though to the mind which craves for beauty there is an inherent shrinking from all that seems to outrage it, yet, as his feeling for beauty deepened from sensation to emotion, and from emotion to a passion which embraced his whole moral and intellectual being, the conviction grew upon him that the artist, if only for the sake of his art, must be ready to open his heart and mind to receive all impressions that the world has to offer, even those that are in themselves unlovely.

And so we find him writing, "I know nothing, I have read nothing—and I mean to follow Solomon's directions, 'Get knowledge, get understanding'. I find earlier days have gone by; I find that I can have no enjoyment in the world but the continual drinking of knowledge. I find there is no worthy pursuit but the idea of doing some good in the world. . . . There is but

one way for me. The road lies through application, study and thought. I will pursue it. . . . I have been hovering for some time between an exquisite sense of the luxurious, and a love for philosophy,—were I calculated for the former I should be glad. But as I am not, I shall turn my soul to the latter."[1] This utterance is characteristic, not merely of a vague and fitful desire on his part, but of his steady frame of mind, and of a position which he had definitely assumed for some time past; and even those passages which seem to combat it, as for example his praise of indolence, and of the poetic impulse to be obtained from "the beauty of the morning operating on a sense of idleness,"[2] are by no means incompatible with it, but have their obvious parallel in the works of the most strenuous votaries of song. Keats, completely absorbed in the attainment of perfection in his art, realised the necessity of study, not merely the technical study of artistic models, but of life and its problems, and of human character in which those problems are illustrated.

Criticism, with its eye fixed on the development of style, has often failed to realise the deeper influences at work upon his mind of which, after all, his style is only the expression. Yet it is no insignificant fact that his intellect developed in the closest relation with two masters who in different ways could teach him what he needed most to learn. These were Shakespeare and Wordsworth.

Of the influence of Shakespeare, though it is the most important, it is difficult to speak definitely as one can speak of the influence of Spenser or of Leigh Hunt, for it is not primarily a literary influence at all. Shakespeare's style, where it is not itself imitative of others, is so completely at one with its subject that it defies imitation, and no one has ever been able to catch more than an occasional ring of it. Even more elusory is his mental attitude. His unrivalled breadth and sanity are the wonder of all who read him, but they make no disciple, and none has ever been sealed of his tribe. Until the end of 1816 Shakespeare

[1] *Letter to John Taylor*, 24th April, 1818.
[2] *Letter to John Hamilton Reynolds*, 19th February, 1818.

counted for little with Keats. Though he had doubtless read most of the plays, they had made no impression on his mind, and it is in keeping with the general character of his early work that apart from two superficial references to *Lear*, and a reminiscence of a famous passage in *As You Like It*, which he spoilt in the borrowing, all the allusions are to *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*. Shakespeare is to him the poet of Titania and fairy-land. But the first use that he made of the retirement which followed on his dedication of his life to poetry, was to begin a real study of Shakespeare. The vocabulary and phraseology of *Endymion* differ chiefly from that of the 1817 volume in the influx of Shakespearian words, allusions and reminiscences, drawn from a large number of plays, whilst the influence of Shakespeare's poems is shown in the fact that though the larger number of Keats's sonnets are in Italian form, all the best, with the exception of the Chapman sonnet, which belongs to an earlier date, are written upon the model of Shakespeare.[1]

But to say this is only to refer to the superficial signs of an influence which goes far deeper. For no one can rise from the reading of Shakespeare the same man as he sat down, and least of all a poet, to whom the language carries a special charm and the vivid realisation of truth makes a special appeal. During all the early part of 1817 we find Keats steeped in Shakespeare. His letters shew that his passion for poetry was closely associated with his study, that it is Shakespeare who is educating him, inspiring him, comforting him. The line in *Lear*, "Do you not hear the sea," haunts him till he can give poetic utterance to his emotion.[2] "Whenever you write," he tells Reynolds, of all his friends, perhaps, that one who had most intellectual sympathy with him, "say a word or two on some passage of Shakespeare that

[1] The two apparent exceptions, the Sonnet *To Sleep* and *On the Sonnet* are experiments in form, and though beautiful in themselves are failures if regarded as sonnets. Keats in his use of the different forms of sonnet offers an intensely interesting and significant contrast with Wordsworth. Wordsworth wrote many sonnets of a somewhat loose structure, but rarely succeeded except in the strict Italian form or the Miltonic development of it.

[2] *Letter to John Hamilton Reynolds*, 17th April, 1817.—On Reynolds, *vide* p. 537.

may have come rather new to you, which must constantly be happening, notwithstanding that we read the same play forty times; *e.g.*, the following never struck me so forcibly as at present:—

> urchins
> Shall for the vast of night, that they may work,
> All exercise on thee.

How can I help bringing to your mind the line—

> In the dark backward and abysm of time"

Shakespeare at once gives him an unapproachable standard, which prevents his thinking overmuch of his own productions, and at the same time keeps him from despondency: "I never quite despair and I read Shakespeare—indeed, I think I shall never read any other book much."[1] It is in reference to Shakespeare that he realises a truth fully applicable to his own poetry that the "excellence of every art is its intensity, capable of making all disagreeables evaporate from their being in close relationship with Beauty and Truth".[2] All through the year his study continues, and early in 1818 he is found turning again to *Lear*. And as once more he burns through the fierce dispute

> Betwixt damnation and impassioned clay

the world of Spenser seems shadowy and dim.[3] Later he writes, in words truer of himself than of the most learned commentator, "I have reason to be content, for, thank God, I can read and perhaps understand Shakespeare to his very depths".[4] The influence of other poets in turn grew and waned, but the genius of Shakespeare opened out a new world before

[1] *Letter to Haydon*, 10th May, 1817. The passage goes on: "I am very near agreeing with Hazlitt that Shakespeare is enough for us". Earlier in the letter is another significant passage: "I remember your saying that you had notions of a good genius presiding over you. I have of late had the same thought, for things which I do are afterwards confirmed in a dozen features of propriety. Is it too daring to fancy Shakespeare this Presider?"

[2] *Letter to George and Thomas Keats*, 28th Dec. 1817.

[3] Sonnet *On sitting down to read King Lear once again*, *vide* p. 277.

[4] *Letter to John Taylor*, 27th Feb. 1818.

his eyes, and the life which he saw in the pages of Shakespeare became as it were a part of his inner experience. And as his own life's tragedy drew to its close he turned, naturally, in his agony of mind to the majestic tranquillity of Shakespeare. The great sonnet, *Bright star! would I were steadfast as thou art*, was written, with a touching suggestiveness, on a blank page in a copy of Shakespeare's poems facing *The Lover's Complaint.*

At the same time that he was finding in Shakespeare the greatest examples of the imaginative presentation of life, he was turning to Wordsworth not only as the one living poet who was fully conscious of the dignity of his vocation, but even more than this as the inspired commentator on the poetic faculty, who traced its growth in the mind of the poet, and interpreted its significance to the world. Wordsworth's influence was never a personal one. It began to be exerted fully a year before the two poets had met, and even after their acquaintance it remained unchanged in character; it was never cemented by the ties of friendship. Still less was it a literary influence. Keats gives expression more than once to his antipathy to the artistic method by which Wordsworth chose to present his faith. "We hate poetry," he writes, "that has a palpable design upon us. Poetry should be great and unobtrusive, a thing which enters into one's soul." To his eyes "the egotistical sublime" of Wordsworth contrasted unfavourably with "Shakespeare's great negative capability, his power of presenting uncertainties, mysteries and doubts without an irritable reaching after fact and reason". But just because much of Wordsworth's poetry seemed to be the studied expression of a definite philosophy of life and art rather than the cry of spontaneous emotion, it had all the more effect upon him. He stood in no need of further poetic inspiration; what he desired was the direction of his intellect, and there is continual evidence of the deep hold which the teaching of Wordsworth had gained over his mind. The *Hymn to Pan* might perhaps seem to Wordsworth "a pretty piece of paganism," yet it was Wordsworth's interpretation of Greek mythology which revealed to Keats the spirit which informed it. And Wordsworth

affected him, too, in his attitude to subjects with which he is supposed to have been generally unconcerned. It is rarely, for example, that he touches on the politics of the hour. Yet his criticism sent to his brother George, to whom he communicated all his thoughts, could only have come from the student of Wordsworth's greatest political utterances. "The motives of our worst men," he writes, "are Interest and of our best Vanity. We have no Milton, no Algernon Sidney. Governors in these days lose the title of man in exchange for that of Diplomat and Minister. . . . All these departments of Government have strayed far from Simplicity, which is the greatest of strength" . . . and he goes on to disjoin himself from the Liberal party in a denunciation of Napoleon as "one who has done more harm to the life of Liberty than any one else could have done". It is evident from this passage how the cheery Radicalism of Hunt has been tempered by the spirit of the *Sonnets dedicated to National Independence and Liberty*.[1]

Even more suggestive of the deep hold which the Wordsworthian creed had gained over his mind are the words in which he interprets to his brother, who is grieving with him over a common loss, the meaning of man's life in its relation with what is beyond.

"The common cognomen of this world among the misguided and superstitious is 'a vale of tears,' from which we are redeemed by a certain arbitrary interposition of God and taken to Heaven. What a little circumscribed notion! Call the world, if you please, the vale of Soul-making. Then you will find out the use of the world. . . . I will call the world a school instituted for the purpose of teaching little children to read—I will call the human heart the horn-book used in that school—and I will call the child able to read, the Soul made from that school and its horn-book. Do you not see how necessary a world of pains and troubles is to school an intelligence and make

[1] *Journal Letter*, Oct. 1818. Keats's political sympathies are with the Wordsworth of 1801-5 and not, of course, with the Wordsworth of the time at which he writes. *Cf.* the *Sonnets dedicated to National Independence and Liberty*, *passim*, but especially Nos. iv., xiii., xiv., xv.

it a Soul? A place where the heart must feel and suffer in a thousand diverse ways."[1] This passage might well be taken as a commentary on Wordsworth's *Ode on Intimations of Immortality*, which, as Bailey tells us, "he was never weary of repeating". In Wordsworth, indeed, he saw a poet who, like himself, had drawn his first inspiration from the beauty of nature, but had only become conscious of

> how exquisitely
> The external world is fitted to the mind

after a deep and sympathetic study of humanity. Through a profound contemplation on the mysteries of being Wordsworth had at last attained to a resolution of the conflicting elements in his nature, in an impassioned philosophy in which "thought and feeling are one". This resolution was never attained by Keats, but he realised that the greatest poetry sprang from the desire for it, if not from its attainment; and both in his letters and in his poems there are continual signs that he was turning to Wordsworth for help and guidance. Even that famous ejaculation, "O for a life of sensations rather than of Thoughts," which has so often been made the text for a denunciation of his unbridled sensuousness, bears a totally different construction when it is viewed in its context, in its true place in the development of his thought.

"I am certain of nothing but of the holiness of the heart's affections, and the truth of imagination. What the Imagination seizes as Beauty, must be Truth—whether it existed before or not —for I have the same idea of all our passions as of love: they are all, in their sublime, creative of essential Beauty. . . . The Imagination may be compared with Adam's dream,—he awoke and found it truth. I am more zealous in this affair because I have never been able to perceive how anything can be known for truth by consecutive reasoning—and yet it must be. Can it be that even the greatest philosopher ever arrived at truth without setting aside numerous objections? However it may be, O for a

[1] *Journal Letter*, April, 1819.

life of sensations rather than of Thoughts! It is a vision in the form of youth, 'a shadow of reality to come'."[1]

It must be remembered that this letter is addressed to Bailey, an ardent Wordsworthian with whom but a few months before Keats had been studying in the *Excursion* the poet's superb vindication before an unbelieving age of the value of the emotions in the attainment of the highest truth. The passage is thus a passionate exaltation of that part of Wordsworth's creed with which Keats had, doubtless, most natural sympathy, the belief that we

> do well to trust
> Imagination's light when reason's fails.

In writing to a friend whose orthodoxy might lead him, perhaps, to accept Wordsworth's theory of imagination with some reserve, he tends in the natural spirit of controversy to overstate his case, and to throw too much weight upon the emotions as *opposed* to the reason. But this does not express, even for Keats, more than one side of the truth (and the very form in which his desire is couched is itself a recognition that the life of sensation apart from thought is impossible for any true poet); it can therefore only be judged aright side by side with those of his utterances which show him to be fully conscious of those other qualities of mind and heart which give to imagination its body—an insight into human life and a sympathy with its sufferings, together with an extensive knowledge by widening speculation to ease the "burden of the mystery".[2] "Wordsworth," he writes, in a letter whose whole spirit is that of a

[1] *Letter to Bailey*, 22nd Nov. 1817. It should be remembered that Keats had no exact logical training and cannot therefore be expected to be accurate in his use of philosophical terminology. The word *intuition* would express his meaning far more truly than *sensation*. He is, obviously, contrasting what Milton calls the discursive and intuitive reason—or the manner of attaining the truth characteristic of the philosopher—by consecutive reasoning, and the poet's immediate apprehension of it.

[2] *Letter to Reynolds*, May, 1818. Mr. Robert Bridges (Introduction to Keats's Poems: *Muses' Library*) has pointed out the analogy of thought between this letter and Wordsworth's *Lines on Tintern Abbey*: *cf.* also notes to *Sleep and Poetry*. The *Excursion*, the last poem which the casual reader of Keats would expect him to admire, was to him one of "the three things to rejoice at in this age". *Letter to Haydon*, January, 1818.

disciple, "is explorative of the dark passages in the mansion of human life. He is a genius superior to us in so far as he can, more than we, make discoveries and shed a light in them. Now if we live and go on thinking, we too shall explore them."

The influence of Wordsworth appears in the poems of Keats before there are any traces of it in his correspondence. Several Wordsworthian echoes,[1] which seem strangely incongruous with their surroundings, startle the reader of the 1817 volume into the conviction that even whilst the young poet was revelling in the luxuries of art and nature under the guidance of Leigh Hunt, he was gradually absorbing much of the poetry of Wordsworth. It is significant that he associates the two men together, apparently unconscious of their essential antagonism, as the champions who have arisen to free English literature from the formalism and artificiality of the eighteenth century. *Sleep and Poetry*, with which the volume closes, is at the same time a glowing tribute to the sympathetic friendship which he had enjoyed at the Hampstead cottage and an attempt to express in the style of the *Story of Rimini* something of the spirit which had informed the *Lines written above Tintern Abbey*. Under the inspiration of this higher seriousness he becomes conscious that he too is "disturbed with the sense of elevated thoughts". "The realm of Flora and old Pan" in which he spent so many pleasant hours of comradeship "choosing each pleasure that the fancy sees" must now be renounced

for a nobler life
Where I may see the agonies, the strife
Of human hearts;

and the ideal of which he has been vouchsafed a vision is only

[1] *Cf Specimen of an Induction*, 51, with *I wandered lonely as a cloud*, 11. *Sonnet to Solitude*, 11, with *Nuns fret not*. The *Sonnet to my Brothers* (1816) seems a reminiscence of Wordsworth's *I am not one who much or oft delights, etc.* *Sleep and Poetry*, 190, "The blue bared its eternal bosom" is both in thought and language a reproduction of Wordsworth's, *The world is too much with us* It is worth noticing that all these poems of Wordsworth's are to be found in his 1807 volume. Lines like "A sense of real things comes doubly strong" and "Wings to find out an immortality" (*Sleep and Poetry*, 157, 84) suggest the *Ode on Intimations, etc.* *Vide* notes to the poems, *passim*.

to be attained by a deeper human sympathy and a more eager scrutiny of the mysteries of nature and of life.

In *Endymion* he strives to treat in a more highly poetic form the problem continually before his mind, and to present in a story whose beauty had long haunted him an allegory of the development of the poet's soul towards a complete realisation of itself. The hero is first presented in ordinary human relations; he is the beneficent chieftain of his people, the beloved brother of Peona; but from these he is estranged by his aspiration after the ideal, as typified in Cynthia, who has found a secret entrance into his heart through his emotional worship of the loveliness of nature. In pursuit of Cynthia he leaves the world of action to wander through the realms of space. But his whole-hearted devotion to the quest is only rewarded by fitful visions of his love, and his failure is really due to his absorption in his own fate, and to his delusion that the ideal can be gained in complete isolation from the fates of others; it is not till he has sympathised with Alpheus and Arethusa and has aided Glaucus to regain his lost love that he makes any progress towards his end. But even now the immediate result seems disastrous. For his reawakened sympathy with humanity is followed by an absorbing passion for an Indian maiden whom he meets in the forest, so that in his devotion to her the ideal loses its hold upon him and he is tortured by the sense of his infidelity to the highest within him. Under such conditions nothing seems left for him but death, and he prepares to depart, leaving the maiden to the care of Peona; but the exclamation which he had uttered before, half ignorant of its import, "I have a triple soul," is now found to be the truth. Cynthia and the Indian maid are the same being in different form, his worship for nature and his passion for the ideal are unified in his love for humanity.

It is hardly safe to give a more detailed interpretation of the allegory, for as a whole *Endymion* is vague and obscure. But the vagueness and the obscurity do not prove that the poet's interest lay merely in the story and its decoration, they rather point to that inability to portray his conceptions in clear outline, which accompanies an immaturity of artistic power.

His mind at that time was, as he said later, like a pack of scattered cards. Thus much at least is certain, that in the dark wanderings of Endymion we may trace the gropings of the spirit after the ideal, and the episodes of Arethusa and of Glaucus could have no possible justification in the scheme of the poem had they not been introduced to emphasise the conception, already presented in *Sleep and Poetry*, that only by human sympathy can the poet reach the summit of his power.[1]

In *Hyperion* the same strain of thought is present. The fruitless struggle of the Titans, types of the elemental energies of the world, against that dynasty whose rule was based on higher principle than mere brute force, is to Keats essentially concentrated in the fall of Hyperion, the flaming sun-god, before Apollo the god of light and song. And its fundamental conception that

> 'tis the eternal law
> That first in beauty should be first in might

can only have one interpretation. For it is by "knowledge enormous" that Apollo has become a god, and if his knowledge has given him divinity, his perfect beauty and his power over song have come to him from the humanising influence of sympathy and suffering. When Keats came to recast the poem in the form of a vision, in order to give himself a freer scope for the development of his conception, he made this clearer still.[2] The ideal, says the goddess interpreter, is only to be attained by those

> to whom the miseries of the world
> Are misery, and will not let them rest.

In *Lamia* he lays aside for the time the question of the place of human sympathy in art and concentrates his power upon a dramatic presentation of the antagonism between reason and emotion. Here we have no longer the calm reserve and self control of *Hyperion*, in its expression of a creed from which, in reality, Keats never wavered; but a passionate, almost morbid, expression of a conflict between those antagonistic forces

[1] v. *Note*, p. 406-7. [2] *Cf.* Introduction to *Fall of Hyperion*, pp. 515 *et seq.*

which fought out their battle continually within his breast; and though with a true poetic feeling he keeps his own personality out of the poem, it lends additional passion to his treatment of the subject. The significance of *Lamia* in its relation to Keats's whole tone of thought is by no means summed up, as often represented even by his most sympathetic critics, in the well-known lines

> Do not all charms fly
> At the mere touch of cold philosophy?

for the poem is the utterance of a mood rather than of a settled conviction. True it is that the poet wishes to enlist our sympathies on the side of Lycius; that is essential, if the interest of the story is to be maintained; but it is possible for the emotional side of a nature to upbraid with bitterness the intellectual even while it recognises the right of the intellectual to supremacy. The subject in this respect presents itself in some measure as it might have done to Shakespeare. As we read the early acts of *Troilus and Cressida* and feel the impending tragedy, we cannot remain untouched by the vain hope that Troilus may live on to the end believing in an illusion which seems to make for his happiness. Yet at the same time we bow before the remorseless supremacy of truth and recognise that only through bitter experience can Troilus reach a higher plane of feeling. Keats, with a prophetic consciousness that he will not live to attain his fuller purpose, necessarily lacks the serenity of Shakespeare, and ends his poem on a note of tragic despair. And as he follows the fate of his hero he represents the agony of the struggle in the soul of a man who clings to the false at the same time that he desires the true, who aspires after the ideal even whilst he is unable to relax his hold of those very shadows, not realities, which he knows well enough to despise. Keats realised the nature of the struggle from the very first and set himself to unify the conflicting emotions of his nature. He had no time to reach the perfect consummation of his genius; the widest sympathy with the world about him, the firmest grasp of the realities of human

life and character were not yet his; but his whole work presents us with the struggle for it and presents it with a passion and sincerity which is itself a [illegible] of the highest genius. For art itself represents a struggle after an infinite perfection, and in no one of our poets do we find this more vitally portrayed than in the work of Keats.

It is significant that in these three poems, which are the most ambitious of his works and reflect most fully his inner experience and his poetic ideals, he should turn for his source and much of his framework to the world of Greece, whose legends had fascinated his childhood, and had never lost their hold upon his imagination. There was much indeed in the Greek attitude to life, as he understood it, that made an irresistible appeal to him. The expression of truth in forms essentially beautiful, the spontaneous unquestioning delight in the life of nature and its incarnation in forms human but of more than human loveliness, made the pagan creed, outworn to Wordsworth, retain for Keats all its freshness and its vitality. And when he came to study the Elgin marbles he learnt something of the principles of Greek art where they are most superbly embodied and most clearly read. Here Keats owed a great debt to his friend Haydon. Haydon was the untiring exponent of the Elgin marbles as the supreme example of classic art, and devoted his energies to impressing upon all young artists the importance of serving their apprenticeship in the school of Phidias rather than of Michael Angelo. Keats learnt under his direction that the most ideal representation of life was not incompatible with the minutest accuracy of detail and that the vagueness characteristic of his earliest work must give place to clearer outline and more definite conception. It is hardly fanciful to associate with this rapturous study of those

> heroes—not yet dead,
> But in old marbles ever beautiful, *(End. I. 318, 319)*

the development of that mastery over statuesque effect in which Keats has no rival but Landor among his contemporaries. The figures of

which fought out their battle continually within his breast; and though with a true poetic feeling he keeps his own personality out of the poem, it lends additional passion to his treatment of the subject. The significance of *Lamia* in its relation to Keats's whole tone of thought is by no means summed up, as often represented even by his most sympathetic critics, in the well-known lines

> Do not all charms fly
> At the mere touch of cold philosophy?

for the poem is the utterance of a mood rather than of a settled conviction. True it is that the poet wishes to enlist our sympathies on the side of Lycius; that is essential, if the interest of the story is to be maintained; but it is possible for the emotional side of a nature to upbraid with bitterness the intellectual even while it recognises the right of the intellectual to supremacy. The subject in this respect presents itself in some measure as it might have done to Shakespeare. As we read the early acts of *Troilus and Cressida* and feel the impending tragedy, we cannot remain untouched by the vain hope that Troilus may live on to the end believing in an illusion which seems to make for his happiness. Yet at the same time we bow before the remorseless supremacy of truth and recognise that only through bitter experience can Troilus reach a higher plane of feeling. Keats, with a prophetic consciousness that he will not live to attain his fuller purpose, necessarily lacks the serenity of Shakespeare, and ends his poem on a note of tragic despair. And as he follows the fate of his hero he represents the agony of the struggle in the soul of a man who clings to the false at the same time that he desires the true, who aspires after the ideal even whilst he is unable to relax his hold of those very shadows, not realities, which he knows well enough to despise. Keats realised the nature of the struggle from the very first and set himself to unify the conflicting emotions of his nature. He had no time to reach the perfect consummation of his genius; the widest sympathy with the world about him, the firmest grasp of the realities of human

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> heroes—not yet dead,
> But in old marbles ever beautiful, (*End.* i. 318, 319)

the development of that mastery over statuesque effect in which Keats has no rival but Landor among his contemporaries. The figures of

old Deucalion mountain'd o'er the flood,
Or blind Orion hungry for the morn, (*End.* ii. 197, 198);

of the Naiad who

'mid her reeds
Pressed her cold finger closer to her lips (*Hyp.* i. 13, 14);

still more, perhaps, the wonderful picture of Saturn,

Upon the sodden ground
His old right hand lay nerveless, listless, dead,
Unsceptred; and his realmless eyes were closed;
While his bow'd head seem'd list'ning to the Earth,
His ancient mother, for some comfort yet (*Hyp.* i. 17-21),

are examples of his power of concentrating an emotion into a supreme moment and presenting it in pure outline against the sky, with the calm dignity and the sublime grace which is the supreme triumph of the sculptor's art.

But if at times he showed in his handling of classical legends a naïveté of feeling and a simple lucidity of expression sufficient to win the enthusiastic praise of Shelley, "He was a Greek!", his attitude to his subject and his presentation of it are as a rule far different from this. Nor can it be wondered at. Keats was no scholar, and of the literature in which the Greek spirit found true expression he could know nothing. But just as it was through his devotion to Spenser that he became a poet, so was it through his kinship, both in spirit and taste, with the Elizabethans, that he became the poet of ancient Greece. In his own day he was accused of versifying Lemprière, and the Dictionary is still regarded as the main source of his classical inspiration. Yet it is highly probable that if he had found the legends of ancient mythology in Lemprière alone he would have left them there,[1] and it is certain that if he had never seen a dictionary his debt to the world of Greece would have been the same. Homer

[1] He had read Lemprière at school, but was never, as far as we know, inspired to write poetry till he read Spenser, and if Spenser was his inspiration, why should it be supposed that he drew from Lemprière what can be found in Spenser and kindred sources? It is noticeable moreover that his earliest verses have very little classical allusion in them, though at that period Lemprière would naturally be fresh in his mind. It is only after he has become soaked in the Elizabethans that classical story and allusion gain a real hold over him. *Cf.* notes to the poems, *passim.*

had been known to him in the version of Pope, at least, one would have thought, as inspiring as Lemprière, but had left him cold; the Homer that he came to love appeared to him in the gorgeous but exuberant phraseology of Chapman. It seems indeed as if a story of the ancient world had to assume an Elizabethan dress before it could kindle his imagination. A careful examination of the legends which he employs in his poems will tend to show that though, doubtless, he became first acquainted with many of them in the dull pages of Lemprière or Tooke or Spence, and continued to make occasional use of the Dictionary as a work of reference, there is hardly an allusion that cannot be traced to an Elizabethan source. The legend of Endymion and Cynthia was well known to him in Lyly, in Fletcher, in Drayton; and of the main episodes and the wealth of illustration to which the poem owes much of its beauty, all that cannot be traced to Spenser or Chapman or Browne can be found in the *Metamorphoses* of Ovid, that book especially dear to the Renaissance and known to Keats in a late Elizabethan form. Keats possessed a copy of Ovid in the original, but the Ovid that he read and re-read was the famous version of George Sandys which delighted him as it had delighted the seventeenth century by "the sumptuous bravery of that rich attire" in which the translator had clothed it. Seeing then that Lemprière had no material to give him that he could not have met elsewhere, and often in the Sandys which we know him to have studied with assiduity, whilst Sandys supplied him with details of incident and phrase for which Lemprière may be searched in vain, we are justified in the inference that in cases where both Lemprière and Sandys are possible sources, Keats owed his inspiration to a living work of art and not to a museum of dead antiquities.

There is no reason to suppose that the case is different with *Hyperion* or *Lamia*. References to the war between the Titans and the Olympians are commonplaces in Elizabethan literature, and Keats would be familiar with them in Spenser, in Shakespeare, in Milton, as well as in Chapman and Sandys. Apart from one or two names of fallen Titans, there is no detail which cannot be traced to the influence of some passage within the

certain limits of Keats's poetic reading. In the general conduct of his story, where he does not accept hints from the structure of *Paradise Lost*, he is entirely original, and it is surely a significant fact that the only passages in the *Iliad* which allude to the Titans are suggestive of the main situations of the first and second books of *Hyperion*. The picture of the solitary dejection of Saturn, buried deep from the light of the sun and the noise of the breath of wind, must owe something to Chapman's beautiful rendering of the angry words of Zeus

I weigh not thy displeased spleen, tho' to th' extremest bounds
Of earth and seas it carry thee, where endless night confounds[1]
Japhet, and my dejected sire, who sit so far beneath
They never see the flying sun, nor hear the winds that breathe,
Near to profoundest *Tartarus*. (*Il.* viii. 420-24);

and in the slight reference to "the gods of the infernal state, which circled Saturn" (Chap. *Il.* xiv. p. 230) we may have the bare idea of the marvellous group of fallen Titans of the second book with which, however, Keats has blended, by an irresistible romantic association, a reminiscence of a scene which had arrested his imagination on his travels in the English lakes. In *Lamia* his story, which had more affinity with mediæval magic than with Greek mythology, is drawn from Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholie*, and its classical embellishments show similar traces of Elizabethan origin. It is time, indeed, that the Lemprière myth assumed its proper proportions and that it was fully recognised that Keats's classical inspiration was the inspiration of the Renaissance, as it appears in English literature from Spenser to Milton. And what is true of the matter is even truer of the spirit which informs it. He had, indeed, travelled around

the western islands . . .
Which bards in fealty to Apollo hold

[1] It is worth noting, as corroborative evidence of the impression made by this passage upon the mind of Keats, that the phrase *night confounds*, though with a different application, reappears in *Hyperion* (ii. 80). It is thus that a great poet always borrows, if such it can be called, from his predecessors.

Both the phrase "night confounds" and the epithet "dejected" so significant in its relation to Hyperion, have no counterpart in the Greek, but are Chapman's additions. Keats had been reading Chapman just before he started for the Lakes, for almost the last letter he received before leaving London was from Haydon, asking him to return his copy of Chapman.

and when he came to view the land of Apollo, perfect in its limitation, he gazed upon it with the eyes of a romanticist—

Silent, upon a peak in Darien.

Here is expressed the sense of awe, the feeling of wonder, something, too, of the spirit of adventure, which impelled the Elizabethan to go even to meet his death as a traveller

Goes to discover countries yet unknown.

And for Keats, as for his predecessors, to see was to take possession. The world of ancient mythology, which had just dawned on their horizon, seemed but an extension of their own kingdom. Their vivid imagination absorbed its beauty and found in it a wealth of material by which to illustrate and to interpret their own most deeply felt emotions, so that it became, for all its apparent aloofness, only another means of passionate self-expression. For them the distinctions of classic and romantic, arid distinctions of the schools, would appear at their best a meaningless piece of pedantry, and at their worst a denial of what was to them a vital truth—the essential unity of human feeling and human experience wherever and whenever it is to be found. And so it is for Keats. He has been blamed, for example, for the introduction of the figure of Hope into *Hyperion*, but the criticism by which this can be condemned must logically include in its attack the work of every writer, except perhaps Ben Jonson, from the earliest Elizabethan who caught fire at the recital of a classic theme down to Milton, who offended the piety of Dr. Johnson by his blending of pagan mythology with Christianity; most of all must it denounce Keats's great master Spenser, from whom in all likelihood this very picture of Hope[1] was drawn, who enriches his poetry with stories taken at random from fairy lore, from Greek legend, and from tales of mediæval chivalry.

It is no surprise therefore to find that these three poems of Greek inspiration exhibit no traces of the influence of classical literature, but are determined in each case by the influence of

[1] *Cf Faerie Queene*, I. 10, 14 —
Upon her arme a silver anchor lay,
Whereon she leaned ever, as befell.

different models of English poetry. *Endymion*, the first fruits of his whole-hearted devotion to his art, has no single definite model, but shows the natural influence of Spenser and the seventeenth-century Spenserians upon an immature, exuberant genius, which had already an intuitive sympathy with the laxer qualities of their style and method. It may indeed be regarded as the consummation of his early work, more ambitious in design than anything he had hitherto accomplished, and inspired by a greater purpose, but tainted with the same faults of style, execution and sentiment. "A trial," he calls it, "of my powers of imagination, by which I must make 4000 lines of one bare circumstance and fill them with poetry"; and the statement inevitably suggests that much of the poetry is independent of the real subject. For "the one bare circumstance" is embellished by incidents which retard the natural development of the action and by episodes which have no organic relation with the main story, but are only explicable after a full comprehension of their application and inner meaning. The progress of the involved allegory, itself sufficiently unclassical, finds ample precedent in seventeenth-century poets, and bears more resemblance to the rambling inconsequence of *Britannia's Pastorals* than to any work of more definitely artistic construction; and whilst the inner significance of the poem gives clear evidence of the spirit in which Keats had come to view his art, its general conduct shows him to be as yet far from attaining to the ideal which he sets forth in it. When he touches upon everyday life, as at the beginning of the third book, he is vague or trivial, and the general characterisation of Endymion in his relations with Peona, Cynthia and the Indian maiden, conceived with a delicate and imaginative insight into the ideal beauty of the legend, is vitiated throughout by the insipid sentimentality of expression, which the influence of Hunt, brought to bear upon his own lack of training, had led him to mistake for the universal language of the heart.

But there is nothing in this criticism which Keats did not admit himself, at least after he had completed the poem. He speaks of the mawkishness of his imagination, confessing that the work shows "inexperience, immaturity and every error denoting

a feverish attempt rather than a deed accomplished," and remarks in a letter, "I have most likely but moved into the go cart from the leading strings. If it serves me as a pioneer I ought to be content." Yet notwithstanding its failure as a whole, its obscurity, its vicious lack of reticence, its banality, it is redeemed by passages of glowing beauty which take their place with anything of their kind in our literature. Nowhere have the subtle influence of nature on the imaginative mind and a mystic yearning after her illimitable beauty found more impassioned expression, and however often the elaborate treatment of the main characters may fail in truth to life as a whole and to the Greek conceptions in particular, no poet has ever more fully possessed that creative power by which in a few lines, at times in a mere phrase, he can penetrate to the heart of a story long since dead and with magic touch bring it back to life, so that we see it in its essential and vital truth. That same spirit of old piety which breathes in the allusion to Apollo's shrine

> when upon the breeze
> Some holy bark let forth an anthem sweet
> To cheer itself to Delphi (*End.* ii. 80-82),

the same tender fancy which pictures Ariadne as become a vintager for love of Bacchus, and recalls the music of "Dryope's lone lulling of her child," finds ample scope throughout the poem for revealing the universal significance of ancient legend.

"I hope I have not in too late a day touched the beautiful mythology of Greece, and dulled its brightness: for I wish to try once more, before I bid it farewel." So wrote Keats in his preface to *Endymion* in the April of 1818. A little later he tells a friend that he is meditating on the characters of Saturn and Ops and before the end of the year he was at work upon *Hyperion*. The subject that he had chosen was well calculated to express most clearly his essential kinship with the thought of Greece. But the wonderful advance in style and treatment was due entirely to his subservience to a stricter model, and the change from *Endymion* to *Hyperion* is not the change from a romance to a classical epic, but the change from the influence

of the Spenserians to the severer school of Milton. Milton's early poems had long been known to him; now for the first time he came under the potent spell of *Paradise Lost.* And now he learned his first great lesson in artistic concentration, and constructed his poem on a plan which bears obvious resemblance to Milton's Epic. His style, too, was deeply affected. Many a Miltonic echo can be caught in *Hyperion*, and in his vocabulary Keats replaces the limp and effeminate coinage and the exuberant wordiness of his former work by a virility of language and a stern compression of all superfluity. The example of Milton gave just the necessary curb to the faults natural to a poet of Keats's temperament, and he gained a strength and a dignity, something, as Hunt remarked,

> Of the large utterance of the early gods,

for which *Endymion* may be searched in vain. It is only by the side of his great and unapproachable model that the blank verse of *Hyperion* seems at times to be monotonous, that the debate of the fallen Titans seems to lack something both in subtlety and passion; and if Keats cannot rival either the majesty or the stupendous range both of thought and melody that is the wonder of *Paradise Lost*, there is in *Hyperion* that glamour of romance, that same exquisite reading of the magic of nature which gave to *Endymion* its priceless charm. Not classical, certainly, nor Miltonic either, are the lines that tell how

> Tall oaks, branch-charmed by the earnest stars,
> Dream, and so dream all night without a stir;

or the picture of Hyperion gazing into the night—

> And still they were the same bright, patient stars;

or the picture of the fallen Titans—

> like a dismal cirque
> Of Druid stones, upon a forlorn moor,
> When the chill rain begins at shut of eve,
> In dull November, and their chancel vault,
> The Heaven itself, is blinded throughout night,

or the incomparable opening of the whole poem; but for such as

these, in some moods at least, we would gladly give all but the noblest lines of *Paradise Lost*.

But as Keats proceeded with his work he became more and more convinced that the model which he had chosen was not suited to his genius. "I have given up *Hyperion*," he writes: "there are too many Miltonic inversions in it—Miltonic verse cannot be written but in an artful, or rather artist's humour. I wish to give myself up to other sensations. English ought to be kept up."[1] Milton's classicism of style, though it was the natural expression of a scholar to whom Greek and Latin were as familiar as his mother tongue, could never be the language of a purely native poet, and much as he admired the form in which Milton had cast the work, it was too much aloof from his own sphere of methods, and so he broke off his poem abruptly just as he approached the central conception of the whole.

Later, when the hand of death was already laid upon him, he took up *Hyperion* once more and attempted to remodel it in the form of an allegorical vision expounded to him by one of the fallen goddesses. Criticism is right in pointing out that the attempt was not successful, that he spoilt many lines in the process, and that the *Fall of Hyperion*, as it is called, shows a distinct decline of artistic power. But it is at least a question whether if his powers had remained at their height, he would not have done the same thing and succeeded, whether he would not have turned what is, after all, a magnificent literary *tour de force*, into a poem fully expressive of the essential qualities of his own peculiar genius. For an artist is never at his highest when he is forcing his art into an uncongenial channel, and if he

[1] *Letter to Reynolds*, 22nd September, 1819. In the same strain he wrote to his brother: "*The Paradise Lost*, though so fine in itself, is a corruption of our language. It should be kept as it is, unique,—a curiosity, a beautiful and grand curiosity, the most remarkable production of the world, a northern dialect accommodating itself to Greek and Latin inversions and intonations. The purest English, I think—or what ought to be purest—is Chatterton's. The language had existed long enough to be entirely incorrupted of Chaucer's Gallicisms, and still the old words are used. Chatterton's language is entirely northern. I prefer the native music of it to Milton's, cut by feet. I have but lately stood on my guard against Milton. Life to him would be death to me. Miltonic verse cannot be written, but is the verse of art. I wish to devote myself to another verse alone." *Letter to Geo. Keats*, September, 1819.

spoiled some of his earlier lines it must also be remembered that some of those which he added in the *Vision* are among the finest that he ever wrote. For Keats, romantic to the core, could find no freedom in the restraint of a classical or even a Miltonic Epic.

For his model in *Lamia* he turned to the Fables of Dryden, the best modern example of the use of the heroic couplet in narrative verse. The versification and style of *Lamia* give clear evidence that he had made a careful study of Dryden. In contrast with the earlier couplets of the 1817 volume and of *Endymion* his employment of the run-on line and the feminine and weak endings is now carefully controlled, and he trusts to a careful use of the triplet and the Alexandrine to give his verse the necessary variety. Moreover, without direct imitation, such as would allow a comparison of special passages in the two poets, there are lines in *Lamia* which have caught with great effect the ring and the rapidity which are essential characteristics of Dryden's best work. Descriptions such as that of the nymph—

> At whose white feet the languid Tritons poured
> Pearls, while on land they wither'd and adored;

or of the angry god of love, who

> jealous grown of so complete a pair,
> Hover'd and buzz'd his wings, with fearful roar,
> Above the lintel of their chamber door,
> And down the passage cast a glow upon the floor;

or still more, perhaps, of the

> song of love, too sweet for earthly lyres,
> While, like held breath, the stars drew in their panting fires,

suggest the rhythmical use of language peculiarly remarkable in Dryden, whilst they are touched with a glowing imagination which is far beyond his reach.

Equally evident is the influence of Dryden on the construction of the poem. The story instead of being turgid, involved, incomprehensible, is related simply and effectively with emphasis only upon the more important dramatic effects. We pass from the finding of the snake by Hermes, her metamorphosis (with

the skilfully introduced digression to explain the antecedent action) and her meeting with Lycius, to the arrival at Corinth, the preparation for the fatal banquet and the tragic close. It is a masterpiece of narrative, in construction not equalled elsewhere by Keats, whilst the conflict of emotion between the worship of beauty and the calls of higher reason gives a passionate force to the whole.

But his close study of Dryden was perhaps responsible for the recurrence of certain faults which mar the effect of an otherwise perfect work of art. His desire to attain to the masterly ease and fluency of Dryden's manner led him into frequent false rhymes and to some return of the unhappy characteristics of his early vocabulary. And the careless levity expected of a Restoration poet in his treatment of love, and rarely present in Dryden without the compensating charm of urbanity and airy grace, appears in Keats in the form of that vulgarity which he seemed elsewhere to have out-grown. The execrable taste of the description of a woman's charms (i. 329-339) and the feeble cynicism of the opening to the second book, both, in all probability, traceable to this cause, are alien to the whole spirit in which *Lamia* was conceived.

It is where *Lamia* is farthest removed from the Greek spirit, farthest too from the spirit of Dryden, that it is most characteristic of Keats. The brilliant picture of midnight Corinth, the glowing magnificence of the phantasmal palace are triumphs of romantic description; nor is there wanting to the poem that magical felicity of phrase, that singular power over the deeply charged epithet, something, too, of the mood which loves "to touch the strings into a mystery" and by its tender imaginative insight go straight to the heart of the situation. Such is the wistful thought of Hermes as he seeks for the nymph:—

Ah, what a world of love was at her feet!

Or the poet's own reflection on the pathos of Lamia's beauty—

And for her eyes: what could such eyes do there
But weep, and weep, that they were born so fair?
As Proserpine still weeps for her Sicilian air.

These qualities find their fullest and most unfettered expression where Keats is freest from external restrictions of style and method, in the treatment of romantic themes drawn from mediæval sources—in *Isabella*, in the *Eve of St. Agnes*, in the fragmentary *Eve of St. Mark* and in *La Belle Dame sans Merci*.

Of these *Isabella, or the Pot of Basil* was the first to be written and was finished only a month after the final revision of *Endymion*. Keats turned to Italy for his source, on the suggestion of his friend Reynolds, who was planning a volume of the *Tales of Boccaccio*, retold in English verse; and it is significant of the bent of his mind at this time that Keats's only contribution was this weird and fantastic story, in tone and conception belonging to the age which Boccaccio had arisen to supersede. But whereas to the novelist the interest lay wholly in the incidents of the plot, Keats concentrated all his powers on realising the passion which it implied. The poem is uneven in execution, and it would be easy to point out faults both in the taste and in the workmanship, which are all the more noticeable in comparison with their surroundings. Moreover the studied emphasis which he lays upon the avarice and pride of the wicked brothers and upon the limp ecstasy of Lorenzo's passion, serves in reality to weaken that very effect which he desired to intensify. But these flaws are easily outweighed by the vivid poetic feeling and essential truth with which he has grasped the fundamental emotion of the story. The opening stanzas, in their delineation of the delicate susceptibility of the lovers to each other's presence, are in their way perfect, and form a fitting prelude to the marvellous picture of the tragic climax. And never, perhaps, has the complete absorption of grief found a more impassioned and at the same time a more ideal utterance than in the lines in which the poet presents Isabella weeping beside her pot of basil, oblivious of that changeful loveliness in the world about her, which is creative of all the pleasure and the health of life, but carries now no meaning to her heart:—

> And she forgot the stars, the moon, and sun,
> And she forgot the blue above the trees,

And she forgot the dells where waters run,
  And she forgot the chilly autumn breeze;
She had no knowledge when the day was done,
  And the new morn she saw not.

With imagination still more penetrative, turning again to the natural world as the only means of effectual expression, the poet reveals the tragic loneliness of the murdered lover by dwelling on his dim ghostlike perception of the sounds and sights of earth:—

"I am a shadow now, alas! alas!
  Upon the skirts of human nature dwelling
Alone: I chant alone the holy mass,
  While little sounds of life are round me knelling,
And glossy bees at noon do fieldward pass,
  And many a chapel bell the hour is telling,
Paining me through: those sounds grow strange to me,
And thou art distant in Humanity."

Poetry such as this, alike by its beauty of language and its sympathy with the subject, raises the tale which in Boccaccio is merely horrible, into the region of genuine tragedy.

But far more successful as a whole is the *Eve of St. Agnes*, which stands chronologically in the same relation to *Hyperion* as did *Isabella* to *Endymion*, and is faultlessly executed in the spirit of the legend which inspired it. In his revulsion from the magnificence of *Paradise Lost*, Keats had turned his thoughts once more to Chatterton, who had fascinated his youth; and it was Chatterton, doubtless, that guided him both here and in the companion fragment the *Eve of St. Mark*, to seek a subject in mediæval legend and to invest it with an atmosphere of mystery and enchantment. To his admiration for the Rowley dialect may probably be traced the unfortunate attempt, in the later poem, to reproduce the actual language of the Middle Ages, in the *Eve of St. Agnes* he is content with catching an occasional cadence from the *Excellent Ballad of Charitie* and leaving the rest to his power over a diction chosen not for its antiquity but for its intrinsic beauty. But if he owed something to Chatterton he owed still more to Spenser, and there are clear indications both in the wealth of imagery and vivid colouring of the diction and in the use of the metre, never before seriously attempted

by him, that he was renewing the study of his earlier master. The stanza is not merely formally Spenserian, it is employed with a truly Spenserian effect; and the subtle modulation of the melody, and in particular the lingering sweetness of the Alexandrine, are nowhere else so effective outside the *Faerie Queene*. With the form Keats has at last perhaps caught something of that spirit of chivalry inherent in Spenser which from the first he had desired to emulate. In his conception of Madeline, whose deeply felt sensuous beauty is expressive of a beauty of soul which breathes its pure influence over all that meet it, and whilst it fires the blood sanctifies the heart, Keats had realised the frame of mind which conceived of Una or Pastorella, and which inspired the *Epithalamium*, and is free at last from the mawkish sentimentality and misdirected sensuousness of his early love-poetry.

To a full sympathy with the dominant emotion of the poem he attunes us by his consummate mastery over the nicest methods of romantic art, heightening the effect throughout by a series of vivid contrasts, and enveloping the whole in a dreamlike atmosphere of enchantment and wonder. Young Porphyro, his heart on fire for Madeline, who braves in their castle the whole bloodthirsty race of foemen, stands out in fine relief against the figure of the ancient beadsman, and of the beldame Angela:—

> a feeble soul,
> A poor, weak, palsy-stricken, churchyard thing,
> Whose passing-bell may ere the midnight toll.

With similar effect, the boisterous riot of the wassailers, fit echo to the howling of the elfin storm without, breaks upon our ears "though but in dying tone" to deepen our sense of peace which reigns where Madeline sleeps "an azure-lidded sleep". But nowhere is this sense of contrast more exquisitely developed than in the treatment of the shifting moonlight which pervades the poem, at times adding the last supreme touch of colour to a picture of carefully elaborated detail, at times, by its weird suggestiveness, rendering all detail superfluous. No description of the castle is given us, yet as Porphyro stands

"buttress'd from moonlight" we see it outlined in black massiveness against the sky; languid shines the moon upon the little room, "pale, lattic'd, chill," where he unfolds his plan to the beldame, and awaits the moment of its fulfilment; its full glory is veiled until it gleams upon the lustrous salvers of the mysterious feast, or bursts in magic splendour through the casement of the shrine of love:—

> Full on this casement shone the wintry moon,
> And threw warm gules on Madeline's fair breast,
> As down she knelt for heaven's grace and boon;
> Rose-bloom fell on her hands, together prest,
> And on her silver cross soft amethyst,
> And on her hair a glory, like a saint.

Thus, over the whole, the moon sits arbitress, shedding sweet influence upon Madeline, though cold to all but her, moving the poet's heart as potently as in *Endymion*, and now receiving from him his ripest tribute to her powers of inspiration.

The *Eve of St. Agnes* expresses, as perfectly as Keats could express it, the romance and the delight of a love satisfying and victorious. But side by side with it he gave the picture of a love which is at once a fascination and a doom, delineated in the same mediæval atmosphere, with the same passionate conviction, and with even deeper significance in its reflection upon actual life. Whilst he was still at work on the *Eve of St. Agnes* the companion picture was in his mind. For he tells how Porphyro took Madeline's lute

> Tumultuous,—and, in chords that tenderest be,
> He play'd an ancient ditty, long since mute,
> In Provence call'd "La belle dame sans mercy".

In *La Belle Dame sans Merci* the mediæval revival reaches its consummation. The depth of passion which it expresses, or rather implies, for there is not the least suspicion of raving, the intense lyrical feeling, though the poet's personality is absolutely merged in the dramatic conception, the exquisite art by which every detail of the weird landscape and every cadence of the wild but subtle melody contribute to the general effect of mystery and of desolation, produce together an effect elsewhere unequalled in the poetry of romance.

After reading such a work one is tempted to ask whether art can go further than this, or what room there is for development in an artist who at the age of twenty-four can produce such a masterpiece. And perhaps if art could be viewed in itself, apart from all other considerations, an answer would be difficult. But the greatest artists have always been in the fullest sense realists, have lit up with their imagination the real world and not been satisfied with reflecting, however beautifully, a world of dreams. And Keats was not satisfied. However much he might turn away from his own life to an ideal past, he knew, with Wordsworth, that "beauty was a living presence in the earth," and that both the subject and the atmosphere for the greatest art was this world

which is the world
Of all of us,—the place where, in the end,
We find our happiness, or not at all,

a happiness to the artist, and to all men, did they but know it, only obtainable by recognising in it the presence of ideal beauty. Whether he turned to the Elgin marbles or to the tragedies of Shakespeare, he found himself face to face with the same great truth, in the light of which he looked upon his mediæval poems, in spite of all their magic loveliness, as a stepping stone by which he was to reach the summit of his ambition and become indeed "the mighty poet of the human heart". The marvellous was still "the most enticing and the surest guarantee of harmonious numbers". But the marvellous alone no longer satisfied him. "Wonders," he writes, "are no wonders to me; I am more at home amongst men and women. I had rather read Chaucer than Ariosto. The little dramatic skill I may as yet have, however badly it might show in a drama, would I think be sufficient for a poem. I wish to diffuse the colouring of St. Agnes Eve throughout a poem in which character and sentiment would be the figures to such drapery. Two or three such poems, if God should spare me, written in the course of the next six years would be a famous *gradus ad Parnassum altissimum*. I mean they would nerve me up to the writing of a few fine plays—my greatest ambition."[1]

[1] *To John Taylor*, 17th November, 1819.

How far he might have realised this ambition it is difficult to conjecture. Genius for dramatic writing is never developed early, and it must be admitted that in the narrative poems that he had already written he had exhibited as subtle and sympathetic an insight into certain phases of human emotion as is exemplified in *Venus and Adonis* or the *Rape of Lucrece*, and a far keener sense of dramatic propriety. *Otho the Great*, the only drama he lived to finish, was written in collaboration with Brown, under circumstances which precluded the possibility of successful characterisation; but its versification, at least, shows him to have studied with profit in the finest school of dramatic art, and he did not share that contempt for the stage under which not a few of our poets have veiled their chagrin at failure in dramatic composition. Lastly it must be admitted that of all his contemporaries he had the greatest objective power. "As to the poetical character," he writes, "(I mean that sort of which, if I am anything I am a member), it is not itself, it has no self, it has no character, it enjoys light and shade; it lives in gusto, be it foul or fair, high or low, rich or poor, mean or elevated. It has as much delight in conceiving an Iago as an Imogen. What shocks the virtuous philosopher delights the chameleon poet . . . a poet is the most unpoetical of anything in existence, because he has no identity—he is continually in for and filling some other body."[1] This Protean quality of mind, an essential characteristic of the dramatic genius, he possessed in an eminent degree.

But whatever might have been his success in the drama, he had already discovered, in the Ode, a form of lyrical utterance well fitted to give expression to the essential qualities of his genius. In simple outbursts of unpremeditated art he could equal neither the spontaneity of the Elizabethan lyrist nor the glowing intensity of Shelley, and despite his success in using an *occasional short line, he could never gain the lightness of touch* which gave an unfailing sweetness and grace to the four-accent verse of Fletcher and Milton. But in his freedom from the faults that

[1] *To Woodhouse*, 27th October, 1818.

spring from too close a dependence on classic models—that stiffness of phraseology and over-elaboration of form which mar the verse of Dryden, of Gray, even at times of Collins—he stands without a rival as the poet of the richly meditative Ode. It is here that the long drawn out line which seems to brood over its own sweetness is used with most effect, that his poetry surprises with a fine excess, yet never cloys with exaggeration, that all the different elements that moulded or inspired his genius are completely harmonised in the imaginative expression of his present mood. The independence for which from the first he had striven is gloriously attained. In the Odes he has no master; and their indefinable beauty is so direct and so distinctive an effluence of his soul that he can have no disciple.

His first poem of sustained perfect loveliness had been the *Ode to Sorrow*, to be found in the fourth book of *Endymion*, and the exquisite fragment of an *Ode to Maia* had followed in the next year. The rest belong to 1819, the maturest period of his workmanship, and all but *Autumn* to the early months of the year. Bound together not only by a continual recurrence of phrase and cadence but by a similar train of thought and a unity of feeling they sum up his attitude to life. They are the expression in varying keys of emotion of a mind which has loved the principle of beauty in all things, and seeks in a world of change and decay, among the fleeting forms of loveliness, for something permanent and eternal.

The *Ode to a Nightingale*, the first of them to be given to the world, is the most deeply charged with human feeling. Bowed down beneath a crushing personal bereavement, the poet is tortured by the mystery of human suffering and decay in a world

> Where youth grows pale, and spectre-thin, and dies,

and in the song of the bird he detects, for the time at least, a symbol of the beauty for which there is no death nor change; which has power by reason of its subtle charm to draw the worlds of nature and romance closer to that stern reality in which, worshipper of beauty though he be, he has yet perforce to bear his part.

In the *Ode on a Grecian Urn*, the mutability of life finds its contrast with the immortality of the principle of beauty as expressed in art

> All breathing human passion far above.

Art is thus emotion recollected in tranquillity; the eternal type, true for all time, of that beauty which gives the key to the interpretation of life. But though he does not falter in his fidelity to the ideal, its contrast with the sadness of his experience weighs heavy upon him, so that his prevailing temper at this period is perhaps most clearly expressed in the *Ode on Melancholy*. True Melancholy, he writes, is no vulgar passion exerted upon the common objects of sorrow,

> She dwells with Beauty—Beauty that must die;
> And Joy, whose hand is ever at his lips
> Bidding adieu.

It is an emotion which none can experience save him who

> Can burst Joy's grape against his palate fine.

And yet, if this is profoundly true, it is true also that the heart which feels it has its own compensations. Beauty as we see it may be transient, but it carries with it the power to rise above that very melancholy which the thought of its transience must often bring. The contradiction is only apparent, not real. For the poet who loves beauty enough to be troubled by the thought that its different manifestations are visionary loves it enough to lose himself in the vision. The immediate appeal of nature or art or romance is irresistible; and the moment, enjoyed for its own sake, gives comfort and sustaining strength to the mind for its journey towards the goal Such a mood as this is reflected in the *Ode on Indolence*, wherein not Love, nor Ambition, nor even Poesy can draw him from his exquisite enjoyment of the present; they cannot raise his

> head cool-bedded in the flowery grass.

And in the *Ode to Autumn* his serenity of mind, as truly characteristic of him as the passionate sense of change, reaches its perfect expression; and all vain questioning laid aside, he is now content to enjoy the beauty and the peace of the season.

> Where are the songs of Spring? Ay, where are they?
> Think not of them, thou hast thy music too.
> While barrèd clouds bloom the soft-dying day,
> And touch the stubble-plains with rosy hue.

Even the gathering swallows, sure harbingers of winter, suggest no sorrow to his heart; he is intuitively conscious of the immortality of beauty as the eternal possession of him who has realised it.

After the *Ode to Autumn*, composed on 19th September, 1819, Keats wrote little. We might well wish, indeed, that this poem had been his swan-song, as it was assuredly his last work of full and conscious power, and that he had been spared the agony of mind which can be read in the fevered attempts at self-expression and still more ominously in the months of silence that followed, when he could find no "heart-easing things" to allay the tortures of a posthumous life. It was otherwise decreed: yet the significance of the *Ode to Autumn* in its place among his poems should not be forgotten either in a consideration of what he might have become, or in a final estimate of what he had actually achieved. For as an interpreter of nature to the heart of man he was already, in his way, unapproachable.

Of his treatment of nature so much has been said incidentally that little need be added. Here, as in his relation with literature and art, he owes his distinctive qualities to a delicate sensitiveness to impression, rare even among poets. Several of his friends testify to it. Brown bore witness to the ecstasy with which he caught his first glimpse of the mountains, and Severn, with an artist's instinct, loved to watch his face as they walked together, and to notice reflected in his wonderful eyes his acute perception of each detail around him. "Nothing seemed to escape him, the song of a bird and the undernote of response from covert or hedge, the rustle of some animal, the changing of the green and brown lights and furtive shadows, the motions of the wind—just how it took certain tall flowers and plants—the wayfaring of the clouds: even the features and gestures of passing tramps, the colour of one woman's hair, the smile on one child's face, the furtive animalism below the deceptive

humanity in many of the vagrants, even the hat, clothes, shoes, wherever these conveyed the remotest hint as to the real self of the wearer. . . . Certain things affected him extremely, particularly when 'a wave was billowing through a tree,' as he described the uplifting surge of air among swaying masses of chestnut or oak foliage, or when, afar off, he heard the wind coming across woodlands. 'The tide! the tide!' he would cry delightedly, and spring on to some stile, or upon the low bough of a wayside tree, and watch the passage of the wind upon the meadow-grasses or young corn, not stirring till the flow of air was all around him, while an expression of rapture made his eyes gleam and his face glow till he would look 'like a wild fawn waiting for some cry from the forest depths,' or like 'a young eagle staring with proud joy,' before taking flight."[1] With such vivid sensations he had no need to picture imaginary scenes; he had only to draw upon his actual experience. The epithet "Cockney," justifiable in its application to certain qualities of his early style, is wholly misleading when it conveys the impression of a town-bred poet. Keats had known the country from boyhood; the woods, the meadows, the birds, "the simple flowers of spring," had been his constant delight, and the peculiar charm of an English stream had so deeply affected his imagination that even of the river Nile he can only think in terms of what he has himself seen and loved:—

> Thou dost bedew
> Green rushes like our rivers, and dost taste
> The pleasant sun-rise. Green isles hast thou too,
> And to the sea as happily dost haste.

The richness of his poetry might have led us to expect him to be arrested by the colour and magnificence of Oriental scenery. Yet in the *Ode to Sorrow* the gorgeous pageant of Bacchus and

[1] *Life and Letters of Joseph Severn*, ed. William Sharp, 1892, pp. 20, 21. The passage is not given by Mr. Sharp entirely in the words of Severn, but is put together by him from Severn's diaries and reminiscences. *Cf.*, too, Haydon's well known description of Keats. "He was in his glory in the fields. The humming of a bee, the sight of a flower, the glitter of the sun, seemed to make his nature tremble; then his eyes flashed, his cheek glowed, his mouth quivered" (*Life of Haydon*, ed. T. Taylor, 1853, ii. 8).

his crew is for him, as for the Indian maiden through whom he speaks, only a passing splendour—it has no power to touch his heart. It may induce forgetfulness

as the berried holly
By shepherds is forgotten, when, in June,
Tall chesnuts keep away the sun and moon;
(*End.* iv. 206-8)

out the dominant emotion of the Ode, to which the mood of Bacchus affords no more than a glowing contrast, is felt in the allusions to the wild rose, the daisy and the cowslip, to the glowworm and the nightingale. Phoebe has strayed far to seek her poet—she has found him in an English wood.

Keats's sea pictures are in the same characteristic manner transcripts of actual experience. When he tells how

Old Ocean rolls a lengthened wave to the shore,
Down whose green back the short-liv'd foam, all hoar,
Bursts gradual, with a wayward indolence, (*End.* ii. 348-50)

or relates to Reynolds how he sate

Upon a Lampit rock of green sea-weed
Among the breakers; 'twas a quiet eve,
The rocks were silent, the wide sea did weave
An untumultous fringe of silver foam
Along the flat brown sand, (*Ep. to Reynolds* 88-92)

—in every case the impression owes its power not to its strangeness but to its essential truth and to its exquisite familiarity. Yet these pictures argue no mere sensitiveness to literal fact, they exhibit a special power of realising the emotion which the bare fact expresses. The poet, Keats tells us, is one who "finds his way to all the instincts" of wren or eagle, to whom the tiger's yell

Comes articulate and presseth
On his ear like mother-tongue,
(*Where's the Poet?* 14, 15);

who has no identity, but is often merely the irresponsible medium between the natural world and universal human feeling. This being so, his power of catching nature's mood must largely depend not only upon his sympathy with nature, but also upon

his wide and sympathetic understanding of humanity, and the effectiveness of his expression will depend upon his sympathy with both. And we may, in fact, trace in his poetry an ever growing sense of their intimate relationship. At first there is noticeable in his descriptions a definite and even awkward transition from a fresh and charming landscape to the human figure ill sorted with its environment; then, as his understanding of human life became more real and more intense, his insight into the heart of nature grew deeper, and his pictures of nature gathered emotional force, so that when he is at his greatest he can only speak of the one in terms of the other. Just as his feeling for nature can only find voice in language applicable to human emotion, so the beauty of nature is his unfailing resource for the expression of the deepest and subtlest emotions of the soul. Herein lay the secret of the spell which Greek mythology exercised over him. He realised instinctively the spirit in which the legends had taken their rise, and by that same artistic sense which led the Greek to incarnate in human form the spirit recognised by his religion in the beauty and the power about him, Keats made it his own. When he tells how the dead lovers lifted their heads at the passing of Endymion

As doth a flower at Apollo's touch

here is no idle personification; he has embodied in an image of perfect simplicity and truth his sense of the healing power of a radiant presence. And the reality of these stories to his imagination is strikingly corroborated by the fact that nowhere does he more faithfully depict the actual appearance of moon and sun than in his dramatic account of them under the names of Cynthia and Hyperion.

'Tis She, but lo!
How chang'd, how full of ache, how gone in woe!
She dies at the thinnest cloud; her loveliness
Is wan on Neptune's blue; yet there's a stress
Of love-spangles, just off yon cape of trees,
Dancing upon the waves, as if to please
The curly foam with amorous influence (*End* iii. 79-85)

This is not the less true to fact because it is painted to the

imagination, because it associates the loveliness of the moon with the yearning of human passion. So too Hyperion's final departure from his palace, of tragic import in the development of the story, is only realised in a vivid conception of a gloomy sunrise, the ominous prelude to a day of darkness and storm.

> Those silver wings expanded sisterly,
> Eager to sail their orb; the porches wide
> Open'd upon the dusk demesnes of night;
> And the bright Titan, phrenzied with new woes,
> Unus'd to bend, by hard compulsion bent
> His spirit to the sorrow of the time;
> And all along a dismal rack of clouds,
> Upon the boundaries of day and night,
> He stretch'd himself in grief and radiance faint.
>
> (*Hyp.* i. 296-304.)

It is by but a slight extension of this same poetic instinct that the whole spirit of Autumn seems to pass into the figures of the reaper, the gleaner, the maiden at the cider-press, and they are touched with a sublime grace which is not their own. Keats did not labour after this effect, it was natural to his vision

> Yet even in these days so far retir'd
> From happy pieties. . . .
> I see, and sing, by my own eyes inspired.
>
> (*Ode to Psyche*, 40-43.)

He has resumed, unconsciously, something of the naïveté of the ancient world.

But remarkable as is his affinity in certain respects with the Greek attitude to nature, he is at the same time in the closest sympathy with the temper of his own day. For in an age whose ideals find fittest utterance in the "Renascence of Wonder," it was given to him, perhaps, most of all, to interpret the wonders of the natural world. Whether he leads us

> Through the green evening quiet in the sun,
> Through buried paths, where sleepy twilight dreams
> The summer time away (*End.* ii. 71-73)

or calls upon us to gaze with him

> on the new soft fallen mask
> Of snow upon the mountains and the moors (*Sonnet*, p. 288)

—whatever his imagination has touched thrills us with a sense of the mystery and awe which underlie the common things of earth; in all nature we read with him, as on the face of night, the symbols of a high romance, which finite language can never utter, but which answers none the less to the infinite longings of the human soul.

In all this there is no attempt at explanation. Even the most philosophic of our poets delighted to picture himself as

> Contented if he might enjoy
> The things which others understand,

and in the poetry of Keats this mood is entirely dominant. "Unless poetry come like leaves to the tree it had better not come at all," he writes, and there is something of defiance in his tone when he claims as the inalienable prerogative of the poet identification with his subject rather than criticism of it.

> What sea-bird o'er the sea
> Is a philosopher the while he goes
> Winging along where the great water throes?

Nature presents perforce analogies with human life, on which others may speculate as they will, it may even suggest lessons of direct bearing upon conduct, but the supreme truth to the poet is not to be found in the lessons of nature, but in her mysterious beauty, and in her never failing power, whencesoever it may spring, to respond to every mood of the changing heart of man. Nature does not call upon him to understand this, but simply to recognise it. The message of the thrush, heard by Keats in the glory of a February morning, was but the echo of Nature's voice:—

> O fret not after knowledge—I have none,
> And yet my song comes native with the warmth.
> O fret not after knowledge! I have none,
> And yet the evening listens.

Here lies the mystery: here, too, in a world of barren facts, of arid controversies, of idle speculations, the irresistible appeal. In moments of supreme enjoyment, when the heart seems to beat in consonance with the mighty heart of the universe, it is difficult to deny a belief in the conscious life and conscious sympathy

of nature, but her sovereignty depends on no such faith. Even if she beam upon us in blank splendour,

> like the mild moon,
> Who comforts those she sees not, who knows not
> What eyes are upward cast, (*Fall of Hyp.* i. 245-47)

the truth remains immutable, unassailed, that the eyes are still cast upward, that the splendour is there, that the comfort is never sought in vain. Keats knew, no less than Wordsworth, that "Nature never did betray the heart that loved her," and that the true worship of beauty, associated, as he had learnt to associate it, with a passionate sense of the sorrows of the world, is its own justification, and its own reward.

POEMS

PUBLISHED IN 1817

"What more felicity can fall to creature
Than to enjoy delight with liberty"
Fate of the Butterfly—SPENSER

DEDICATION

TO LEIGH HUNT, ESQ

GLORY and loveliness have passed away;
  For if we wander out in early morn,
  No wreathed incense do we see upborne
Into the east, to meet the smiling day:
No crowd of nymphs soft voic'd and young, and gay.
  In woven baskets bringing ears of corn,
  Roses, and pinks, and violets, to adorn
The shrine of Flora in her early May.
But there are left delights as high as these,
  And I shall ever bless my destiny,
That in a time, when under pleasant trees
  Pan is no longer sought, I feel a free
A leafy luxury, seeing I could please
  With these poor offerings, a man like thee.

[The Short Pieces in the middle of the Book, as well as some of the Sonnets, were written at an earlier period than the rest of the Poems.]

And let a lush laburnum oversweep them,
And let long grass grow round the roots to keep them
Moist, cool and green; and shade the violets,
That they may bind the moss in leafy nets.

A filbert hedge with wild briar overtwined,
And clumps of woodbine taking the soft wind
Upon their summer thrones; there too should be
The frequent chequer of a youngling tree,
That with a score of light green brethren shoots
From the quaint mossiness of aged roots:
Round which is heard a spring-head of clear waters
Babbling so wildly of its lovely daughters
The spreading blue bells: it may haply mourn
That such fair clusters should be rudely torn
From their fresh beds, and scattered thoughtlessly
By infant hands, left on the path to die.

Open afresh your round of starry folds,
Ye ardent marigolds!
Dry up the moisture from your golden lids,
For great Apollo bids
That in these days your praises should be sung
On many harps, which he has lately strung;
And when again yo[illegible]winess he kisses,
T[illegible]ll him, I have yo[illegible]orld of blisses:

To taste the luxury of sunny beams
Temper'd with coolness. How they ever wrestle
[illegible] and ever nestle
[illegible]
But turn your eye, and they are there again.
The ripples seem right glad to reach those cresses,
And cool themselves among the em'rald tresses;
The while they cool themselves, they freshness give,
And moisture, that the bowery green may live:
[illegible]
Then off at once, as in a wanton freak:
Or perhaps, to show their black, and golden wings,
Pausing upon their yellow flutterings.
[illegible]
O let me for one moment touch her wrist;
Let me one moment to her breathing list;
And as she leaves me may she often turn
Her fair eyes looking through her locks aubùrne.
What next? A tuft of evening primroses,
O'er which the mind may hover till it dozes;
O'er which it well might take a pleasant sleep,
But that 'tis ever startled by the leap
Of buds into ripe flowers; or by the flitting
[illegible]
Spangler of clouds, halo of crystal rivers,
Mingler with leaves, and dew and tumbling streams,
Closer of lovely eyes to lovely dreams,

Lover of loneliness, and wandering,
Of upcast eye, and tender pondering!
Thee must I praise above all other glories
That smile us on to tell delightful stories.
For what has made the sage or poet write
But the fair paradise of Nature's light?
In the calm grandeur of a sober line,
We see the waving of the mountain pine;
And when a tale is beautifully staid,
We feel the safety of a hawthorn glade:
When it is moving on luxurious wings,
The soul is lost in pleasant smotherings:
Fair dewy roses brush against our faces,
And flowering laurels spring from diamond vases;
O'er head we see the jasmine and sweet briar,
And bloomy grapes laughing from green attire;
While at our feet, the voice of crystal bubbles
Charms us at once away from all our troubles:
So that we feel uplifted from the world,
Walking upon the white clouds wreath'd and curl'd.
So felt he, who first told, how Psyche went
On the smooth wind to realms of wonderment;
What Psyche felt, and Love, when their full lips
First touch'd; what amorous, and fondling nips
They gave each other's cheeks; with all their sighs,
And how they kist each other's tremulous eyes:
The silver lamp,—the ravishment,—the wonder—
The darkness,—loneliness,—the fearful thunder;
Their woes gone by, and both to heaven upflown,
To bow for gratitude before Jove's throne.
So did he feel, who pull'd the boughs aside,
That we might look into a forest wide,
To catch a glimpse of Fawns, and Dryades
Coming with softest rustle through the trees;
And garlands woven of flowers wild, and sweet,
Upheld on ivory wrists, or sporting feet:
Telling us how fair, trembling Syrinx fled
Arcadian Pan, with such a fearful dread.
Poor nymph,—poor Pan,—how he did weep to find,
Nought but a lovely sighing of the wind
Along the reedy stream; a half heard strain,
Full of sweet desolation—balmy pain.

What first inspired a bard of old to sing
Narcissus pining o'er the untainted spring?
In some delicious ramble, he had found
A little space, with boughs all woven round;

And in the midst of all, a clearer pool
Than e'er reflected in its pleasant cool,
The blue sky here, and there, serenely peeping
Through tendril wreaths fantastically creeping.
And on the bank a lonely flower he spied,
A meek and forlorn flower, with naught of pride,
Drooping its beauty o'er the watery clearness,
To woo its own sad image into nearness:
Deaf to light Zephyrus it would not move;
But still would seem to droop, to pine, to love.
So while the poet stood in this sweet spot,
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

Where had he been, from whose warm head out-flew
That sweetest of all songs, that ever new,
That aye refreshing, pure deliciousness,
Coming ever to bless
The wanderer by moonlight? to him bringing
Shapes from the invisible world, unearthly singing
From out the middle air, from flowery nests,
And from the pillowy silkiness that rests
Full in the speculation of the stars.
Ah! surely he had burst our mortal bars;
Into some wond'rous region he had gone,
To search for thee, divine Endymion!

He was a Poet, sure a lover too,
Who stood on Latmus' top, what time there blew
Soft breezes from the myrtle vale below;
And brought in faintness solemn, sweet, and slow
A hymn from Dian's temple; while upswelling,
The incense went to her own starry dwelling.
But though her face was clear as infant's eyes,
Though she stood smiling o'er the sacrifice,
The Poet wept at her so piteous fate,
Wept that such beauty should be desolate:
So in fine wrath some golden sounds he won,
And gave meek Cynthia her Endymion.

Queen of the wide air; thou most lovely queen
Of all the brightness that mine eyes have seen!
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

Where distant ships do seem to show their keels,
Phœbus awhile delayed his mighty wheels,
And turned to smile upon thy bashful eyes,
Ere he his unseen pomp would solemnize.
The evening weather was so bright, and clear,
That men of health were of unusual cheer;
Stepping like Homer at the trumpet's call,
Or young Apollo on the pedestal:
And lovely women were as fair and warm,
As Venus looking sideways in alarm.
The breezes were ethereal, and pure,
And crept through half-closed lattices to cure
The languid sick; it cool'd their fever'd sleep,
And soothed them into slumbers full and deep.
Soon they awoke clear eyed: nor burnt with thirsting,
Nor with hot fingers, nor with temples bursting:
And springing up, they met the wond'ring sight
Of their dear friends, nigh foolish with delight;
Who feel their arms, and breasts, and kiss and stare,
And on their placid foreheads part the hair.
Young men, and maidens at each other gaz'd
With hands held back, and motionless, amaz'd
To see the brightness in each other's eyes;
And so they stood, fill'd with a sweet surprise,
Until their tongues were loos'd in poesy.
Therefore no lover did of anguish die:
But the soft numbers, in that moment spoken,
Made silken ties, that never may be broken.
Cynthia! I cannot tell the greater blisses,
That follow'd thine, and thy dear shepherd's kisses:
Was there a Poet born?—but now no more,
My wand'ring spirit must no further soar.—

SPECIMEN

OF AN

INDUCTION TO A POEM

LO! I must tell a tale of chivalry;
For large white plumes are dancing in mine eye.
Not like the formal crest of latter days:
But bending in a thousand graceful ways;
So graceful, that it seems no mortal hand,
Or e'en the touch of Archimago's wand,

Could charm them into such an attitude.
We must think rather, that in playful mood,
Some mountain breeze had turn'd its chief delight,
To show this wonder of its gentle might.
Lo! I must tell a tale of chivalry;
For while I muse, the lance points slantingly
Athwart the morning air: some lady sweet,
Who cannot feel for cold her tender feet,
From the worn top of some old battlement
Hails it with tears, her stout defender sent:
[illegible]

It is reflected, clearly, in a lake,
With the young ashen boughs, 'gainst which it rests,
And th' half seen mossiness of linnets' nests.
Ah! shall I ever tell its cruelty,
When the fire flashes from a warrior's eye,
And his tremendous hand is grasping it,
And his dark brow for very wrath is knit?
Or when his spirit, with more calm intent,
Leaps to the honors of a tournament,
And makes the gazers round about the ring
Stare at the grandeur of the ballancing?
No, no! this is far off:—then how shall I
Revive the dying tones of minstrelsy,
Which linger yet about lone gothic arches,
In dark green ivy, and among wild larches?
How sing the splendour of the revelries,
When buts of wine are drunk off to the lees?
And that bright lance, against the fretted wall,
Beneath the shade of stately banneral,
Is slung with shining cuirass, sword, and shield?
Where ye may see a spur in bloody field.
Light-footed damsels move with gentle paces
Round the wide hall, and show their happy faces;
Or stand in courtly talk by fives and sevens.
Like those fair stars that twinkle in the heavens.
Yet must I tell a tale of chivalry:
[illegible]

Spenser! thy brows are arched, open, kind,
And come like a clear sun-rise to my mind;
And always does my heart with pleasure dance,
When I think on thy noble countenance:

Where never yet was ought more earthly seen
Than the pure freshness of thy laurels green.
Therefore, great bard, I not so fearfully
Call on thy gentle spirit to hover nigh
My daring steps: or if thy tender care,
Thus startled unaware,
Be jealous that the foot of other wight
Should madly follow that bright path of light
Trac'd by thy lov'd Libertas; he will speak,
And tell thee that my prayer is very meek;
That I will follow with due reverence,
And start with awe at mine own strange pretence.
Him thou wilt hear; so I will rest in hope
To see wide plains, fair trees and lawny slope:
The morn, the eve, the light, the shade, the flowers;
Clear streams, smooth lakes, and overlooking towers.

CALIDORE

A Fragment

YOUNG Calidore is paddling o'er the lake;
His healthful spirit eager and awake
To feel the beauty of a silent eve,
Which seem'd full loath this happy world to leave;
The light dwelt o'er the scene so lingeringly.
He bares his forehead to the cool blue sky,
And smiles at the far clearness all around,
Until his heart is well nigh over wound,
And turns for calmness to the pleasant green
Of easy slopes, and shadowy trees that lean
So elegantly o'er the waters' brim
And show their blossoms trim.
Scarce can his clear and nimble eye-sight follow
The freaks, and dartings of the black-wing'd swallow,
Delighting much, to see it half at rest,
Dip so refreshingly its wings, and breast
'Gainst the smooth surface, and to mark anon,
The widening circles into nothing gone.

And now the sharp keel of his little boat
Comes up with ripple, and with easy float,
And glides into a bed of water lillies:
Broad leav'd are they and their white canopies

Are upward turn'd to catch the heavens' dew.
Near to a little island's point they grew;
Whence Calidore might have the goodliest view
Of this sweet spot of earth. The bowery shore
Went off in gentle windings to the hoar
And light blue mountains: but no breathing man
With a warm heart, and eye prepared to scan
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

The sidelong view of swelling leafiness,
Which the glad setting sun, in gold doth dress;
Whence ever, and anon the jay outsprings,
And scales upon the beauty of its wings.

The lonely turret, shatter'd, and outworn,
Stands venerably proud; too proud to mourn
Its long lost grandeur: fir trees grow around,
Aye dropping their hard fruit upon the ground.

The little chapel with the cross above
Upholding wreaths of ivy; the white dove,
That on the window spreads his feathers light,
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
With many joys for him: the warder's ken
Had found white coursers prancing in the glen:
Friends very dear to him he soon will see;
So pushes off his boat most eagerly,
And soon upon the lake he skims along,
Deaf to the nightingale's first under-song;
Nor minds he the white swans that dream so sweetly:
His spirit flies before him so completely.

And now he turns a jutting point of land,
Whence may be seen the castle gloomy, and grand:

Nor will a bee buzz round two swelling peaches,
Before the point of his light shallop reaches
Those marble steps that through the water dip:
Now over them he goes with hasty trip,
And scarcely stays to ope the folding doors:
Anon he leaps along the oaken floors
Of halls and corridors.
Delicious sounds! those little bright-eyed things
That float about the air on azure wings,
Had been less heartfelt by him than the clang
Of clattering hoofs; into the court he sprang,
Just as two noble steeds, and palfreys twain,
Were slanting out their necks with loosened rein;
While from beneath the threat'ning portcullis
They brought their happy burthens. What a kiss,
What gentle squeeze he gave each lady's hand!
How tremblingly their delicate ancles spann'd!
Into how sweet a trance his soul was gone,
While whisperings of affection
Made him delay to let their tender feet
Come to the earth; with an incline so sweet
From their low palfreys o'er his neck they bent:
And whether there were tears of languishment,
Or that the evening dew had pearl'd their tresses,
He feels a moisture on his cheek, and blesses
With lips that tremble, and with glistening eye,
All the soft luxury
That nestled in his arms. A dimpled hand,
Fair as some wonder out of fairy land,
Hung from his shoulder like the drooping flowers
Of whitest Cassia, fresh from summer showers:
And this he fondled with his happy cheek
As if for joy he would no further seek;
When the kind voice of good Sir Clerimond
Came to his ear, like something from beyond
His present being: so he gently drew
His warm arms, thrilling now with pulses new,
From their sweet thrall, and forward gently bending,
Thank'd heaven that his joy was never ending;
While 'gainst his forehead he devoutly press'd
A hand heaven made to succour the distress'd;
A hand that from the world's bleak promontory
Had lifted Calidore for deeds of glory.

Amid the pages, and the torches' glare,
There stood a knight, patting the flowing hair
Of his proud horse's mane: he was withal

A man of elegance, and stature tall:

It was some glorious form, some splendid weed,
In which a spirit new come from the skies
Might live, and show itself to human eyes.
'Tis the far-fam'd, the brave Sir Gondibert,

The large-eyed wonder, and ambitious heat
Of the aspiring boy; who as he led

Soon in a pleasant chamber they are seated;
The sweet-lipp'd ladies have already greeted
All the green leaves that round the window clamber,
To show their purple stars, and bells of amber.

Kept off dismay, and terror, and alarm
From lovely woman: while brimful of this,
He gave each damsel's hand so warm a kiss,

Softly the breezes from the forest came,
Softly they blew aside the taper's flame;

Lovely the moon in ether, all alone:
Sweet too the converse of these happy mortals,
As that of busy spirits when the portals
Are closing in the west; or that soft humming
We hear around when Hesperus is coming.
Sweet be their sleep. * * * * * * * * *

TO

SOME LADIES

WHAT though while the wonders of nature exploring,
  I cannot your light, mazy footsteps attend;
Nor listen to accents, that almost adoring,
  Bless Cynthia's face, the enthusiast's friend:

Yet over the steep, whence the mountain stream rushes,
  With you, kindest friends, in idea I muse;
Mark the clear tumbling crystal, its passionate gushes,
  Its spray that the wild flower kindly bedews.

Why linger you so, the wild labyrinth strolling?
  Why breathless, unable your bliss to declare?
Ah! you list to the nightingale's tender condoling,
  Responsive to sylphs, in the moon beamy air.

'Tis morn, and the flowers with dew are yet drooping,
  I see you are treading the verge of the sea:
And now! ah, I see it—you just now are stooping
  To pick up the keep-sake intended for me.

If a cherub, on pinions of silver descending,
  Had brought me a gem from the fret-work of heaven;
And smiles, with his star-cheering voice sweetly blending,
  The blessings of Tighe had melodiously given;

It had not created a warmer emotion
  Than the present, fair nymphs, I was blest with from you,
Than the shell, from the bright golden sands of the ocean
  Which the emerald waves at your feet gladly threw.

For, indeed, 'tis a sweet and peculiar pleasure,
  (And blissful is he who such happiness finds,)
To possess but a span of the hour of leisure,
  In elegant, pure, and aerial minds.

On receiving a curious Shell, and a Copy of Verses, from the same Ladies

HAST thou from the caves of Golconda, a gem
  Pure as the ice-drop that froze on the mountain?
Bright as the humming-bird's green diadem,
  When it flutters in sun-beams that shine through a fountain?

Hast thou a goblet for dark sparkling wine?
  That goblet right heavy, and massy, and gold?
And splendidly mark'd with the story divine
  Of Armida the fair, and Rinaldo the bold?

Hast thou a steed with a mane richly flowing?
  [illegible]
[illegible]
  [illegible]

What is it that hangs from thy shoulder, so brave,
  Embroidered with many a spring peering flower?
Is it a scarf that thy fair lady gave?
  And hastest thou now to that fair lady's bower?

Ah! courteous Sir Knight, with large joy thou art crown'd;
  Full many the glories that brighten thy youth!
I will tell thee my blisses, which richly abound
  In magical powers to bless, and to sooth.

On this scroll thou seest written in characters fair
  A sun-beamy tale of a wreath, and a chain;
And, warrior, it nurtures the property rare
  Of charming my mind from the trammels of pain.

This canopy mark: 'tis the work of a fay;
  Beneath its rich shade did King Oberon languish,
When lovely Titania was far, far away,
  And cruelly left him to sorrow, and anguish.

There, oft would he bring from his soft sighing lute
  Wild strains to which, spell-bound, the nightingales listened;
The wondering spirits of heaven were mute,
  And tears 'mong the dewdrops of morning oft glistened.

In this little dome, all those melodies strange,
  Soft, plaintive, and melting, for ever will sigh;
Nor e'er will the notes from their tenderness change;
  Nor e'er will the music of Oberon die.

So, when I am in a voluptuous vein,
  I pillow my head on the sweets of the rose,
And list to the tale of the wreath, and the chain,
  Till its echoes depart; then I sink to repose.

Adieu, valiant Eric! with joy thou art crown'd;
  Full many the glories that brighten thy youth,
I too have my blisses, which richly abound
  In magical powers, to bless and to sooth.

TO * * * *

HADST thou liv'd in days of old,
  O what wonders had been told
Of thy lively countenance,
And thy humid eyes that dance
In the midst of their own brightness;
In the very fane of lightness.
Over which thine eyebrows, leaning,
Picture out each lovely meaning:
In a dainty bend they lie,
Like to streaks across the sky,
Or the feathers from a crow,
Fallen on a bed of snow.
Of thy dark hair that extends
Into many graceful bends:
As the leaves of Hellebore
Turn to whence they sprung before.
And behind each ample curl
Peeps the richness of a pearl.
Downward too flows many a tress
With a glossy waviness;
Full, and round like globes that rise
From the censer to the skies
Through sunny air. Add too, the sweetness
Of thy honied voice; the neatness
Of thine ankle lightly turn'd:
With those beauties, scarce discern'd,
Kept with such sweet privacy,
That they seldom meet the eye

Of the little loves that fly
Round about with eager pry.
Saving when, with freshening lave,
Thou dipp'st them in the taintless wave;
Like twin water lillies, born
In the coolness of the morn.
O, if thou hadst breathed then,
Now the Muses had been ten.
Couldst thou wish for lineage higher
Than twin sister of Thalia?
At least for ever, evermore,
Will I call the Graces four.

Hadst thou liv'd when chivalry
Lifted up her lance on high,
Tell me what thou wouldst have been?
Ah! I see the silver sheen
Of thy broidered, floating vest
Cov'ring half thine ivory breast;
Which, O heavens! I should see,
But that cruel destiny
Has placed a golden cuirass there;
Keeping secret what is fair.
Like sunbeams in a cloudlet nested
Thy locks in knightly casque are rested:
O'er which bend four milky plumes
Like the gentle lilly's blooms
Springing from a costly vase.
See with what a stately pace
Comes thine alabaster steed;
Servant of heroic deed!
O'er his loins, his trappings glow
Like the northern lights on snow.
Mount his back! thy sword unsheath!
Sign of the enchanter's death;
Bane of every wicked spell;
Silencer of dragon's yell.
Alas! thou this wilt never do:
Thou art an enchantress too,
And wilt surely never spill
Blood of those whose eyes can kill.

TO

HOPE

When by my solitary hearth I sit,
And hateful thoughts enwrap my soul in gloom;
When no fair dreams before my "mind's eye" flit,
And the bare heath of life presents no bloom;
Sweet Hope, ethereal balm upon me shed,
And wave thy silver pinions o'er my head.

Whene'er I wander, at the fall of night,
Where woven boughs shut out the moon's bright ray,
Should sad Despondency my musings fright,
And frown, to drive fair Cheerfulness away,
Peep with the moon-beams through the leafy roof,
And keep that fiend Despondence far aloof.

Should Disappointment, parent of Despair,
Strive for her son to seize my careless heart;
When, like a cloud, he sits upon the air,
Preparing on his spell-bound prey to dart:
Chace him away, sweet Hope, with visage bright,
And fright him as the morning frightens night!

Whene'er the fate of those I hold most dear
Tells to my fearful breast a tale of sorrow,
O bright-eyed Hope, my morbid fancy cheer;
Let me awhile thy sweetest comforts borrow:
Thy heaven-born radiance around me shed,
And wave thy silver pinions o'er my head!

Should e'er unhappy love my bosom pain,
From cruel parents, or relentless fair;
O let me think it is not quite in vain
To sigh out sonnets to the midnight air!
Sweet Hope, ethereal balm upon me shed,
And wave thy silver pinions o'er my head!

In the long vista of the years to roll,
Let me not see our country's honour fade:
O let me see our land retain her soul,
Her pride, her freedom; and not freedom's shade.
From thy bright eyes unusual brightness shed—
Beneath thy pinions canopy my head!

Let me not see the patriot's high bequest,
  Great Liberty! how great in plain attire!
With the base purple of a court oppress'd,
  Bowing her head, and ready to expire:
    But let me see thee stoop from heaven on wings
    That fill the skies with silver glitterings!

And as, in sparkling majesty, a star
  [illegible]

    Waving thy silver pinions o'er my head.

February, 1815.

IMITATION OF SPENSER

* * * * * * * *

NOW Morning from her orient chamber came,
  And her first footsteps touch'd a verdant hill;
Crowning its lawny crest with amber flame,
Silv'ring the untainted gushes of its rill;
Which, pure from mossy beds, did down distill,
And after parting beds of simple flowers,
By many streams a little lake did fill,
Which round its marge reflected woven bowers,
And, in its middle space, a sky that never lowers.

[illegible]

Ah! could I tell the wonders of an isle
That in that fairest lake had placed been,
I could e'en Dido of her grief beguile;
Or rob from aged Lear his bitter teen:
For sure so fair a place was never seen,
[illegible]

And all around it dipp'd luxuriously
Slopings of verdure through the glossy tide,
Which, as it were in gentle amity,
Rippled delighted up the flowery side;
As if to glean the ruddy tears, it tried,
Which fell profusely from the rose-tree stem!
Haply it was the workings of its pride,
In strife to throw upon the shore a gem
Outvieing all the buds in Flora's diadem.

* * * * * * *

WOMAN! when I behold thee flippant, vain,
Inconstant, childish, proud, and full of fancies;
Without that modest softening that enhances
The downcast eye, repentant of the pain
That its mild light creates to heal again:
E'en then, elate, my spirit leaps, and prances,
E'en then my soul with exultation dances
For that to love, so long, I've dormant lain:
But when I see thee meek, and kind, and tender,
Heavens! how desperately do I adore
Thy winning graces;—to be thy defender
I hotly burn—to be a Calidore—
A very Red Cross Knight—a stout Leander—
Might I be loved by thee like these of yore.

Light feet, dark violet eyes, and parted hair;
Soft dimpled hands, white neck, and creamy breast,
Are things on which the dazzled senses rest
Till the fond, fixed eyes, forget they stare.
From such fine pictures, heavens! I cannot dare
To turn my admiration, though unpossess'd
They be of what is worthy,—though not drest
In lovely modesty, and virtues rare.
Yet these I leave as thoughtless as a lark;
These lures I straight forget,—e'en ere I dine,
Or thrice my palate moisten: but when I mark
Such charms with mild intelligences shine,
My ear is open like a greedy shark,
To catch the tunings of a voice divine.

Ah! who can e'er forget so fair a being?
Who can forget her half retiring sweets?
God! she is like a milk-white lamb that bleats

For man's protection. Surely the All-seeing,
Who joys to see us with his gifts agreeing,
  Will never give him pinions, who intreats
  Such innocence to ruin,—who vilely cheats
A dove-like bosom. In truth there is no freeing
One's thoughts from such a beauty; when I hear
  A lay that once I saw her hand awake,
Her form seems floating palpable, and near;
  Had I e'er seen her from an arbour take
A dewy flower, oft would that hand appear,
  And o'er my eyes the trembling moisture shake.

EPISTLES

"Among the rest a shepheard (though but young
Yet hartned to his pipe) with all the skill
His few yeeres could, began to fit his quill."
Britannia's Pastorals.—BROWNE.

TO

GEORGE FELTON MATHEW

SWEET are the pleasures that to verse belong,
And doubly sweet a brotherhood in song;
Nor can remembrance, Mathew! bring to view
A fate more pleasing, a delight more true
Than that in which the brother Poets joy'd,
Who with combined powers, their wit employ'd
To raise a trophy to the drama's muses.
The thought of this great partnership diffuses
Over the genius loving heart, a feeling
Of all that's high, and great, and good, and healing.

Too partial friend! fain would I follow thee
Past each horizon of fine poesy;
Fain would I echo back each pleasant note
As o'er Sicilian seas, clear anthems float
'Mong the light skimming gondolas far parted,
Just when the sun his farewell beam has darted:
But 'tis impossible; far different cares
Beckon me sternly from soft "Lydian airs,"
And hold my faculties so long in thrall,
That I am oft in doubt whether at all
I shall again see Phœbus in the morning:
Or flush'd Aurora in the roseate dawning!
Or a white Naiad in a rippling stream;
Or a rapt seraph in a moonlight beam;
Or again witness what with thee I've seen,
The dew by fairy feet swept from the green,

After a night of some quaint jubilee
Which every elf and fay had come to see:
When bright processions took their airy march
Beneath the curved moon's triumphal arch.

But might I now each passing moment give
To the coy muse, with me she would not live
In this dark city, nor would condescend
'Mid contradictions her delights to lend.
Should e'er the fine-eyed maid to me be kind,
Ah! surely it must be whene'er I find
Some flowery spot, sequester'd, wild, romantic,
That often must have seen a poet frantic;
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
And intertwin'd the cassia's arms unite,
With its own drooping buds, but very white.
Where on one side are covert branches hung,
'Mong which the nightingales have always sung
In leafy quiet: where to pry, aloof,
Atween the pillars of the sylvan roof,
Would be to find where violet beds were nestling,
And where the bee with cowslip bells was wrestling.
There must be too a ruin dark, and gloomy,
To say "joy not too much in all that's bloomy."

Yet this is vain—O Mathew lend thy aid
To find a place where I may greet the maid—
Where we may soft humanity put on,
And sit, and rhyme and think on Chatterton;
And that warm-hearted Shakspeare sent to meet him
Four laurell'd spirits, heaven-ward to intreat him.
With reverence would we speak of all the sages
Who have left streaks of light athwart their ages:
And thou shouldst moralize on Milton's blindness,
And mourn the fearful dearth of human kindness
To those who strove with the bright golden wing
Of genius, to flap away each sting
Thrown by the pitiless world. We next could tell
Of those who in the cause of freedom fell;
Of our own Alfred, of Helvetian Tell;
Of him whose name to ev'ry heart's a solace,
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

Felton! without incitements such as these,
How vain for me the niggard Muse to tease:
For thee, she will thy every dwelling grace,
And make "a sun-shine in a shady place:"
For thou wast once a flowret blooming wild,
Close to the source, bright, pure, and undefil'd,
Whence gush the streams of song: in happy hour
Came chaste Diana from her shady bower,
Just as the sun was from the east uprising;
And, as for him some gift she was devising,
Beheld thee, pluck'd thee, cast thee in the stream
To meet her glorious brother's greeting beam.
I marvel much that thou hast never told
How, from a flower, into a fish of gold
Apollo chang'd thee; how thou next didst seem
A black-eyed swan upon the widening stream;
And when thou first didst in that mirror trace
The placid features of a human face:
That thou hast never told thy travels strange,
And all the wonders of the mazy range
O'er pebbly crystal, and o'er golden sands;
Kissing thy daily food from Naiad's pearly hands.

November, 1815.

TO

MY BROTHER GEORGE

FULL many a dreary hour have I past,
My brain bewilder'd, and my mind o'ercast
With heaviness; in seasons when I've thought
No spherey strains by me could e'er be caught
From the blue dome, though I to dimness gaze
On the far depth where sheeted lightning plays;
Or, on the wavy grass outstretch'd supinely,
Pry 'mong the stars, to strive to think divinely:
That I should never hear Apollo's song,
Though feathery clouds were floating all along
The purple west, and, two bright streaks between,
The golden lyre itself were dimly seen:
That the still murmur of the honey bee
Would never teach a rural song to me:
That the bright glance from beauty's eyelids slanting
Would never make a lay of mine enchanting,

Or warm my breast with ardour to unfold
Some tale of love and arms in time of old.

But there are times, when those that love the bay,
Fly from all sorrowing far, far away;
A sudden glow comes on them, nought they see
In water, earth, or air, but poesy.
It has been said, dear George, and true I hold it,
(For knightly Spenser to Libertas told it,)
That when a Poet is in such a trance,
In air he sees white coursers paw, and prance,
Bestridden of gay knights, in gay apparel,
Who at each other tilt in playful quarrel,
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
And through the light the horsemen swiftly glide,
The Poet's eye can reach those golden halls,
And view the glory of their festivals:
Their ladies fair, that in the distance seem
Fit for the silv'ring of a seraph's dream;
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
Of which, no mortal eye can reach the flowers;
And 'tis right just, for well Apollo knows
'Twould make the Poet quarrel with the rose.
All that's reveal'd from that far seat of blisses,
Is, the clear fountains' interchanging kisses,
As gracefully descending, light and thin,
Like silver streaks across a dolphin's fin,
When he upswimmeth from the coral caves,
And sports with half his tail above the waves.

These wonders strange he sees, and many more,
Whose head is pregnant with poetic lore.
Should he upon an evening ramble fare
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
Or the coy moon, when in the waviness
Of whitest clouds she does her beauty dress,
And staidly paces higher up, and higher,

Like a sweet nun in holy-day attire?
Ah, yes! much more would start into his sight—
The revelries, and mysteries of night:
And should I ever see them, I will tell you
Such tales as needs must with amazement spell you.

These are the living pleasures of the bard:
But richer far posterity's award.
What does he murmur with his latest breath,
While his proud eye looks through the film of death?
"What though I leave this dull, and earthly mould,
Yet shall my spirit lofty converse hold
With after times.—The patriot shall feel
My stern alarum, and unsheath his steel;
Or, in the senate thunder out my numbers
To startle princes from their easy slumbers.
The sage will mingle with each moral theme
My happy thoughts sententious; he will teem
With lofty periods when my verses fire him,
And then I'll stoop from heaven to inspire him.
Lays have I left of such a dear delight
That maids will sing them on their bridal night.
Gay villagers, upon a morn of May,
When they have tired their gentle limbs with play,
And form'd a snowy circle on the grass,
And plac'd in midst of all that lovely lass
Who chosen is their queen,—with her fine head
Crowned with flowers purple, white, and red:
For there the lily, and the musk-rose, sighing,
Are emblems true of hapless lovers dying:
Between her breasts, that never yet felt trouble,
A bunch of violets full blown, and double,
Serenely sleep:—she from a casket takes
A little book,—and then a joy awakes
About each youthful heart,—with stifled cries,
And rubbing of white hands, and sparkling eyes:
For she's to read a tale of hopes, and fears;
One that I foster'd in my youthful years:
The pearls, that on each glist'ning circlet sleep,
Gush ever and anon with silent creep,
Lured by the innocent dimples. To sweet rest
Shall the dear babe, upon its mother's breast,
Be lull'd with songs of mine. Fair world, adieu!
Thy dales, and hills, are fading from my view:
Swiftly I mount, upon wide spreading pinions,
Far from the narrow bounds of thy dominions.
Full joy I feel, while thus I cleave the air,

That my soft verse will charm thy daughters fair,
And warm thy sons!" Ah, my dear friend and brother,
[illegible]
[illegible] brain:
[illegible]
As to my sonnets, though none else should heed them,
I feel delighted, still, that you should read them.
[illegible]
Through which the poppies show their scarlet coats;
So pert and useless, that they bring to mind
The scarlet coats that pester human-kind.
And on the other side, outspread, is seen
Ocean's blue mantle streak'd with purple, and green.
[illegible]
His breast is dancing on the restless sea.
Now I direct my eyes into the west,
Which at this moment is in sunbeams drest:
Why westward turn? 'Twas but to say adieu!
'Twas but to kiss my hand, dear George, to you!

August, 1816.

TO

CHARLES COWDEN CLARKE

OFT have you seen a swan superbly frowning,
[illegible]

Come from the galaxy: anon he sports,—
With outspread wings the Naiad Zephyr courts,
Or ruffles all the surface of the lake
In striving from its crystal face to take
Some diamond water drops, and them to treasure
In milky nest, and sip them off at leisure.
But not a moment can he there insure them,
Nor to such downy rest can he allure them;
For down they rush as though they would be free,
And drop like hours into eternity.
Just like that bird am I in loss of time,
Whene'er I venture on the stream of rhyme;
With shatter'd boat, oar snapt, and canvass rent,
I slowly sail, scarce knowing my intent;
Still scooping up the water with my fingers,
In which a trembling diamond never lingers.

By this, friend Charles, you may full plainly see
Why I have never penn'd a line to thee:
Because my thoughts were never free, and clear,
And little fit to please a classic ear;
Because my wine was of too poor a savour
For one whose palate gladdens in the flavour
Of sparkling Helicon:—small good it were
To take him to a desert rude, and bare,
Who had on Baiæ's shore reclin'd at ease,
While Tasso's page was floating in a breeze
That gave soft music from Armida's bowers,
Mingled with fragrance from her rarest flowers:
Small good to one who had by Mulla's stream
Fondled the maidens with the breasts of cream;
Who had beheld Belphœbe in a brook,
And lovely Una in a leafy nook,
And Archimago leaning o'er his book:
Who had of all that's sweet tasted, and seen,
From silv'ry ripple, up to beauty's queen;
From the sequester'd haunts of gay Titania,
To the blue dwelling of divine Urania:
One, who, of late, had ta'en sweet forest walks
With him who elegantly chats, and talks—
The wrong'd Libertas,—who has told you stories
Of laurel chaplets, and Apollo's glories;
Of troops chivalrous prancing through a city,
And tearful ladies made for love, and pity:
With many else which I have never known.
Thus have I thought; and days on days have flown
Slowly, or rapidly—unwilling still

For you to try my dull, unlearned quill.
[illegible]
Spenserian vowels that elope with ease,
And float along like birds o'er summer seas;
Miltonian storms, and more, Miltonian tenderness;
[illegible]
The sharp, the rapier-pointed epigram?
Show'd me that epic was of all the king,
Round, vast, and spanning all like Saturn's ring?
You too upheld the veil from Clio's beauty,
[illegible] ell;
[illegible] r seen
Or known your kindness, what might I have been?
What my enjoyments in my youthful years,
Bereft of all that now my life endears?
And can I e'er these benefits forget?
And can I e'er repay the friendly debt?
[illegible]
Of my rough verses not an hour misspent;
Should it e'er be so, what a rich content!
Some weeks have pass'd since last I saw the spires
In lucent Thames reflected:—warm desires
To see the sun o'erpeep the eastern dimness,
And morning shadows streaking into slimness
Across the lawny fields, and pebbly water;
To mark the time as they grow broad, and shorter;
To feel the air that plays about the hills,
[illegible]
As though she were reclining in a bed
Of bean blossoms, in heaven freshly shed.
No sooner had I stepp'd into these pleasures

Than I began to think of rhymes and measures:
The air that floated by me seem'd to say
"Write! thou wilt never have a better day."
And so I did. When many lines I'd written,
Though with their grace I was not oversmitten,
Yet, as my hand was warm, I thought I'd better
Trust to my feelings, and write you a letter.
Such an attempt requir'd an inspiration
Of a peculiar sort,—a consummation;—
Which, had I felt, these scribblings might have been
Verses from which the soul would never wean:
But many days have passed since last my heart
Was warm'd luxuriously by divine Mozart;
By Arne delighted, or by Handel madden'd;
Or by the song of Erin pierc'd and sadden'd:
What time you were before the music sitting,
And the rich notes to each sensation fitting.
Since I have walk'd with you through shady lanes
That freshly terminate in open plains,
And revel'd in a chat that ceased not
When at night-fall among your books we got:
No, nor when supper came, nor after that,—
Nor when reluctantly I took my hat;
No, nor till cordially you shook my hand
Mid-way between our homes:—your accents bland
Still sounded in my ears, when I no more
Could hear your footsteps touch the grav'ly floor.
Sometimes I lost them, and then found again;
You chang'd the footpath for the grassy plain.
In those still moments I have wish'd you joys
That well you know to honor:—"Life's very toys
With him," said I, "will take a pleasant charm;
It cannot be that ought will work him harm."
These thoughts now come o'er me with all their might:—
Again I shake your hand,—friend Charles, good night.

September, 1816.

SONNETS

I

TO MY BROTHER GEORGE

MANY the wonders I this day have seen:
  The sun, when first he kist away the tears
That fill'd the eyes of morn;—the laurel'd peers
Who from the feathery gold of evening lean;—
The ocean with its vastness, its blue green,
  Its ships, its rocks, its caves, its hopes, its fears,—
  Its voice mysterious, which whoso hears
Must think on what will be, and what has been.
E'en now, dear George, while this for you I write,
[illegible]

II

TO * * * * * *

HAD I a man's fair form, then might my sighs
[illegible]
Would passion arm me for the enterprize:
But ah! I am no knight whose foeman dies;
  No cuirass glistens on my bosom's swell;
[illegible]
  And when the moon her pallid face discloses,
    I'll gather some by spells, and incantation.

III

Written on the day that Mr. Leigh Hunt left Prison

WHAT though, for showing truth to flatter'd state,
Kind Hunt was shut in prison, yet has he,
In his immortal spirit, been as free
As the sky-searching lark, and as elate.
Minion of grandeur! think you he did wait?
Think you he nought but prison walls did see,
Till, so unwilling, thou unturn'dst the key?
Ah, no! far happier, nobler was his fate!
In Spenser's halls he strayed, and bowers fair,
Culling enchanted flowers; and he flew
With daring Milton through the fields of air:
To regions of his own his genius true
Took happy flights. Who shall his fame impair
When thou art dead, and all thy wretched crew?

IV

HOW many bards gild the lapses of time!
A few of them have ever been the food
Of my delighted fancy,—I could brood
Over their beauties, earthly, or sublime:
And often, when I sit me down to rhyme,
These will in throngs before my mind intrude:
But no confusion, no disturbance rude
Do they occasion; 'tis a pleasing chime.
So the unnumber'd sounds that evening store:
The songs of birds—the whisp'ring of the leaves—
The voice of waters—the great bell that heaves
With solemn sound,—and thousand others more,
That distance of recognizance bereaves,
Make pleasing music, and not wild uproar.

V

To a Friend who sent me some Roses

AS late I rambled in the happy fields,
What time the sky-lark shakes the tremulous dew
From his lush clover covert;—when anew
Adventurous knights take up their dinted shields:
I saw the sweetest flower wild nature yields,
A fresh-blown musk-rose; 'twas the first that threw
Its sweets upon the summer: graceful it grew
As is the wand that queen Titania wields.
And, as I feasted on its fragrancy,
I thought the garden-rose it far excell'd:
But when, O Wells! thy roses came to me
My sense with their deliciousness was spell'd:
Soft voices had they, that with tender plea
Whisper'd of peace, and truth, and friendliness unquell'd.

VI

TO G. A. W.

NYMPH of the downward smile, and sidelong glance,
In what diviner moments of the day
Art thou most lovely?—when gone far astray
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
I shall as soon pronounce which Grace more neatly
Trips it before Apollo than the rest.

VII

O SOLITUDE! if I must with thee dwell,
Let it not be among the jumbled heap
Of murky buildings; climb with me the steep,—
Nature's observatory—whence the dell,
Its flowery slopes, its river's crystal swell,
May seem a span; let me thy vigils keep
'Mongst boughs pavillion'd, where the deer's swift leap
Startles the wild bee from the fox-glove bell.
But though I'll gladly trace these scenes with thee,
Yet the sweet converse of an innocent mind,
Whose words are images of thoughts refin'd,
Is my soul's pleasure; and it sure must be
Almost the highest bliss of human-kind,
When to thy haunts two kindred spirits flee.

VIII

TO MY BROTHERS

SMALL, busy flames play through the fresh laid coals,
And their faint cracklings o'er our silence creep
Like whispers of the household gods that keep
A gentle empire o'er fraternal souls.
And while, for rhymes, I search around the poles,
Your eyes are fix'd, as in poetic sleep,
Upon the lore so voluble and deep,
That aye at fall of night our care condoles.
This is your birth-day Tom, and I rejoice
That thus it passes smoothly, quietly.
Many such eves of gently whisp'ring noise
May we together pass, and calmly try
What are this world's true joys,—ere the great voice,
From its fair face, shall bid our spirits fly.

November 18, 1816.

IX

K[illegible] here
[illegible]
[illegible]
And I have many miles on foot to fare.
Yet feel I little of the cool bleak air,
  Or of the dead leaves rustling drearily,
  Or of those silver lamps that burn on high,
Or of the distance from home's pleasant lair:
For I am brimfull of the friendliness
  That in a little cottage I have found;
Of fair-hair'd Milton's eloquent distress,
  And all his love for gentle Lycid drown'd;
[illegible]
[illegible]

X

TO one who has been long in city pent,
  'Tis very sweet to look into the fair
  And open face of heaven,—to breathe a prayer
Full in the smile of the blue firmament.
Who is more happy, when, with heart's content,
  Fatigued he sinks into some pleasant lair
  Of wavy grass, and reads a debonair
[illegible]

XI

On first looking into Chapman's Homer

MUCH have I travell'd in the realms of gold,
  And many goodly states and kingdoms seen;
  Round many western islands have I been
Which bards in fealty to Apollo hold.
Oft of one wide expanse had I been told
  That deep-brow'd Homer ruled as his demesne;
  Yet did I never breathe its pure serene
Till I heard Chapman speak out loud and bold:
Then felt I like some watcher of the skies
  When a new planet swims into his ken;
Or like stout Cortez when with eagle eyes
  He stared at the Pacific—and all his men
Look'd at each other with a wild surmise—
  Silent, upon a peak in Darien.

XII

On leaving some Friends at an early Hour

GIVE me a golden pen, and let me lean
  On heap'd up flowers, in regions clear, and far;
  Bring me a tablet whiter than a star,
Or hand of hymning angel, when 'tis seen
The silver strings of heavenly harp atween:
  And let there glide by many a pearly car,
  Pink robes, and wavy hair, and diamond jar,
And half discovered wings, and glances keen.
The while let music wander round my ears,
  And as it reaches each delicious ending,
    Let me write down a line of glorious tone,
And full of many wonders of the spheres:
  For what a height my spirit is contending!
    'Tis not content so soon to be alone.

XIII

ADDRESSED TO HAYDON

HIGHMINDEDNESS, a jealousy for good,
A loving-kindness for the great man's fame,
Dwells here and there with people of no name,
In noisome alley, and in pathless wood:
And where we think the truth least understood,
Oft may be found a "singleness of aim,"
That ought to frighten into hooded shame
[illegible]

XIV

ADDRESSED TO THE SAME

GREAT spirits now on earth are sojourning;
He of the cloud, the cataract, the lake,
Who on Helvellyn's summit, wide awake,
[illegible]
A meaner sound than Raphael's whispering.
[illegible]
And other pulses. Hear ye not the hum
Of mighty workings?——
Listen awhile ye nations, and be dumb.

XV

On the Grasshopper and Cricket

THE poetry of earth is never dead:
When all the birds are faint with the hot sun,
And hide in cooling trees, a voice will run
From hedge to hedge about the new-mown mead;
That is the Grasshopper's—he takes the lead
In summer luxury,—he has never done
With his delights; for when tired out with fun
He rests at ease beneath some pleasant weed.
The poetry of earth is ceasing never:
On a lone winter evening, when the frost
Has wrought a silence, from the stove there shrills
The Cricket's song, in warmth increasing ever,
And seems to one in drowsiness half lost,
The Grasshopper's among some grassy hills.

December 30, 1816.

XVI

TO KOSCIUSKO

GOOD Kosciusko, thy great name alone
Is a full harvest whence to reap high feeling;
It comes upon us like the glorious pealing
Of the wide spheres—an everlasting tone.
And now it tells me, that in worlds unknown,
The names of heroes burst from clouds concealing,
And change to harmonies, for ever stealing
Through cloudless blue, and round each silver throne.
It tells me too, that on a happy day,
When some good spirit walks upon the earth,
Thy name with Alfred's, and the great of yore
Gently commingling, gives tremendous birth
To a loud hymn, that sounds far, far away
To where the great God lives for evermore.

XVII

HAPPY is England! I could be content
To see no other verdure than its own;
To feel no other breezes than are blown
T[illegible]es blent:
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
Ar[illegible]
Ha[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
Beauties of deeper glance, and hear their singing,
And float with them about the summer waters.

SLEEP AND POETRY

"As I lay in my bed slepe full unmete
Was unto me, but why that I ne might
Rest I ne wist, for there n'as erthly wight
[As I suppose] had more of hertis ese
Than I, for I n'ad sicknesse nor disese."

CHAUCER.

WHAT is more gentle than a wind in summer?
What is more soothing than the pretty hummer
That stays one moment in an open flower,
And buzzes cheerily from bower to bower?
What is more tranquil than a musk-rose blowing
In a green island, far from all men's knowing?
More healthful than the leafiness of dales?
More secret than a nest of nightingales?
More serene than Cordelia's countenance?
More full of visions than a high romance?
What, but thee Sleep? Soft closer of our eyes!
Low murmurer of tender lullabies!
Light hoverer around our happy pillows!
Wreather of poppy buds, and weeping willows!
Silent entangler of a beauty's tresses!
Most happy listener! when the morning blesses
Thee for enlivening all the cheerful eyes
That glance so brightly at the new sun-rise.

But what is higher beyond thought than thee?
Fresher than berries of a mountain tree?
More strange, more beautiful, more smooth, more regal,
Than wings of swans, than doves, than dim-seen eagle?
What is it? And to what shall I compare it?
It has a glory, and nought else can share it:
The thought thereof is awful, sweet, and holy,
Chacing away all worldliness and folly;
Coming sometimes like fearful claps of thunder,
Or the low rumblings earth's regions under;
And sometimes like a gentle whispering
Of all the secrets of some wond'rous thing

That breathes about us in the vacant air;
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
That is to crown our name when life is ended.
[illegible]
[illegible] rejoice!
[illegible] all things,
And die away in ardent mutterings.

No one who once the glorious sun has seen,
And all the clouds, and felt his bosom clean
For his great Maker's presence, but must know
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

O Poesy! for thee I hold my pen
That am not yet a glorious denizen
Of thy wide heaven—Should I rather kneel
Upon some mountain-top until I feel
A glowing splendour round about me hung,
And echo back the voice of thine own tongue?
O Poesy! for thee I grasp my pen
That am not yet a glorious denizen
Of thy wide heaven; yet, to my ardent prayer,
Yield from thy sanctuary some clear air,
Smoothed for intoxication by the breath
Of flowering bays, that I may die a death
Of luxury, and my young spirit follow
The morning sun-beams to the great Apollo
Like a fresh sacrifice; or, if I can bear
The o'erwhelming sweets, 'twill bring to me the fair
Visions of all places: a bowery nook
Will be elysium—an eternal book
Whence I may copy many a lovely saying
About the leaves, and flowers—about the playing
Of nymphs in woods, and fountains; and the shade
Keeping a silence round a sleeping maid;
And many a verse from so strange influence
That we must ever wonder how, and whence
It came. Also imaginings will hover
Round my fire-side, and haply there discover
Vistas of solemn beauty, where I'd wander
In happy silence, like the clear Meander

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That breathes about us in the vacant air;
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
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And die away in ardent mutterings.

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[illegible] er
[illegible]

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And sometimes like a gentle whispering
Of all the secrets of some wond'rous thing

That breathes about us in the vacant air;
[illegible]

Sometimes it gives a glory to the voice,
And from the heart up-springs, rejoice! rejoice!
Sounds which will reach the Framer of all things,
And die away in ardent mutterings.

No one who once the glorious sun has seen,
And all the clouds, and felt his bosom clean
[illegible]

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> Than I, for I n'ad sicknesse nor disese."
>
> CHAUCER.

WHAT is more gentle than a wind in summer?
What is more soothing than the pretty hummer
That stays one moment in an open flower,
And buzzes cheerily from bower to bower?
What is more tranquil than a musk-rose blowing
In a green island, far from all men's knowing?
More healthful than the leafiness of dales?
More secret than a nest of nightingales?
More serene than Cordelia's countenance?
More full of visions than a high romance?
What, but thee Sleep? Soft closer of our eyes!
Low murmurer of tender lullabies!
Light hoverer around our happy pillows!
Wreather of poppy buds, and weeping willows!
Silent entangler of a beauty's tresses!
Most happy listener! when the morning blesses
Thee for enlivening all the cheerful eyes
That glance so brightly at the new sun-rise.

But what is higher beyond thought than thee?
Fresher than berries of a mountain tree?
More strange, more beautiful, more smooth, more regal,
Than wings of swans, than doves, than dim-seen eagle?
What is it? And to what shall I compare it?
It has a glory, and nought else can share it:
The thought thereof is awful, sweet, and holy,
Chacing away all worldliness and folly;
Coming sometimes like fearful claps of thunder,
Or the low rumblings earth's regions under;
And sometimes like a gentle whispering
Of all the secrets of some wond'rous thing

That breathes about us in the vacant air;
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
Sometimes it gives a glory to the voice,
And from the heart up-springs, rejoice! rejoice!
Sounds which will reach the Framer of all things,
And die away in ardent mutterings.

No one who once the glorious sun has seen,
And all the clouds, and felt his bosom clean
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

O Poesy! for thee I hold my pen
That am not yet a glorious denizen
Of thy wide heaven—Should I rather kneel
Upon some mountain-top until I feel
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
That am not yet a glorious denizen
Of thy wide heaven; yet, to my ardent prayer,
Yield from thy sanctuary some clear air,
Smoothed for intoxication by the breath
Of flowering bays, that I may die a death
Of luxury, and my young spirit follow
The morning sun beams to the great Apollo
Like a fresh sacrifice; or, if I can bear
The o'erwhelming sweets, 'twill bring to me the fair
Visions of all places: a bowery nook
Will be elysium—an eternal book
Whence I may copy many a lovely saying
About the leaves, and flowers—about the playing
Of nymphs in woods, and fountains, and the shade
Keeping a silence round a sleeping maid;
And many a verse from so strange influence
That we must ever wonder how, and whence
It came. Also imaginings will hover
Round my fire-side, and haply there discover
Vistas of solemn beauty, where I'd wander
In happy silence, like the clear Meander

Through its lone vales; and where I found a spot
Of awfuller shade, or an enchanted grot,
Or a green hill o'erspread with chequered dress
Of flowers, and fearful from its loveliness,
Write on my tablets all that was permitted,
All that was for our human senses fitted.
Then the events of this wide world I'd seize
Like a strong giant, and my spirit teaze
Till at its shoulders it should proudly see
Wings to find out an immortality.

Stop and consider! life is but a day;
A fragile dew-drop on its perilous way
From a tree's summit; a poor Indian's sleep
While his boat hastens to the monstrous steep
Of Montmorenci. Why so sad a moan?
Life is the rose's hope while yet unblown;
The reading of an ever-changing tale;
The light uplifting of a maiden's veil;
A pigeon tumbling in clear summer air;
A laughing school-boy, without grief or care,
Riding the springy branches of an elm.

O for ten years, that I may overwhelm
Myself in poesy; so I may do the deed
That my own soul has to itself decreed.
Then will I pass the countries that I see
In long perspective, and continually
Taste their pure fountains. First the realm I'll pass
Of Flora, and old Pan: sleep in the grass,
Feed upon apples red, and strawberries,
And choose each pleasure that my fancy sees;
Catch the white-handed nymphs in shady places,
To woo sweet kisses from averted faces,—
Play with their fingers, touch their shoulders white
Into a pretty shrinking with a bite
As hard as lips can make it: till agreed,
A lovely tale of human life we'll read.
And one will teach a tame dove how it best
May f[illegible] the cool air gently o'er my rest;
Anot[illegible] o'er her nimble tread,
Will [illegible] robe floating round her head,
[illegible] with ever varied ease,
[illegible] trees:
[illegible]
[illegible]namon;

Till in the bosom of a leafy world
We rest in silence, like two gems upcurl'd
In the recesses of a pearly shell.

And can I ever bid these joys farewell?
Yes, I must pass them for a nobler life,
Where I may find the agonies, the strife
Of human hearts: for lo! I see afar,
O'er sailing the blue cragginess, a car
And steeds with streamy manes—the charioteer
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
In breezy rest among the nodding stalks.
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
Some with their faces muffled to the ear
Between their arms; some, clear in youthful bloom,
Go glad and smilingly athwart the gloom;
Some looking back, and some with upward gaze;
Yes, thousands in a thousand different ways
Flit onward—now a lovely wreath of girls
Dancing their sleek hair into tangled curls;
And now broad wings. Most awfully intent
The driver of those steeds is forward bent,
And seems to listen: O that I might know
All that he writes with such a hurrying glow.

The visions all are fled—the car is fled
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
My soul to nothingness: but I will strive
[illegible]
[illegible]

Through its lone vales; and where I found a spot
Of awfuller shade, or an enchanted grot,
Or a green hill o'erspread with chequered dress
Of flowers, and fearful from its loveliness,
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To woo sweet kisses from averted faces,—
Play with their fingers, touch their shoulders white
Into a pretty shrinking with a bite
As hard as lips can make it: till agreed,
A lovely tale of human life we'll read.
And one will teach a tame dove how it best
May fan the cool air gently o'er my rest;
Another, bending o'er her nimble tread,
Will set a green robe floating round her head,
And still will dance with ever varied ease,
Smiling upon the flowers and the trees:
Another will entice me on, and on
Through almond blossoms and rich cinnamon;

Till in the bosom of a leafy world
We rest in silence, like two gems upcurl'd
In the recesses of a pearly shell.

And can I ever bid these joys farewell?
Yes, I must pass them for a nobler life,
Where I may find the agonies, the strife
Of human hearts: for lo! I see afar,
O'er sailing the blue cragginess, a car
And steeds with streamy manes—the charioteer
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
Tipt round with silver from the sun's bright eyes
Still downward with capacious whirl they glide;
And now I see them on a green hill's side
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
Passing along before a dusky space
Made by some mighty oaks: as they would chase
[illegible]
[illegible] weep.
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] om,
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
Flit onward—now a lovely wreath of girls
Dancing their sleek hair into tangled curls;
And now broad wings. Most awfully intent
The driver of those steeds is forward bent,
And seems to listen: O that I might know
All that he writes with such a hurrying glow.

The visions all are fled—the car is fled
Into the light of heaven, and in their stead
A sense of real things comes doubly strong,
And, like a muddy stream, would bear along
My soul to nothingness: but I will strive
Against all doubtings, and will keep alive
The thought of that same chariot, and the strange
Journey it went.

Is there so small a range
In the present strength of manhood, that the high
Imagination cannot freely fly
As she was wont of old? prepare her steeds,
Paw up against the light, and do strange deeds
Upon the clouds? Has she not shown us all?
From the clear space of ether, to the small
Breath of new buds unfolding? From the meaning
Of Jove's large eye-brow, to the tender greening
Of April meadows? Here her altar shone,
E'en in this isle; and who could paragon
The fervid choir that lifted up a noise
Of harmony, to where it aye will poise
Its mighty self of convoluting sound,
Huge as a planet, and like that roll round,
Eternally around a dizzy void?
Ay, in those days the Muses were nigh cloy'd
With honors; nor had any other care
Than to sing out and sooth their wavy hair.

Could all this be forgotten? Yes, a schism
Nurtured by foppery and barbarism,
Made great Apollo blush for this his land.
Men were thought wise who could not understand
His glories: with a puling infant's force
They sway'd about upon a rocking horse,
And thought it Pegasus. Ah dismal soul'd!
The winds of heaven blew, the ocean roll'd
Its gathering waves—ye felt it not. The blue
Bared its eternal bosom, and the dew
Of summer nights collected still to make
The morning precious: beauty was awake!
Why were ye not awake? But ye were dead
To things ye knew not of,—were closely wed
To musty laws lined out with wretched rule
And compass vile: so that ye taught a school
Of dolts to smooth, inlay, and clip, and fit,
Till, like the certain wands of Jacob's wit,
Their verses tallied. Easy was the task:
A thousand handicraftsmen wore the mask
Of Poesy. Ill-fated, impious race!
That blasphemed the bright Lyrist to his face,
And did not know it,—no, they went about,
Holding a poor, decrepid standard out
Mark'd with most flimsy mottos, and in large
The name of one Boileau!

O ye whose charge
It is to hover round our pleasant hills!
Whose congregated majesty so fills
My boundly reverence, that I cannot trace
Your hallowed names, in this unholy place,
So near those common folk; did not their shames
Affright you? Did our old lamenting Thames
Delight you? Did ye never cluster round
Delicious Avon, with a mournful sound,
And weep? Or did ye wholly bid adieu
To regions where no more the laurel grew?
Or did ye stay to give a welcoming
To some lone spirits who could proudly sing
Their youth away, and die? 'Twas even so:
But let me think away those times of woe:
Now 'tis a fairer season; ye have breathed
Rich benedictions o'er us; ye have wreathed
Fresh garlands: for sweet music has been heard
In many places;—some has been upstirr'd
From out its crystal dwelling in a lake,
By a swan's ebon bill; from a thick brake,
Nested and quiet in a valley mild,
Bubbles a pipe; fine sounds are floating wild
About the earth: happy are ye and glad.

These things are doubtless yet in truth we've had
[illegible]

But strength alone though of the Muses born
[illegible]

Yet I rejoice: a myrtle fairer than
E'er grew in Paphos, from the bitter weeds
Lifts its sweet head into the air, and feeds

Is there so small a range
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Nested and quiet in a valley mild,
Bubbles a pipe; fine sounds are floating wild
About the earth: happy are ye and glad.

These things are doubtless: yet in truth we've had
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
Are ugly clubs, the Poets Polyphemes
Disturbing the grand sea. A drainless shower
Of light is poesy; 'tis the supreme of power;
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
But strength alone though of the Muses born
[illegible]

Yet I rejoice: a myrtle fairer than
E'er grew in Paphos, from the bitter weeds
Lifts its sweet head into the air, and feeds

A silent space with ever sprouting green.
All tenderest birds there find a pleasant screen,
Creep through the shade with jaunty fluttering,
Nibble the little cupped flowers and sing.
Then let us clear away the choaking thorns
From round its gentle stem; let the young fawns,
Yeaned in after times, when we are flown,
Find a fresh sward beneath it, overgrown
With simple flowers: let there nothing be
More boisterous than a lover's bended knee;
Nought more ungentle than the placid look
Of one who leans upon a closed book;
Nought more untranquil than the grassy slopes
Between two hills. All hail delightful hopes!
As she was wont, th' imagination
Into most lovely labyrinths will be gone,
And they shall be accounted poet kings
Who simply tell the most heart-easing things.
O may these joys be ripe before I die.

Will not some say that I presumptuously
Have spoken? that from hastening disgrace
'Twere better far to hide my foolish face?
That whining boyhood should with reverence bow
Ere the dread thunderbolt could reach? How!
If I do hide myself, it sure shall be
In the very fane, the light of Poesy:
If I do fall, at least I will be laid
Beneath the silence of a poplar shade;
And over me the grass shall be smooth shaven;
And there shall be a kind memorial graven.
But off Despondence! miserable bane!
They should not know thee, who athirst to gain
A noble end, are thirsty every hour.
What though I am not wealthy in the dower
Of spanning wisdom; though I do not know
The shiftings of the mighty winds that blow
Hither and thither all the changing thoughts
Of man: though no great minist'ring reason sorts
Out the dark mysteries of human souls
To clear conceiving: yet there ever rolls
A vast idea before me, and I glean
Therefrom my liberty; thence too I've seen
The end and aim of Poesy. 'Tis clear
As anything most true; as that the year
Is made of the four seasons—manifest
As a large cross, some old cathedral's crest,

Lifted to the white clouds. Therefore should I
Be but the essence of deformity,
A coward, did my very eye-lids wink
At speaking out what I have dared to think.
Ah! rather let me like a madman run
Over some precipice; let the hot sun
Melt my Dedalian wings, and drive me down
Convuls'd and headlong! Stay! an inward frown
Of conscience bids me be more calm awhile.
An ocean dim, sprinkled with many an isle,
Spreads awfully before me. How much toil!
How many days! what desperate turmoil!
Ere I can have explored its widenesses.
Ah, what a task! upon my bended knees,
I could unsay those—no, impossible!
Impossible!

For sweet relief I'll dwell
On humbler thoughts, and let this strange assay
Begun in gentleness die so away.
E'en now all tumult from my bosom fades:
I turn full hearted to the friendly aids
That smooth the path of honour; brotherhood,
And friendliness the nurse of mutual good.
The hearty grasp that sends a pleasant sonnet
Into the brain ere one can think upon it;
The silence when some rhymes are coming out;
And when they're come, the very pleasant rout:
The message certain to be done to-morrow.
'Tis perhaps as well that it should be to borrow
Some precious book from out its snug retreat,
To cluster round it when we next shall meet
Scarce can I scribble on; for lovely airs
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
Made Ariadne's cheek look blushingly.
Thus I remember all the pleasant flow
Of words at opening a portfolio.

Things such as these are ever harbingers
To trains of peaceful images: the stirs
Of a swan's neck unseen among the rushes:
A linnet starting all about the bushes:

A butterfly, with golden wings broad parted,
Nestling a rose, convuls'd as though it smarted
With over pleasure—many, many more,
Might I indulge at large in all my store
Of luxuries: yet I must not forget
Sleep, quiet with his poppy coronet:
For what there may be worthy in these rhymes
I partly owe to him: and thus, the chimes
Of friendly voices had just given place
To as sweet a silence, when I 'gan retrace
The pleasant day, upon a couch at ease.
It was a poet's house who keeps the keys
Of pleasure's temple. Round about were hung
The glorious features of the bards who sung
In other ages—cold and sacred busts
Smiled at each other. Happy he who trusts
To clear Futurity his darling fame!
Then there were fauns and satyrs taking aim
At swelling apples with a frisky leap
And reaching fingers, 'mid a luscious heap
Of vine-leaves. Then there rose to view a fane
Of liny marble, and thereto a train
Of nymphs approaching fairly o'er the sward:
One, loveliest, holding her white hand toward
The dazzling sun-rise: two sisters sweet
Bending their graceful figures till they meet
Over the trippings of a little child:
And some are hearing, eagerly, the wild
Thrilling liquidity of dewy piping.
See, in another picture, nymphs are wiping
Cherishingly Diana's timorous limbs;—
A fold of lawny mantle dabbling swims
At the bath's edge, and keeps a gentle motion
With the subsiding crystal: as when ocean
Heaves calmly its broad swelling smoothness o'er
Its rocky marge, and balances once more
The patient weeds; that now unshent by foam
Feel all about their undulating home.

Sappho's meek head was there half smiling down
At nothing; just as though the earnest frown
Of over thinking had that moment gone
From off her brow, and left her all alone.

Great Alfred's too, with anxious, pitying eyes,
As if he always listened to the sighs
Of the goaded world; and Kosciusko's worn
By horrid suffrance—mightily forlorn.

Petrarch, outstepping from the shady green,
Starts at the sight of Laura; nor can wean
His eyes from her sweet face. Most happy they!
For over them was seen a free display
Of out-spread wings, and from between them shone
The face of Poesy: from off her throne
She overlook'd things that I scarce could tell.
The very sense of where I was might well
Keep Sleep aloof: but more than that there came
Thought after thought to nourish up the flame
Within my breast; so that the morning light
Surprised me even from a sleepless night;
And up I rose refresh'd, and glad, and gay,
Resolving to begin that very day
These lines; and howsoever they be done,
I leave them as a father does his son.

ENDYMION

A Poetic Romance

"THE STRETCHED METRE OF AN ANTIQUE SONG"

INSCRIBED

TO THE MEMORY

OF

THOMAS CHATTERTON

ENDYMION

PREFACE

KNOWING within myself the manner in which this Poem has been produced, it is not without a feeling of regret that I make it public.

What manner I mean, will be quite clear to the reader, who must soon perceive great inexperience, immaturity, and every error denoting a feverish attempt, rather than a deed accomplished. The two first books, and indeed the two last, I feel sensible are not of such completion as to warrant their passing the press; nor should they if I thought a year's castigation would do them any good;—it will not: the foundations are too sandy. It is just that this youngster should die away: a sad thought for me, if I had not some hope that while it is dwindling I may be plotting, and fitting myself for verses fit to live.

This may be speaking too presumptuously, and may deserve a punishment: but no feeling man will be forward to inflict it: he will leave me alone, with the conviction that there is not a fiercer hell than the failure in a great object. This is not written with the least atom of purpose to forestall criticisms of course, but from the desire I have to conciliate men who are competent to look, and who do look with a zealous eye, to the honour of English literature.

The imagination of a boy is healthy, and the mature imagination of a man is healthy; but there is a space of life between, in which the soul is in a ferment, the character undecided, the way of life uncertain, the ambition thick-sighted: thence proceeds mawkishness, and all the thousand bitters which those men I speak of must necessarily taste in going over the following pages.

I hope I have not in too late a day touched the beautiful mythology of Greece, and dulled its brightness: for I wish to try once more, before I bid it farewel.

Teignmouth,
April 10, 1818.

ENDYMION

BOOK I

A THING of beauty is a joy for ever:
Its loveliness increases; it will never
Pass into nothingness; but still will keep
A bower quiet for us, and a sleep
Full of sweet dreams, and health, and quiet breathing.
Therefore, on every morrow, are we wreathing
A flowery band to bind us to the earth,
Spite of despondence, of the inhuman dearth
Of noble natures, of the gloomy days,
Of all the unhealthy and o'er darkened ways
Made for our searching: yes, in spite of all,
Some shape of beauty moves away the pall
From our dark spirits. Such the sun, the moon,
Trees old and young, sprouting a shady boon
For simple sheep; and such are daffodils
With the green world they live in; and clear rills
That for themselves a cooling covert make
'Gainst the hot season, the mid forest brake,
[illegible]ooms:
[illegible]

All lovely tales that we have heard or read:
An endless fountain of immortal drink,
Pouring unto us from the heaven's brink.

Nor do we merely feel these essences
For one short hour; no, even as the trees
That whisper round a temple become soon
Dear as the temple's self, so does the moon,
The passion poesy, glories infinite,
Haunt us till they become a cheering light
Unto our souls, and bound to us so fast,
That, whether there be shine, or gloom o'ercast,
They alway must be with us, or we die.

Therefore, 'tis with full happiness that I
Will trace the story of Endymion.
The very music of the name has gone
Into my being, and each pleasant scene
Is growing fresh before me as the green
Of our own vallies: so I will begin
Now while I cannot hear the city's din;
Now while the early budders are just new,
And run in mazes of the youngest hue
About old forests; while the willow trails
Its delicate amber; and the dairy pails
Bring home increase of milk. And, as the year
Grows lush in juicy stalks, I'll smoothly steer
My little boat, for many quiet hours,
With streams that deepen freshly into bowers.
Many and many a verse I hope to write,
Before the daisies, vermeil rimm'd and white,
Hide in deep herbage; and ere yet the bees
Hum about globes of clover and sweet peas,
I must be near the middle of my story.
O may no wintry season, bare and hoary,
See it half finished: but let Autumn bold,
With universal tinge of sober gold,
Be all about me when I make an end.
And now at once, adventuresome, I send
My herald thought into a wilderness:
There let its trumpet blow, and quickly dress
My uncertain path with green, that I may speed
Easily onward, thorough flowers and weed.

Upon the sides of Latmos was outspread
A mighty forest; for the moist earth fed
So plenteously all weed-hidden roots
Into o'er-hanging boughs, and precious fruits.
And it had gloomy shades, sequestered deep,
Where no man went; and if from shepherd's keep
A lamb strayed far a-down those inmost glens,
Never again saw he the happy pens
Whither his brethren, bleating with content,
Over the hills at every nightfall went.
Among the shepherds, 'twas believed ever,
That not one fleecy lamb which thus did sever
From the white flock, but pass'd unworried
By angry wolf, or pard with prying head,
Until it came to some unfooted plains
Where fed the herds of Pan: ay great his gains
Who thus one lamb did lose. Paths there were many,

Winding through palmy fern, and rushes fenny,
And ivy banks; all leading pleasantly
To a wide lawn, whence one could only see
[illegible] ell
[illegible] ell
[illegible]
Edg'd round with dark tree tops? through which a dove
Would often beat its wings, and often too
A little cloud would move across the blue.

Full in the middle of this pleasantness
There stood a marble altar, with a tress
Of flowers budded newly; and the dew
Had taken fairy phantasies to strew
Daisies upon the sacred sward last eve,
And so the dawned light in pomp receive.
For 'twas the morn: Apollo's upward fire
Made every eastern cloud a silvery pyre
Of brightness so unsullied, that therein
A melancholy spirit well might win
Oblivion, and melt out his essence fine
Into the winds: rain-scented eglantine
Gave temperate sweets to that well-wooing sun;
The lark was lost in him; cold springs had run
To warm their chilliest bubbles in the grass;
Man's voice was on the mountains; and the mass
Of nature's lives and wonders puls'd tenfold,
To feel this sun-rise and its glories old.

Now while the silent workings of the dawn
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
Some folk of holiday: nor had they waited
For many moments, ere their ears were sated
[illegible] then
[illegible]
Its airy swellings, with a gentle wave,
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

And now, as deep into the wood as we
Might mark a lynx's eye, there glimmered light

Fair faces and a rush of garments white,
Plainer and plainer shewing, till at last
Into the widest alley they all past,
Making directly for the woodland altar.
O kindly muse! let not my weak tongue faulter
In telling of this goodly company,
Of their old piety, and of their glee:
But let a portion of ethereal dew
Fall on my head, and presently unmew
My soul; that I may dare, in wayfaring,
To stammer where old Chaucer used to sing.

Leading the way, young damsels danced along,
Bearing the burden of a shepherd song;
Each having a white wicker over brimm'd
With April's tender younglings: next, well trimm'd,
A crowd of shepherds with as sunburnt looks
As may be read of in Arcadian books;
Such as sat listening round Apollo's pipe,
When the great deity, for earth too ripe,
Let his divinity o'erflowing die
In music, through the vales of Thessaly:
Some idly trailed their sheep-hooks on the ground,
And some kept up a shrilly mellow sound
With ebon-tipped flutes: close after these,
Now coming from beneath the forest trees,
A venerable priest full soberly,
Begirt with ministring looks: alway his eye
Stedfast upon the matted turf he kept,
And after him his sacred vestments swept.
From his right hand there swung a vase, milk-white,
Of mingled wine, out-sparkling generous light;
And in his left he held a basket full
Of all sweet herbs that searching eye could cull:
Wild thyme, and valley-lilies whiter still
Than Leda's love, and cresses from the rill.
His aged head, crowned with beechen wreath,
Seem'd like a poll of ivy in the teeth
Of winter hoar. Then came another crowd
Of shepherds, lifting in due time aloud
Their share of the ditty. After them appear'd,
Up-followed by a multitude that rear'd
Their voices to the clouds, a fair wrought car,
Easily rolling so as scarce to mar
The freedom of three steeds of dapple brown:
Who stood therein did seem of great renown
Among the throng. His youth was fully blown,

Showing like Ganymede to manhood grown:
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
To common lookers on, like one who dream'd
Of idleness in groves Elysian:
But there were some who feelingly could scan
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] ey sigh,
And think of yellow leaves, of owlets' cry,
Of logs piled solemnly.—Ah, well-a-day,
Why should our young Endymion pine away!

Soon the assembly, in a circle rang'd,
Stood silent round the shrine: each look was chang'd
To sudden veneration: women meek
Beckon'd their sons to silence; while each cheek
Of virgin bloom paled gently for slight fear.
Endymion too, without a forest peer,
Stood, wan, and pale, and with an awed face,
Among his brothers of the mountain chase.
In midst of all, the venerable priest
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] ands!
Whose care it is to guard a thousand flocks:
Whether descended from beneath the rocks
That overtop your mountains; whether come
From vallies where the pipe is never dumb;
Or from your swelling downs, where sweet air stirs
Blue hare-bells lightly, and where prickly furze
Buds lavish gold; or ye, whose precious charge
Nibble their fill at ocean's very marge,
Whose mellow reeds are touch'd with sounds forlorn
By the dim echoes of old Triton's horn:
Mothers and wives! who day by day prepare
The scrip, with needments, for the mountain air;
And all ye gentle girls who foster up
Udderless lambs, and in a little cup
Will put choice honey for a favoured youth:
Yea, every one attend! for in good truth
Our vows are wanting to our great god Pan.
Are not our lowing heifers sleeker than
Night-swollen mushrooms? Are not our wide plains

Speckled with countless fleeces? Have not rains
Green'd over April's lap? No howling sad
Sickens our fearful ewes; and we have had
Great bounty from Endymion our lord.
The earth is glad: the merry lark has pour'd
His early song against yon breezy sky,
That spreads so clear o'er our solemnity."

Thus ending, on the shrine he heap'd a spire
Of teeming sweets, enkindling sacred fire;
Anon he stain'd the thick and spongy sod
With wine, in honor of the shepherd-god.
Now while the earth was drinking it, and while
Bay leaves were crackling in the fragrant pile,
And gummy frankincense was sparkling bright
'Neath smothering parsley, and a hazy light
Spread greyly eastward, thus a chorus sang:

"O THOU, whose mighty palace roof doth hang
From jagged trunks, and overshadoweth
Eternal whispers, glooms, the birth, life, death
Of unseen flowers in heavy peacefulness;
Who lov'st to see the hamadryads dress
Their ruffled locks where meeting hazels darken;
And through whole solemn hours dost sit, and hearken
The dreary melody of bedded reeds—
In desolate places, where dank moisture breeds
The pipy hemlock to strange overgrowth;
Bethinking thee, how melancholy loth
Thou wast to lose fair Syrinx—do thou now,
By thy love's milky brow!
By all the trembling mazes that she ran,
Hear us, great Pan!

"O thou, for whose soul-soothing quiet, turtles
Passion their voices cooingly 'mong myrtles,
What time thou wanderest at eventide
Through sunny meadows, that outskirt the side
Of thine enmossed realms: O thou, to whom
Broad leaved fig trees even now foredoom
Their ripen'd fruitage; yellow girted bees
Their golden honeycombs; our village leas
Their fairest blossom'd beans and poppied corn;
The chuckling linnet its five young unborn,
To sing for thee; low creeping strawberries
Their summer coolness; pent up butterflies
Their freckled wings; yea, the fresh budding year

All its completions—be quickly near,
By every wind that nods the mountain pine,
O forester divine!

"Thou, to whom every fawn and satyr flies
For willing service; whether to surprise
The squatted hare while in half sleeping fit;
Or upward ragged precipices flit
To save poor lambkins from the eagle's maw;
Or by mysterious enticement draw
Bewildered shepherds to their path again;
Or to tread breathless round the frothy main,
And gather up all fancifullest shells
For thee to tumble into Naiads' cells,
And, being hidden, laugh at their out-peeping;
Or to delight thee with fantastic leaping,
The while they pelt each other on the crown
With silvery oak apples, and fir cones brown—
By all the echoes that about thee ring,
Hear us, O satyr king!

"O Hearkener to the loud clapping shears,
While ever and anon to his shorn peers
A ram goes bleating: Winder of the horn,
When snouted wild-boars routing tender corn
Anger our huntsmen: Breather round our farms,
To keep off mildews, and all weather harms:
Strange ministrant of undescribed sounds,
That come a swooning over hollow grounds,
And wither drearily on barren moors:
Dread opener of the mysterious doors
Leading to universal knowledge—see,
Great son of Dryope,
The many that are come to pay their vows
With leaves about their brows!

"Be still the unimaginable lodge
For solitary thinkings; such as dodge
Conception to the very bourne of heaven,
. . . . the naked brain: be still the leaven,
. . .
. . .
. . .
. . . .
. . .
An unknown—but no more: we humbly screen
With uplift hands our foreheads, lowly bending,

And giving out a shout most heaven rending,
Conjure thee to receive our humble Pæan,
Upon thy Mount Lycean!"

Even while they brought the burden to a close,
A shout from the whole multitude arose,
That lingered in the air like dying rolls
Of abrupt thunder, when Ionian shoals
Of dolphins bob their noses through the brine.
Meantime, on shady levels, mossy fine,
Young companies nimbly began dancing
To the swift treble pipe, and humming string.
Aye, those fair living forms swam heavenly
To tunes forgotten—out of memory:
Fair creatures! whose young children's children bred
Thermopylæ its heroes—not yet dead,
But in old marbles ever beautiful.
High genitors, unconscious did they cull
Time's sweet first-fruits—they danc'd to weariness,
And then in quiet circles did they press
The hillock turf, and caught the latter end
Of some strange history, potent to send
A young mind from its bodily tenement.
Or they might watch the quoit-pitchers, intent
On either side; pitying the sad death
Of Hyacinthus, when the cruel breath
Of Zephyr slew him,—Zephyr penitent,
Who now, ere Phœbus mounts the firmament,
Fondles the flower amid the sobbing rain.
The archers too, upon a wider plain,
Beside the feathery whizzing of the shaft,
And the dull twanging bowstring, and the raft
Branch down sweeping from a tall ash top,
Call'd up a thousand thoughts to envelope
Those who would watch. Perhaps, the trembling knee
And frantic gape of lonely Niobe,
Poor, lonely Niobe! when her lovely young
Were dead and gone, and her caressing tongue
Lay a lost thing upon her paly lip,
And very, very deadliness did nip
Her motherly cheeks. Arous'd from this sad mood
By one, who at a distance loud halloo'd,
Uplifting his strong bow into the air,
Many might after brighter visions stare:
After the Argonauts, in blind amaze
Tossing about on Neptune's restless ways,
Until, from the horizon's vaulted side,

There shot a golden splendour far and wide,
Spangling those million poutings of the brine
With quivering ore: 'twas even an awful shine
From the exaltation of Apollo's bow;
A heavenly beacon in their dreary woe.
Who thus were ripe for high contemplating,
Might turn their steps towards the sober ring
[illegible]
And what our duties there: to nightly call
Vesper, the beauty-crest of summer weather;
To summon all the downiest clouds together
For the sun's purple couch; to emulate
[illegible]
[illegible] blossom'd boughs,
[illegible]
Sweeping, eye-earnestly, through almond vales:
Who, suddenly, should stoop through the smooth wind,
And with the balmiest leaves his temples bind;
And, ever after, through those regions be
[illegible]
Of all the chances in their earthly walk;
Comparing, joyfully, their plenteous stores
[illegible]
Their fond imaginations,—saving him
Whose eyelids curtain'd up their jewels dim,
Endymion: yet hourly had he striven
To hide the cankering venom, that had riven

His fainting recollections. Now indeed
His senses had swoon'd off: he did not heed
The sudden silence, or the whispers low,
Or the old eyes dissolving at his woe,
Or anxious calls, or close of trembling palms,
Or maiden's sigh, that grief itself embalms:
But in the self-same fixed trance he kept,
Like one who on the earth had never stept.
Aye, even as dead-still as a marble man,
Frozen in that old tale Arabian.

Who whispers him so pantingly and close?
Peona, his sweet sister: of all those,
His friends, the dearest. Hushing signs she made,
And breath'd a sister's sorrow to persuade
A yielding up, a cradling on her care.
Her eloquence did breathe away the curse:
She led him, like some midnight spirit nurse
Of happy changes in emphatic dreams,
Along a path between two little streams,—
Guarding his forehead, with her round elbow,
From low-grown branches, and his footsteps slow
From stumbling over stumps and hillocks small;
Until they came to where these streamlets fall,
With mingled bubblings and a gentle rush,
Into a river, clear, brimful, and flush
With crystal mocking of the trees and sky.
A little shallop, floating there hard by,
Pointed its beak over the fringed bank;
And soon it lightly dipt, and rose, and sank,
And dipt again, with the young couple's weight,—
Peona guiding, through the water straight,
Towards a bowery island opposite;
Which gaining presently, she steered light
Into a shady, fresh, and ripply cove,
Where nested was an arbour, overwove
By many a summer's silent fingering;
To whose cool bosom she was used to bring
Her playmates, with their needle broidery,
And minstrel memories of times gone by.

So she was gently glad to see him laid
Under her favourite bower's quiet shade,
On her own couch, new made of flower leaves,
Dried carefully on the cooler side of sheaves
When last the sun his autumn tresses shook,

And the tann'd harvesters rich armfuls took.
Soon was he quieted to slumbrous rest:
But, ere it crept upon him, he had prest
Peona's busy hand against his lips,
And still, a sleeping, held her finger-tips
In tender pressure. And as a willow keeps
A patient watch over the stream that creeps
Windingly by it, so the quiet maid
Held her in peace: so that a whispering blade
Of grass, a wailful gnat, a bee bustling
Down in the blue-bells, or a wren light rustling
Among sere leaves and twigs, might all be heard.

O magic sleep! O comfortable bird,
That broodest o'er the troubled sea of the mind
Till it is hush'd and smooth! O unconfin'd
Restraint! imprisoned liberty! great key
To golden palaces, strange minstrelsy,
Fountains grotesque, new trees, bespangled caves,
Echoing grottos, full of tumbling waves
And moonlight; aye, to all the mazy world
Of silvery enchantment!—who, upfurl'd
Beneath thy drowsy wing a triple hour,
But renovates and lives?—Thus, in the bower,
Endymion was calm'd to life again.
Opening his eyelids with a healthier brain,
He said: "I feel this thine endearing love
All through my bosom: thou art as a dove
Trembling its closed eyes and sleeked wings
About me; and the pearliest dew not brings
Such morning incense from the fields of May,
As do those brighter drops that twinkling stray
From those kind eyes,—the very home and haunt
Of sisterly affection. Can I want
Aught else, aught nearer heaven, than such tears?
Yet dry them up, in bidding hence all fears
That, any longer, I will pass my days
Alone and sad. No, I will once more raise
My voice upon the mountain-heights; once more
Make my horn parley from their foreheads hoar;
Again my trooping hounds their tongues shall loll
Around the breathed boar: again I'll poll
The fair-grown yew tree, for a chosen bow:
And, when the pleasant sun is getting low,
Again I'll linger in a sloping mead
To hear the speckled thrushes, and see feed
Our idle sheep. So be thou cheered sweet,

And, if thy lute is here, softly intreat
My soul to keep in its resolved course."

Hereat Peona, in their silver source,
Shut her pure sorrow drops with glad exclaim,
And took a lute, from which there pulsing came
A lively prelude, fashioning the way
In which her voice should wander. 'Twas a lay
More subtle cadenced, more forest wild
Than Dryope's lone lulling of her child;
And nothing since has floated in the air
So mournful strange. Surely some influence rare
Went, spiritual, through the damsel's hand;
For still, with Delphic emphasis, she spann'd
The quick invisible strings, even though she saw
Endymion's spirit melt away and thaw
Before the deep intoxication.
But soon she came, with sudden burst, upon
Her self-possession—swung the lute aside,
And earnestly said: "Brother, 'tis vain to hide
That thou dost know of things mysterious,
Immortal, starry; such alone could thus
Weigh down thy nature. Hast thou sinn'd in aught
Offensive to the heavenly powers? Caught
A Paphian dove upon a message sent?
Thy deathful bow against some deer-herd bent
Sacred to Dian? Haply, thou hast seen
Her naked limbs among the alders green;
And that, alas! is death. No I can trace
Something more high perplexing in thy face!"

Endymion look'd at her, and press'd her hand,
And said, "Art thou so pale, who wast so bland
And merry in our meadows? How is this?
Tell me thine ailment: tell me all amiss!—
Ah! thou hast been unhappy at the change
Wrought suddenly in me. What indeed more strange?
Or more complete to overwhelm surmise?
Ambition is no sluggard: 'tis no prize,
That toiling years would put within my grasp,
That I have sigh'd for: with so deadly gasp
No man e'er panted for a mortal love.
So all have set my heavier grief above
These things which happen. Rightly have they done:
I, who still saw the horizontal sun
Heave his broad shoulder o'er the edge of the world,
Out-facing Lucifer, and then had hurl'd

My spear aloft, as signal for the chace—
I, who, for very sport of heart, would race
With my own steed from Araby; pluck down
A vulture from his towery perching; frown
A lion into growling, loth retire—
To lose, at once, all my toil breeding fire,
And sink thus low! but I will ease my breast
Of secret grief, here in this bowery nest.

"This river does not see the naked sky,
Till it begins to progress silverly
Around the western border of the wood,
Whence, from a certain spot, its winding flood
Seems at the distance like a crescent moon:
And in that nook, the very pride of June,
Had I been used to pass my weary eves;
The rather for the sun unwilling leaves
So dear a picture of his sovereign power,
And I could witness his most kingly hour,
When he doth tighten up the golden reins,
And paces leisurely down amber plains
His snorting four. Now when his chariot last
Its beams against the zodiac-lion cast,
There blossom'd suddenly a magic bed
Of sacred ditamy, and poppies red:
[illegible]
Had dipt his rod in it: such garland wealth
[illegible] ought,
[illegible]
A breeze, most softly lulling to my soul;
And shaping visions all about my sight
Of colours, wings, and bursts of spangly light;
The which became more strange, and strange, and dim,
And then were gulph'd in a tumultuous swim:
And then I fell asleep. Ah, can I tell
The enchantment that afterwards befel?
Yet it was but a dream: yet such a dream
That never tongue, although it overteem
With mellow utterance, like a cavern spring,
Could figure out and to conception bring

All I beheld and felt. Methought I lay
Watching the zenith, where the milky way
Among the stars in virgin splendour pours;
And travelling my eye, until the doors
Of heaven appear'd to open for my flight,
I became loth and fearful to alight
From such high soaring by a downward glance:
So kept me stedfast in that airy trance,
Spreading imaginary pinions wide.
When, presently, the stars began to glide,
And faint away, before my eager view:
At which I sigh'd that I could not pursue,
And dropt my vision to the horizon's verge;
And lo! from opening clouds, I saw emerge
The loveliest moon, that ever silver'd o'er
A shell for Neptune's goblet: she did soar
So passionately bright, my dazzled soul
Commingling with her argent spheres did roll
Through clear and cloudy, even when she went
At last into a dark and vapoury tent—
Whereat, methought, the lidless-eyed train
Of planets all were in the blue again.
To commune with those orbs, once more I rais'd
My sight right upward: but it was quite dazed
By a bright something, sailing down apace,
Making me quickly veil my eyes and face:
Again I look'd, and, O ye deities,
Who from Olympus watch our destinies!
Whence that completed form of all completeness?
Whence came that high perfection of all sweetness?
Speak, stubborn earth, and tell me where, O where
Hast thou a symbol of her golden hair?
Not oat-sheaves drooping in the western sun;
Not—thy soft hand, fair sister! let me shun
Such follying before thee—yet she had,
Indeed, locks bright enough to make me mad;
And they were simply gordian'd up and braided,
Leaving, in naked comeliness, unshaded,
Her pearl round ears, white neck, and orbed brow;
The which were blended in, I know not how,
With such a paradise of lips and eyes,
Blush-tinted cheeks, half smiles, and faintest sighs,
That, when I think thereon, my spirit clings
And plays about its fancy, till the stings
Of human neighbourhood envenom all.
Unto what awful power shall I call?
To what high fane?—Ah! see her hovering feet,

'Why did I dream that sleep o'er-power'd me
In midst of all this heaven? Why not see,
Far off, the shadows of his pinions dark,
And stare them from me? But no, like a spark
That needs must die, although its little beam
Reflects upon a diamond, my sweet dream
Fell into nothing—into stupid sleep.
And so it was, until a gentle creep,
A careful moving caught my waking ears,
And up I started: Ah! my sighs, my tears,
My clenched hands;—for lo! the poppies hung
Dew-dabbled on their stalks, the ouzel sung
A heavy ditty, and the sullen day
Had chidden herald Hesperus away,
With leaden looks: the solitary breeze
Bluster'd, and slept, and its wild self did teaze
With wayward melancholy; and I thought,
Mark me, Peona! that sometimes it brought
Faint fare-thee-wels, and sigh-shrilled adieus!—
Away I wander'd—all the pleasant hues
Of heaven and earth had faded: deepest shades
Were deepest dungeons; heaths and sunny glades
Were full of pestilent light; our taintless rills
Seem'd sooty, and o'er-spread with upturn'd gills
Of dying fish; the vermeil rose had blown
In frightful scarlet, and its thorns out-grown
Like spiked aloe. If an innocent bird
Before my heedless footsteps stirr'd, and stirr'd
In little journeys, I beheld in it
A disguis'd demon, missioned to knit
My soul with under darkness; to entice
My stumblings down some monstrous precipice:
Therefore I eager followed, and did curse
The disappointment. Time, that aged nurse,
Rock'd me to patience. Now, thank gentle heaven!
These things, with all their comfortings, are given
To my down-sunken hours, and with thee,
Sweet sister, help to stem the ebbing sea
Of weary life."

Thus ended he, and both
Sat silent: for the maid was very loth
To answer; feeling well that breathed words
Would all be lost, unheard, and vain as swords
Against the enchased crocodile, or leaps
Of grasshoppers against the sun. She weeps,
And wonders; struggles to devise some blame;

To put on such a look as would say, *Shame*
On this poor weakness! but, for all her strife,
She could as soon have crush'd away the life
From a sick dove. At length, to break the pause,
She said with trembling chance: "Is this the cause?
This all? Yet it is strange, and sad, alas!
That one who through this middle earth should pass

Left his young cheek; and how he used to stray
He knew not where; and how he would say, *nay*,
If any said 'twas love: and yet 'twas love;
What could it be but love? How a ring-dove
Let fall a sprig of yew tree in his path;
And how he died: and then, that love doth scathe,
The gentle heart, as northern blasts do roses;
And then the ballad of his sad life closes
With sighs, and an alas!—Endymion!
Be rather in the trumpet's mouth,—anon
Among the winds at large—that all may hearken!
Although, before the crystal heavens darken,
I watch and dote upon the silver lakes
Pictur'd in western cloudiness, that takes
The semblance of gold rocks and bright gold sands,
Islands, and creeks, and amber-fretted strands
With horses prancing o'er them, palaces
And towers of amethyst,—would I so teaze
My pleasant days, because I could not mount
Into those regions? The Morphean fount
Of that fine element that visions, dreams,
And fitful whims of sleep are made of, streams
Into its airy channels with so subtle,
So thin a breathing, not the spider's shuttle,
Circled a million times within the space
Of a swallow's nest-door, could delay a trace,
A tinting of its quality: how light
Must dreams themselves be; seeing they're more slight
Than the mere nothing that engenders them!
Then wherefore sully the entrusted gem

Widened a little, as when Zephyr bids

A little breeze to creep between the fans
Of careless butterflies: amid his pains
He seem'd to taste a drop of manna-dew,
Full palatable; and a colour grew
Upon his cheek, while thus he lifeful spake.

"Peona! ever have I long'd to slake
My thirst for the world's praises: nothing base,
No merely slumberous phantasm, could unlace
The stubborn canvas for my voyage prepar'd—
Though now 'tis tatter'd; leaving my bark bar'd
And sullenly drifting: yet my higher hope
Is of too wide, too rainbow-large a scope,
To fret at myriads of earthly wrecks.
Wherein lies happiness? In that which becks
Our ready minds to fellowship divine,
A fellowship with essence; till we shine,
Full alchemiz'd, and free of space. Behold
The clear religion of heaven! Fold
A rose leaf round thy finger's taperness,
And soothe thy lips: hist, when the airy stress
Of music's kiss impregnates the free winds,
And with a sympathetic touch unbinds
Æolian magic from their lucid wombs:
Then old songs waken from enclouded tombs;
Old ditties sigh above their father's grave;
Ghosts of melodious prophecyings rave
Round every spot where trod Apollo's foot;
Bronze clarions awake, and faintly bruit,
Where long ago a giant battle was;
And, from the turf, a lullaby doth pass
In every place where infant Orpheus slept.
Feel we these things?—that moment have we stept
Into a sort of oneness, and our state
Is like a floating spirit's. But there are
Richer entanglements, enthralments far
More self-destroying, leading, by degrees,
To the chief intensity: the crown of these
Is made of love and friendship, and sits high
Upon the forehead of humanity.
All its more ponderous and bulky worth
Is friendship, whence there ever issues forth
A steady splendour; but at the tip-top,
There hangs by unseen film, an orbed drop
Of light, and that is love: its influence,
Thrown in our eyes, genders a novel sense,
At which we start and fret; till in the end,

[illegible]
And we are nurtured like a pelican brood.
[illegible]
And winnow from the coming step of time
All chaff of custom, wipe away all slime
Left by men-slugs and human serpentry,
Have been content to let occasion die,
Whilst they did sleep in love's elysium.
And, truly, I would rather be struck dumb,
[illegible]
She sings but to her love, nor e'er conceives
How tiptoe Night holds back her dark-grey hood.
[illegible]

That flowers would bloom, or that green fruit would swell
To melting pulp, that fish would have bright mail,
The earth its dower of river, wood, and vale,
The meadows runnels, runnels pebble-stones,
The seed its harvest, or the lute its tones,
Tones ravishment, or ravishment its sweet,
If human souls did never kiss and greet?

"Now, if this earthly love has power to make
Men's being mortal, immortal; to shake
Ambition from their memories, and brim
Their measure of content: what merest whim,
Seems all this poor endeavour after fame,
To one, who keeps within his steadfast aim
A love immortal, an immortal too.
Look not so wilder'd; for these things are true,
And never can be born of atomies
That buzz about our slumbers, like brain-flies,
Leaving us fancy-sick. No, no, I'm sure,
My restless spirit never could endure
To brood so long upon one luxury,

Unless it did, though fearfully, espy
A hope beyond the shadow of a dream.
My sayings will the less obscured seem,
When I have told thee how my waking sight
Has made me scruple whether that same night
Was pass'd in dreaming. Hearken, sweet Peona!
Beyond the matron-temple of Latona,
Which we should see but for these darkening boughs,
Lies a deep hollow, from whose ragged brows
Bushes and trees do lean all round athwart,
And meet so nearly, that with wings outraught,
And spreaded tail, a vulture could not glide
Past them, but he must brush on every side.
Some moulder'd steps lead into this cool cell,
Far as the slabbed margin of a well,
Whose patient level peeps its crystal eye
Right upward, through the bushes, to the sky.
Oft have I brought thee flowers, on their stalks set
Like vestal primroses, but dark velvet
Edges them round, and they have golden pits:
'Twas there I got them, from the gaps and slits
In a mossy stone, that sometimes was my seat,
When all above was faint with mid-day heat.
And there in strife no burning thoughts to heed,
I'd bubble up the water through a reed;
So reaching back to boy-hood: make me ships
Of moulted feathers, touchwood, alder chips,
With leaves stuck in them; and the Neptune be
Of their petty ocean. Oftener, heavily,
When love-lorn hours had left me less a child,
I sat contemplating the figures wild
Of o'er-head clouds melting the mirror through.
Upon a day, while thus I watch'd, by flew
A cloudy Cupid, with his bow and quiver;
So plainly character'd, no breeze would shiver
The happy chance: so happy, I was fain
To follow it upon the open plain,
And, therefore, was just going; when, behold!
A wonder, fair as any I have told—
The same bright face I tasted in my sleep,
Smiling in the clear well. My heart did leap
Through the cool depth.—It moved as if to flee—
I started up, when lo! refreshfully,
There came upon my face, in plenteous showers
Dew-drops, and dewy buds, and leaves, and flowers,
Wrapping all objects from my smothered sight,
Bathing my spirit in a new delight.

Aye, such a breathless honey-feel of bliss
Alone preserved me from the drear abyss
Of death, for the fair form had gone again.
Pleasure is oft a visitant; but pain
Clings cruelly to us, like the gnawing sloth
On the deer's tender haunches: late, and loth,
'Tis scar'd away by slow returning pleasure.
How sickening, how dark the dreadful leisure
Of weary days, made deeper exquisite,
[illegible]
Away at once the deadly yellow spleen.
Yes, thrice have I this fair enchantment seen;
Once more been tortured with renewed life.
When last the wintry gusts gave over strife
With the conquering sun of spring, and left the skies
Warm and serene, but yet with moistened eyes
In pity of the shatter'd infant buds,—
That time thou didst adorn, with amber studs,
My hunting cap, because I laugh'd and smil'd,
Chatted with thee, and many days exil'd
All torment from my breast,—'twas even then,
Straying about, yet, coop'd up in the den
Of helpless discontent,—hurling my lance
From place to place, and following at chance,
At last, by hap, through some young trees it struck,
And, plashing among bedded pebbles, stuck
In the middle of a brook,—whose silver ramble
Down twenty little falls, through reeds and bramble,
[illegible]
[illegible] *lave*
[illegible]
Doth her resign; and where her tender hands
She dabbles, on the cool and sluicy sands:
Or 'tis the cell of Echo, where she sits,
And babbles thorough silence, till her wits
Are gone in tender madness, and anon,

Faints into sleep, with many a dying tone
Of sadness. O that she would take my vows,
And breathe them sighingly among the boughs,
To sue her gentle ears for whose fair head,
Daily, I pluck sweet flowerets from their bed,
And weave them dyingly—send honey-whispers
Round every leaf, that all those gentle lispers
May sigh my love unto her pitying!
O charitable echo! hear, and sing
This ditty to her!—tell her'—so I stay'd
My foolish tongue, and listening, half afraid,
Stood stupefied with my own empty folly,
And blushing for the freaks of melancholy.
Salt tears were coming, when I heard my name
Most fondly lipp'd, and then these accents came:
'Endymion! the cave is secreter
Than the isle of Delos. Echo hence shall stir
No sighs but sigh-warm kisses, or light noise
Of thy combing hand, the while it travelling cloys
And trembles through my labyrinthine hair.'
At that oppress'd I hurried in.—Ah! where
Are those swift moments? Whither are they fled?
I'll smile no more, Peona; nor will wed
Sorrow the way to death; but patiently
Bear up against it: so farewel, sad sigh;
And come instead demurest meditation,
To occupy me wholly, and to fashion
My pilgrimage for the world's dusky brink.
No more will I count over, link by link,
My chain of grief: no longer strive to find
A half-forgetfulness in mountain wind
Blustering about my ears: aye, thou shalt see,
Dearest of sisters, what my life shall be;
What a calm round of hours shall make my days.
There is a paly flame of hope that plays
Where'er I look: but yet, I'll say 'tis naught—
And here I bid it die. Have not I caught,
Already, a more healthy countenance?
By this the sun is setting; we may chance
Meet some of our near-dwellers with my car."

This said, he rose, faint-smiling like a star
Through autumn mists, and took Peona's hand:
They stept into the boat, and launch'd from land.

ENDYMION

BOOK II

O SOVEREIGN power of love! O grief! O balm!
All records, saving thine, come cool, and calm,
And shadowy, through the mist of passed years:
For others, good or bad, hatred and tears
Have become indolent; but touching thine,
One sigh doth echo, one poor sob doth pine,
One kiss brings honey-dew from buried days.
The woes of Troy, towers smothering o'er their blaze,
Stiff-holden shields, far-piercing spears, keen blades,
Struggling, and blood, and shrieks—all dimly fades
Into some backward corner of the brain;
Yet, in our very souls, we feel amain
The close of Troilus and Cressid sweet.
Hence, pageant history! hence, gilded cheat!
Swart planet in the universe of deeds!
Wide sea, that one continuous murmur breeds
Along the pebbled shore of memory!
Many old rotten-timber'd boats there be
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
The Indus with his Macedonian numbers?
Though old Ulysses tortured from his slumbers
The glutted Cyclops, what care?—Juliet leaning
Amid her window-flowers,—sighing,—weaning
Tenderly her fancy from its maiden snow,
Doth more avail than these: the silver flow
Of Hero's tears, the swoon of Imogen,
Fair Pastorella in the bandit's den,
Are things to brood on with more ardency
Than the death-day of empires. Fearfully
Must such conviction come upon his head,

Who, thus far, discontent, has dared to tread,
Without one muse's smile, or kind behest,
The path of love and poesy. But rest,
In chaffing restlessness, is yet more drear
Than to be crush'd, in striving to uprear
Love's standard on the battlements of song.
So once more days and nights aid me along,
Like legion'd soldiers.

Brain-sick shepherd prince,
What promise hast thou faithful guarded since
The day of sacrifice? Or, have new sorrows
Come with the constant dawn upon thy morrows?
Alas! 'tis his old grief. For many days,
Has he been wandering in uncertain ways:
Through wilderness, and woods of mossed oaks;
Counting his woe-worn minutes, by the strokes
Of the lone woodcutter; and listening still,
Hour after hour, to each lush-leav'd rill.
Now he is sitting by a shady spring,
And elbow-deep with feverous fingering
Stems the upbursting cold: a wild rose tree
Pavilions him in bloom, and he doth see
A bud which snares his fancy: lo! but now
He plucks it, dips its stalk in the water: how!
It swells, it buds, it flowers beneath his sight;
And, in the middle, there is softly pight
A golden butterfly; upon whose wings
There must be surely character'd strange things,
For with wide eye he wonders, and smiles oft.

Lightly this little herald flew aloft,
Follow'd by glad Endymion's clasped hands:
Onward it flies. From languor's sullen bands
His limbs are loos'd, and eager, on he hies
Dazzled to trace it in the sunny skies.
It seem'd he flew, the way so easy was;
And like a new-born spirit did he pass
Through the green evening quiet in the sun,
O'er many a heath, through many a woodland dun,
Through buried paths, where sleepy twilight dreams
The summer time away. One track unseams
A wooded cleft, and, far away, the blue
Of ocean fades upon him; then, anew,
He sinks adown a solitary glen,
Where there was never sound of mortal men,
Saving, perhaps, some snow-light cadences

... the breeze

Went swift beneath ... le,
Until it reached a splashing fountain's side
That, near a cavern's mouth, for ever pour'd
Unto the temperate air: then high it soar'd
And, downward, suddenly began to dip,
As if, athirst with so much toil, 'twould sip
The crystal spout-head: so it did, with touch
... tch

So fairy-quick, was strange ... l,
Endymion sought around, and shook each bed
Of covert flowers in vain; and then he flung
Himself along the grass. What gentle tongue,
What whisperer disturb'd his gloomy rest?
... uprisen to the breast
... she stood
... brood.
To him her dripping hand ... kist,
And anxiously began to plait and twist
Her ringlets round her fingers, saying: "Youth!
Too long, alas, hast thou starv'd on the ruth,
The bitterness of love: too long indeed,
Seeing thou art so gentle. Could I weed
Thy soul of care, by heavens, I would offer
All the bright riches of my crystal coffer
To Amphitrite; all my clear-eyed fish,
Golden, or rainbow-sided, or purplish,
Vermilion-tail'd, or finn'd with silvery gauze;
Yea, or my veined pebble-floor, that draws
...

Meander gave me,—for I bubbled up
To fainting creatures in a desert wild.
... child
...

In other regions, past the scanty bar
To mortal steps, before thou canst be ta'en
From every wasting sigh, from every pain,

Into the gentle bosom of thy love.
Why it is thus, one knows in heaven above:
But, a poor Naiad, I guess not. Farewel!
I have a ditty for my hollow cell."

Hereat, she vanished from Endymion's gaze,
Who brooded o'er the water in amaze:
The dashing fount pour'd on, and where its pool
Lay, half asleep, in grass and rushes cool,
Quick waterflies and gnats were sporting still,
And fish were dimpling, as if good nor ill
Had fallen out that hour. The wanderer,
Holding his forehead, to keep off the burr
Of smothering fancies, patiently sat down;
And, while beneath the evening's sleepy frown
Glow-worms began to trim their starry lamps,
Thus breath'd he to himself: "Whoso encamps
To take a fancied city of delight,
O what a wretch is he! and when 'tis his,
After long toil and travelling, to miss
The kernel of his hopes, how more than vile:
Yet, for him there's refreshment even in toil;
Another city doth he set about,
Free from the smallest pebble-bead of doubt
That he will seize on trickling honey-combs:
Alas, he finds them dry; and then he foams,
And onward to another city speeds.
But this is human life: the war, the deeds,
The disappointment, the anxiety,
Imagination's struggles, far and nigh,
All human; bearing in themselves this good,
That they are still the air, the subtle food,
To make us feel existence, and to shew
How quiet death is. Where soil is men grow,
Whether to weeds or flowers; but for me,
There is no depth to strike in: I can see
Nought earthly worth my compassing; so stand
Upon a misty, jutting head of land—
Alone? No, no; and by the Orphean lute,
When mad Eurydice is listening to't;
I'd rather stand upon this misty peak,
With not a thing to sigh for, or to seek,
But the soft shadow of my thrice-seen love,
Than be—I care not what. O meekest dove
Of heaven! O Cynthia, ten-times bright and fair!
From thy blue throne, now filling all the air,
Glance but one little beam of temper'd light

Into my bosom, that the dreadful might
And tyranny of love be somewhat scar'd!
Yet do not so, sweet queen; one torment spar'd,
Would give a pang to jealous misery,
Worse than the torment's self: but rather tie
Large wings upon my shoulders, and point out
My love's far dwelling. Though the playful rout
Of Cupids shun thee, too divine art thou,
Too keen in beauty, for thy silver prow
Not to have dipp'd in love's most gentle stream.
O be propitious, nor severely deem
My madness impious; for, by all the stars
That tend thy bidding, I do think the bars
That kept my spirit in are burst—that I
Am sailing with thee through the dizzy sky!
How beautiful thou art! The world how deep!
How tremulous-dazzlingly the wheels sweep
Around their axle! Then these gleaming reins,
How lithe! When this thy chariot attains
Its airy goal, haply some bower veils
Those twilight eyes? Those eyes!—my spirit fails—
Dear goddess, help! or the wide-gaping air
Will gulph me—help!"—At this with madden'd stare,
And lifted hands, and trembling lips he stood;
Like old Deucalion mountain'd o'er the flood,
Or blind Orion hungry for the morn.
And, but from the deep cavern there was borne
A voice, he had been froze to senseless stone;
Nor sigh of his, nor plaint, nor passion'd moan
Had more been heard. Thus swell'd it forth: "Descend,
Young mountaineer! descend where alleys bend
Into the sparry hollows of the world!
Oft hast thou seen bolts of the thunder hurl'd
As from thy threshold; day by day hast been
A little lower than the chilly sheen
Of icy pinnacles, and dipp'dst thine arms
Into the deadening ether that still charms
Their marble being: now, as deep profound
As those are high, descend! He ne'er is crown'd
With immortality, who fears to follow
Where airy voices lead: so through the hollow,
The silent mysteries of earth, descend!"

He heard but the last words, nor could contend
One moment in reflection: for he fled
Into the fearful deep, to hide his head
From the clear moon, the trees, and coming madness.

'Twas far too strange, and wonderful for sadness;
Sharpening, by degrees, his appetite
To dive into the deepest. Dark, nor light,
The region; nor bright, nor sombre wholly,
But mingled up; a gleaming melancholy;
A dusky empire and its diadems;
One faint eternal eventide of gems.
Aye, millions sparkled on a vein of gold,
Along whose track the prince quick footsteps told,
With all its lines abrupt and angular:
Out-shooting sometimes, like a meteor-star,
Through a vast antre; then the metal woof,
Like Vulcan's rainbow, with some monstrous roof
Curves hugely: now, far in the deep abyss,
It seems an angry lightning, and doth hiss
Fancy into belief: anon it leads
Through winding passages, where sameness breeds
Vexing conceptions of some sudden change;
Whether to silver grots, or giant range
Of sapphire columns, or fantastic bridge
Athwart a flood of crystal. On a ridge
Now fareth he, that o'er the vast beneath
Towers like an ocean-cliff, and whence he seeth
A hundred waterfalls, whose voices come
But as the murmuring surge. Chilly and numb
His bosom grew, when first he, far away,
Descried an orbed diamond, set to fray
Old darkness from his throne: 'twas like the sun
Uprisen o'er chaos: and with such a stun
Came the amazement, that, absorb'd in it,
He saw not fiercer wonders—past the wit
Of any spirit to tell, but one of those
Who, when this planet's sphering time doth close,
Will be its high remembrancers: who they?
The mighty ones who have made eternal day
For Greece and England. While astonishment
With deep-drawn sighs was quieting, he went
Into a marble gallery, passing through
A mimic temple, so complete and true
In sacred custom, that he well nigh fear'd
To search it inwards; whence far off appear'd,
Through a long pillar'd vista, a fair shrine,
And just beyond, on light tiptoe divine,
A quiver'd Dian. Stepping awfully,
The youth approach'd; oft turning his veil'd eye
Down sidelong aisles, and into niches old.
And when, more near against the marble cold

Till, weary, he sat down before the maw
Of a wide outlet, fathomless and dim
To wild uncertainty and shadows grim.
There, when new wonders ceas'd to float before,
And thoughts of self came on, how crude and sore
The journey homeward to habitual self!
A mad-pursuing of the fog-born elf,
Whose flitting lantern, through rude nettle-briar,
Cheats us into a swamp, into a fire,
Into the bosom of a hated thing.

What misery most drowningly doth sing
In lone Endymion's ear, now he has raught
The goal of consciousness? Ah, 'tis the thought,
The deadly feel of solitude: for lo!
He cannot see the heavens, nor the flow
Of rivers, nor hill-flowers running wild

Cool grass, nor tasted the fresh slumberous air;
But far from such companionship to wear

gan tell

Warming and glowing strong in the belief
Of help from Dian: so that when again

Thy loveliness in dismal elements;
But, finding in our green earth sweet contents,
There livest blissfully. Ah, if to thee
It feels Elysian, how rich to me,
An exil'd mortal, sounds its pleasant name!
Within my breast there lives a choking flame—
O let me cool 't the zephyr-boughs among!
A homeward fever parches up my tongue—
O let me slake it at the running springs!
Upon my ear a noisy nothing rings—
O let me once more hear the linnet's note!
Before mine eyes thick films and shadows float—
O let me 'noint them with the heaven's light!
Dost thou now lave thy feet and ankles white?
O think how sweet to me the freshening sluice!
Dost thou now please thy thirst with berry-juice?
O think how this dry palate would rejoice!
If in soft slumber thou dost hear my voice,
O think how I should love a bed of flowers!—
Young goddess! let me see my native bowers!
Deliver me from this rapacious deep!"

Thus ending loudly, as he would o'erleap
His destiny, alert he stood: but when
Obstinate silence came heavily again,
Feeling about for its old couch of space
And airy cradle, lowly bow'd his face
Desponding, o'er the marble floor's cold thrill.
But 'twas not long; for, sweeter than the rill
To its old channel, or a swollen tide
To margin sallows, were the leaves he spied,
And flowers, and wreaths, and ready myrtle crowns
Up heaping through the slab: refreshment drowns
Itself, and strives its own delights to hide—
Nor in one spot alone; the floral pride
In a long whispering birth enchanted grew
Before his footsteps; as when heav'd anew
Old ocean rolls a lengthened wave to the shore,
Down whose green back the short-liv'd foam, all hoar,
Bursts gradual, with a wayward indolence.

Increasing still in heart, and pleasant sense,
Upon his fairy journey on he hastes;
So anxious for the end, he scarcely wastes
One moment with his hand among the sweets:
Onward he goes—he stops—his bosom beats
As plainly in his ear, as the faint charm

Of which the throbs were born. This still alarm,
This sleepy music, forc'd him walk tiptoe:
For it came more softly than the east could blow
Arion's magic to the Atlantic isles;
Or than the west, made jealous by the smiles
Of thron'd Apollo, could breathe back the lyre
To seas Ionian and Tyrian.

O did he ever live, that lonely man,
Who lov'd—and music slew not? 'Tis the pest
Of love, that fairest joys give most unrest;
That things of delicate and tenderest worth
Are swallow'd all, and made a seared dearth,
By one consuming flame: it doth immerse
And suffocate true blessings in a curse.
Half-happy, by comparison of bliss,
Is miserable. 'Twas even so with this
Dew-dropping melody, in the Carian's ear;
First heaven, then hell, and then forgotten clear,
Vanish'd in elemental passion.

And down some swart abysm he had gone,
Had not a heavenly guide benignant led
To where thick myrtle branches, 'gainst his head
Brushing, awakened: then the sounds again
Went noiseless as a passing noontide rain
Over a bower, where little space he stood;
For as the sunset peeps into a wood
So saw he panting light, and towards it went
Through winding alleys; and lo, wonderment!
Upon soft verdure saw, one here, one there,
Cupids a slumbering on their pinions fair.

After a thousand mazes overgone,
At last, with sudden step, he came upon
A chamber, myrtle wall'd, embowered high,
Full of light, incense, tender minstrelsy,
And more of beautiful and strange beside:
For on a silken couch of rosy pride,
In midst of all, there lay a sleeping youth
Of fondest beauty; fonder, in fair sooth,
Than sighs could fathom, or contentment reach:
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
Not hiding up an Apollonian curve
Of neck and shoulder, nor the tenting swerve

Of knee from knee, nor ankles pointing light;
But rather, giving them to the filled sight
Officiously. Sideway his face repos'd
On one white arm, and tenderly unclos'd,
By tenderest pressure, a faint damask mouth
To slumbery pout; just as the morning south
Disparts a dew-lipp'd rose. Above his head,
Four lily stalks did their white honours wed
To make a coronal; and round him grew
All tendrils green, of every bloom and hue,
Together intertwin'd and trammel'd fresh:
The vine of glossy sprout; the ivy mesh,
Shading its Ethiop berries; and woodbine,
Of velvet leaves and bugle-blooms divine;
Convolvulus in streaked vases flush;
The creeper, mellowing for an autumn blush;
And virgin's bower, trailing airily;
With others of the sisterhood. Hard by,
Stood serene Cupids watching silently.
One, kneeling to a lyre, touch'd the strings,
Muffling to death the pathos with his wings;
And, ever and anon, uprose to look
At the youth's slumber; while another took
A willow-bough, distilling odorous dew,
And shook it on his hair; another flew
In through the woven roof, and fluttering-wise
Rain'd violets upon his sleeping eyes.

At these enchantments, and yet many more,
The breathless Latmian wonder'd o'er and o'er;
Until, impatient in embarrassment,
He forthright pass'd, and lightly treading went
To that same feather'd lyrist, who straightway,
Smiling, thus whisper'd: "Though from upper day
Thou art a wanderer, and thy presence here
Might seem unholy, be of happy cheer!
For 'tis the nicest touch of human honour,
When some ethereal and high-favouring donor
Presents immortal bowers to mortal sense;
As now 'tis done to thee, Endymion. Hence
Was I in no wise startled. So recline
Upon these living flowers. Here is wine,
Alive with sparkles—never, I aver,
Since Ariadne was a vintager,
So cool a purple: taste these juicy pears,
Sent me by sad Vertumnus, when his fears
Were high about Pomona: here is cream,

Deepening to richness from a snowy gleam;
Sweeter than that nurse Amalthea skimm'd
For the boy Jupiter: and here, undimm'd
[illegible]
In starlight, by the three Hesperides.
Feast on, and meanwhile I will let thee know
Of all these things around us." He did so,
Still brooding o'er the cadence of his lyre;
And thus: "I need not any hearing tire
By telling how the sea-born goddess pin'd
For a mortal youth, and how she strove to bind
Him all in all unto her doting self.
Who would not be so prison'd? but, fond elf,
He was content to let her amorous plea
Faint through his careless arms; content to see
An unseiz'd heaven dying at his feet;
Content, O fool! to make a cold retreat,
When on the pleasant grass such love, lovelorn,
Lay sorrowing; when every tear was born
Of diverse passion; when her lips and eyes
[illegible]
But my poor mistress went distract and mad,
When the boar tusk'd him: so away she flew
To Jove's high throne, and by her plainings drew
Immortal tear-drops down the thunderer's beard;
Whereon, it was decreed he should be rear'd
Each summer time to life. Lo! this is he,
That same Adonis, safe in the privacy
Of this still region all his winter-sleep.
Aye, sleep; for when our love-sick queen did weep
Over his waned corse, the tremulous shower
Heal'd up the wound, and, with a balmy power,
Medicined death to a lengthened drowsiness:
The which she fills with visions, and doth dress
In all this quiet luxury; and hath set
[illegible] ass'd,
[illegible]
Look! how those winged listeners all this while

Stand anxious: see! behold!"—This clamant word
Broke through the careful silence; for they heard
A rustling noise of leaves, and out there flutter'd
Pigeons and doves: Adonis something mutter'd
The while one hand, that erst upon his thigh
Lay dormant, mov'd convuls'd and gradually
Up to his forehead. Then there was a hum
Of sudden voices, echoing, "Come! come!
Arise! awake! Clear summer has forth walk'd
Unto the clover-sward, and she has talk'd
Full soothingly to every nested finch:
Rise, Cupids! or we'll give the blue-bell pinch
To your dimpled arms. Once more sweet life begin!"
At this, from every side they hurried in,
Rubbing their sleepy eyes with lazy wrists,
And doubling over head their little fists
In backward yawns. But all were soon alive:
For as delicious wine doth, sparkling, dive
In nectar'd clouds and curls through water fair,
So from the arbour roof down swell'd an air
Odorous and enlivening; making all
To laugh, and play, and sing, and loudly call
For their sweet queen: when lo! the wreathed green
Disparted, and far upward could be seen
Blue heaven, and a silver car, air-borne,
Whose silent wheels, fresh wet from clouds of morn,
Spun off a drizzling dew,—which falling chill
On soft Adonis' shoulders, made him still
Nestle and turn uneasily about.
Soon were the white doves plain, with necks stretch'd out,
And silken traces lighten'd in descent;
And soon, returning from love's banishment,
Queen Venus leaning downward open arm'd:
Her shadow fell upon his breast, and charm'd
A tumult to his heart, and a new life
Into his eyes. Ah, miserable strife,
But for her comforting! unhappy sight,
But meeting her blue orbs! Who, who can write
Of these first minutes? The unchariest muse
To embracements warm as theirs makes coy excuse.

O it has ruffled every spirit there,
Saving love's self, who stands superb to share
The general gladness: awfully he stands;
A sovereign quell is in his waving hands;
No sight can bear the lightning of his bow;
His quiver is mysterious, none can know

What themselves think of it; from forth his eyes
There darts strange light of varied hues and dyes:
A scowl is sometimes on his brow, but who
Look full upon it feel anon the blue
Of his fair eyes run liquid through their souls.
Endymion feels it, and no more controls
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[illegible]
[illegible] ild,
[illegible]
[illegible]
Thou know'st the deepness of his misery.
Ah, smile not so, my son: I tell thee true,
That when through heavy hours I us'd to rue
The endless sleep of this new-born Adon',
This stranger ay I pitied. For upon
A dreary morning once I fled away
Into the breezy clouds, to weep and pray
For this my love: for vexing Mars had teaz'd
Me even to tears: thence, when a little eas'd,
Down looking, vacant, through a hazy wood,
I saw this youth as he despairing stood:
Those same dark curls blown vagrant in the wind;
Those same full fringed lids a constant blind
Over his sullen eyes: I saw him throw
Himself on wither'd leaves, even as though
Death had come sudden; for no jot he mov'd,
Yet mutter'd wildly. I could hear he lov'd
Some fair immortal, and that his embrace
Had zoned her through the night. There is no trace
Of this in heaven: I have mark'd each cheek,
And find it is the vainest thing to seek;
And that of all things 'tis kept secretest.
Endymion! one day thou wilt be blest:
So still obey the guiding hand that fends
Thee safely through these wonders for sweet ends.
'Tis a concealment needful in extreme;
And if I guess'd not so, the sunny beam
Thou shouldst mount up to with me. Now adieu!
Here must we leave thee."—At these words up flew
The impatient doves, up rose the floating car,
Up went the hum celestial. High afar
The Latmian saw them minish into nought;
And, when all were clear vanish'd, still he caught
A vivid lightning from that dreadful bow.
When all was darkened, with Ætnean throe
The earth clos'd—gave a solitary moan—
And left him once again in twilight lone.

He did not rave, he did not stare aghast,
For all those visions were o'ergone, and past,
And he in loneliness: he felt assur'd
Of happy times, when all he had endur'd
Would seem a feather to the mighty prize.
So, with unusual gladness, on he hies
Through caves, and palaces of mottled ore,
Gold dome, and crystal wall, and turquois floor,
Black polish'd porticos of awful shade,
And, at the last, a diamond balustrade,
Leading afar past wild magnificence,
Spiral through ruggedest loopholes, and thence
Stretching across a void, then guiding o'er
Enormous chasms, where, all foam and roar,
Streams subterranean tease their granite beds;
Then heighten'd just above the silvery heads
Of a thousand fountains, so that he could dash
The waters with his spear; but at the splash,
Done heedlessly, those spouting columns rose
Sudden a poplar's height, and 'gan to enclose
His diamond path with fretwork, streaming round
Alive, and dazzling cool, and with a sound,
Haply, like dolphin tumults, when sweet shells
Welcome the float of Thetis. Long he dwells
On this delight; for, every minute's space,
The streams with changed magic interlace:
Sometimes like delicatest lattices,
Cover'd with crystal vines; then weeping trees
Moving about as in a gentle wind,
Which, in a wink, to watery gauze refin'd,
Pour'd into shapes of curtain'd canopies,
Spangled, and rich with liquid broideries
Of flowers, peacocks, swans, and naiads fair.
Swifter than lightning went these wonders rare;
And then the water, into stubborn streams
Collecting, mimick'd the wrought oaken beams,
Pillars, and frieze, and high fantastic roof,
Of those dusk places in times far aloof
Cathedrals call'd. He bade a loth farewel
To these founts Protean, passing gulph, and dell,
And torrent, and ten thousand jutting shapes,
Half seen through deepest gloom, and griesly gapes,
Blackening on every side, and overhead
A vaulted dome like Heaven's, far bespread
With starlight gems: aye, all so huge and strange,
The solitary felt a hurried change
Working within him into something dreary,—

Vex'd like a morning eagle, lost, and weary,
And purblind amid foggy, midnight wolds.
But he revives at once: for who beholds
New sudden things, nor casts his mental slough?
Forth from a rugged arch, in the dusk below,
Came mother Cybele! alone—alone—
In sombre chariot; dark foldings thrown
About her majesty, and front death pale,
With turrets crown'd. Four maned lions hale
The sluggish wheels; solemn their toothed maws,
Their surly eyes brow-hidden, heavy paws
Uplifted drowsily, and nervy tails
Cowering their tawny brushes. Silent sails
This shadowy queen athwart, and faints away
In another gloomy arch.
Wherefore delay,
Young traveller, in such a mournful place?
Art thou wayworn, or canst not further trace
The diamond path? And does it indeed end
Abrupt in middle air? Yet earthward bend
Thy forehead, and to Jupiter cloud-borne
Call ardently! He was indeed wayworn;
Abrupt, in middle air, his way was lost;
To cloud-borne Jove he bowed, and there crost
Towards him a large eagle, 'twixt whose wings,
Without one impious word, himself he flings,
Committed to the darkness and the gloom:
Down, down, uncertain to what pleasant doom.
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It was a jasmine bower, all bestrown
With golden moss. His every sense had grown
Ethereal for pleasure; 'bove his head
Flew a delight half-graspable; his tread
Was Hesperean; to his capable ears
Silence was music from the holy spheres;
A dewy luxury was in his eyes;
The little flowers felt his pleasant sighs
And stirr'd them faintly. Verdant cave and cell
He wander'd through, oft wondering at such swell

Of sudden exaltation: but, "Alas!"
Said he, "will all this gush of feeling pass
Away in solitude? And must they wane,
Like melodies upon a sandy plain,
Without an echo? Then shall I be left
So sad, so melancholy, so bereft!
Yet still I feel immortal! O my love,
My breath of life, where art thou? High above,
Dancing before the morning gates of heaven?
Or keeping watch among those starry seven,
Old Atlas' children? Art a maid of the waters,
One of shell-winding Triton's bright-hair'd daughters?
Or art, impossible! a nymph of Dian's,
Weaving a coronal of tender scions
For very idleness? Where'er thou art,
Methinks it now is at my will to start
Into thine arms; to scare Aurora's train,
And snatch thee from the morning; o'er the main
To scud like a wild bird, and take thee off
From thy sea-foamy cradle; or to doff
Thy shepherd vest, and woo thee mid fresh leaves.
No, no, too eagerly my soul deceives
Its powerless self: I know this cannot be.
O let me then by some sweet dreaming flee
To her entrancements: hither sleep awhile!
Hither most gentle sleep! and soothing foil
For some few hours the coming solitude."

Thus spake he, and that moment felt endued
With power to dream deliciously; so wound
Through a dim passage, searching till he found
The smoothest mossy bed and deepest, where
He threw himself, and just into the air
Stretching his indolent arms, he took, O bliss!
A naked waist: "Fair Cupid, whence is this?"
A well-known voice sigh'd, "Sweetest, here am I!"
At which soft ravishment, with doting cry
They trembled to each other.—Helicon!
O fountain'd hill! Old Homer's Helicon!
That thou wouldst spout a little streamlet o'er
These sorry pages; then the verse would soar
And sing above this gentle pair, like lark
Over his nested young: but all is dark
Around thine aged top, and thy clear fount
Exhales in mists to heaven. Aye, the count
Of mighty Poets is made up; the scroll
Is folded by the Muses; the bright roll

Is in Apollo's hand: our dazed eyes
Have seen a new tinge in the western skies:
The world has done its duty. Yet, oh yet,
Although the sun of poesy is set,
These lovers did embrace, and we must weep
That there is no old power left to steep
A quill immortal in their joyous tears.
Long time ere silence did their anxious fears
Question that thus it was; long time they lay
Fondling and kissing every doubt away;
Long time ere soft caressing sobs began
To mellow into words, and then there ran
Two bubbling springs of talk from their sweet lips.
"O known Unknown! from whom my being sips
Such darling essence, wherefore may I not
Be ever in these arms? in this sweet spot
Pillow my chin for ever? ever press
These toying hands and kiss their smooth excess?
Why not for ever and for ever feel
That breath about my eyes? Ah, thou wilt steal

. . . .

Is—is it to be so? No! Who will dare
To pluck thee from me? And, of thine own will,
Full well I feel thou wouldst not leave me. Still
Let me entwine thee surer, surer—now
How can we part? Elysium! who art thou?
Who, that thou canst not be for ever here,
Or lift me with thee to some starry sphere?
Enchantress! tell me by this soft embrace,
By the most soft completion of thy face,
Those lips, O slippery blisses, twinkling eyes,
And by these tenderest, milky sovereignties—
These tenderest, and by the nectar-wine,
The passion"——"O dov'd Ida the divine!
Endymion! dearest! Ah, unhappy me!
His soul will 'scape us—O felicity!
How he does love me! His poor temples beat
To the very tune of love—how sweet, sweet, sweet.
Revive, dear youth, or I shall faint and die;
Revive, or these soft hours will hurry by
In tranced dulness; speak, and let that spell
Affright this lethargy! I cannot quell
Its heavy pressure, and will press at least
My lips to thine, that they may richly feast
Until we taste the life of love again.

What! dost thou move? dost kiss? O bliss! O pain!
I love thee, youth, more than I can conceive;
And so long absence from thee doth bereave
My soul of any rest: yet must I hence:
Yet, can I not to starry eminence
Uplift thee; nor for very shame can own
Myself to thee: Ah, dearest, do not groan
Or thou wilt force me from this secrecy,
And I must blush in heaven. O that I
Had done it already; that the dreadful smiles
At my lost brightness, my impassion'd wiles,
Had waned from Olympus' solemn height,
And from all serious Gods; that our delight
Was quite forgotten, save of us alone!
And wherefore so ashamed? 'Tis but to atone
For endless pleasure, by some coward blushes:
Yet must I be a coward!—Horror rushes
Too palpable before me—the sad look
Of Jove—Minerva's start—no bosom shook
With awe of purity—no Cupid pinion
In reverence vailed—my crystaline dominion
Half lost, and all old hymns made nullity!
But what is this to love? O I could fly
With thee into the ken of heavenly powers,
So thou wouldst thus, for many sequent hours,
Press me so sweetly. Now I swear at once
That I am wise, that Pallas is a dunce—
Perhaps her love like mine is but unknown—
O I do think that I have been alone
In chastity: yes, Pallas has been sighing,
While every eve saw me my hair uptying
With fingers cool as aspen leaves. Sweet love,
I was as vague as solitary dove,
Nor knew that nests were built. Now a soft kiss—
Aye, by that kiss, I vow an endless bliss,
An immortality of passion's thine:
Ere long I will exalt thee to the shine
Of heaven ambrosial; and we will shade
Ourselves whole summers by a river glade;
And I will tell thee stories of the sky,
And breathe thee whispers of its minstrelsy.
My happy love will overwing all bounds!
O let me melt into thee; let the sounds
Of our close voices marry at their birth;
Let us entwine hoveringly—O dearth
Of human words! roughness of mortal speech!
Lispings empyrean will I sometime teach

Thine honied tongue—lute-breathings, which I gasp
To have thee understand, now while I clasp
Thee thus, and weep for fondness—I am pain'd,
Endymion: woe! woe! is grief contain'd
In the very deeps of pleasure, my sole life?"—
Hereat, with many sobs, her gentle strife
Melted into a languor. He return'd
Entranced vows and tears.

Ye who have yearn'd
With too much passion, will here stay and pity,
For the mere sake of truth; as 'tis a ditty
Not of these days, but long ago 'twas told
By a cavern wind unto a forest old;
And then the forest told it in a dream
To a sleeping lake, whose cool and level gleam
A poet caught as he was journeying
To Phœbus' shrine; and in it he did fling
His weary limbs, bathing an hour's space,
And after, straight in that inspired place
He sang the story up into the air,
Giving it universal freedom. There
Has it been ever sounding for those ears
Whose tips are glowing hot. The legend cheers
Yon centinel stars; and he who listens to it
Must surely be self-doom'd or he will rue it:
For quenchless burnings come upon the heart,
Made fiercer by a fear lest any part
Should be engulphed in the eddying wind.
As much as here is penn'd doth always find
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Her gentle limbs, and left the youth asleep.—
Thus the tradition of the gusty deep.

Now turn we to our former chroniclers.—
Endymion awoke, that grief of hers
Sweet paining on his ear: he sickly guess'd
How lone he was once more, and sadly press'd
His empty arms together, hung his head,
And most forlorn upon that widow'd bed
Sat silently. Love's madness he had known:
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A rough-voic'd war against the dooming stars.
No, he had felt too much for such harsh jars:
The lyre of his soul Æolian tun'd
Forgot all violence, and but commun'd
With melancholy thought: O he had swoon'd
Drunken from pleasure's nipple; and his love
Henceforth was dove-like.—Loth was he to move
From the imprinted couch, and when he did,
'Twas with slow, languid paces, and face hid
In muffling hands. So temper'd, out he stray'd
Half seeing visions that might have dismay'd
Alecto's serpents; ravishments more keen
Than Hermes' pipe, when anxious he did lean
Over eclipsing eyes: and at the last
It was a sounding grotto, vaulted, vast,
O'er studded with a thousand, thousand pearls,
And crimson mouthed shells with stubborn curls,
Of every shape and size, even to the bulk
In which whales arbour close, to brood and sulk
Against an endless storm. Moreover too,
Fish-semblances, of green and azure hue,
Ready to snort their streams. In this cool wonder
Endymion sat down, and 'gan to ponder
On all his life: his youth, up to the day
When 'mid acclaim, and feast, and garlands gay,
He stept upon his shepherd throne: the look
Of his white palace in wild forest nook,
And all the revels he had lorded there:
Each tender maiden whom he once thought fair,
With every friend and fellow-woodlander—
Pass'd like a dream before him. Then the spur
Of the old bards to mighty deeds: his plans
To nurse the golden age 'mong shepherd clans:
That wondrous night: the great Pan-festival:
His sister's sorrow; and his wanderings all,
Until into the earth's deep maw he rush'd:
Then all its buried magic, till it flush'd
High with excessive love. "And now," thought he,
"How long must I remain in jeopardy
Of blank amazements that amaze no more?
Now I have tasted her sweet soul to the core
All other depths are shallow: essences,
Once spiritual, are like muddy lees,
Meant but to fertilize my earthly root,
And make my branches lift a golden fruit
Into the bloom of heaven: other light,
Though it be quick and sharp enough to blight

The Olympian eagle's vision, is dark,
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Of noises far away?—list!—Hereupon
He kept an anxious ear. The humming tone
Came louder, and behold, there as he lay,
On either side outgush'd, with misty spray,
A copious spring; and both together dash'd
Swift, mad, fantastic round the rocks, and lash'd
Among the conchs and shells of the lofty grot,
Leaving a trickling dew. At last they shot
Down from the ceiling's height, pouring a noise
As of some breathless racers whose hopes poize
Upon the last few steps, and with spent force
Along the ground they took a winding course.
Endymion follow'd—for it seem'd that one
Ever pursued, the other strove to shun—
Follow'd their languid mazes, till well nigh
He had left thinking of the mystery,—
And was now rapt in tender hoverings
Over the vanish'd bliss. Ah! what is it sings
His dream away? What melodies are these?
They sound as through the whispering of trees,
Not native in such barren vaults. Give ear!

"O Arethusa, peerless nymph! why fear
Such tenderness as mine? Great Dian, why,
Why didst thou hear her prayer? O that I
Were rippling round her dainty fairness now,
Circling about her waist, and striving how
To entice her to a dive! then stealing in
Between her luscious lips and eyelids thin.
O that her shining hair was in the sun,
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Between her kissing breasts, and every charm
Touch raptur'd!—See how painfully I flow:
Fair maid, be pitiful to my great woe.
Stay, stay thy weary course, and let me lead,
A happy wooer, to the flowery mead
Where all that beauty snar'd me."—"Cruel god,
Desist! or my offended mistress' nod
Will stagnate all thy fountains:—tease me not
With syren words—Ah, have I really got
Such power to madden thee? And is it true—

Away, away, or I shall dearly rue
My very thoughts: in mercy then away,
Kindest Alpheus, for should I obey
My own dear will, 'twould be a deadly bane.
O, Oread-Queen! would that thou hadst a pain
Like this of mine, then would I fearless turn
And be a criminal. Alas, I burn,
I shudder—gentle river, get thee hence.
Alpheus! thou enchanter! every sense
Of mine was once made perfect in these woods.
Fresh breezes, bowery lawns, and innocent floods,
Ripe fruits, and lonely couch, contentment gave;
But ever since I heedlessly did lave
In thy deceitful stream, a panting glow
Grew strong within me: wherefore serve me so,
And call it love? Alas, 'twas cruelty.
Not once more did I close my happy eye
Amid the thrushes' song. Away! Avaunt!
O 'twas a cruel thing."—"Now thou dost taunt
So softly, Arethusa, that I think
If thou wast playing on my shady brink,
Thou wouldst bathe once again. Innocent maid!
Stifle thine heart no more; nor be afraid
Of angry powers: there are deities
Will shade us with their wings. Those fitful sighs
'Tis almost death to hear: O let me pour
A dewy balm upon them!—fear no more,
Sweet Arethusa! Dian's self must feel
Sometime these very pangs. Dear maiden, steal
Blushing into my soul, and let us fly
These dreary caverns for the open sky.
I will delight thee all my winding course,
From the green sea up to my hidden source
About Arcadian forests; and will shew
The channels where my coolest waters flow
Through mossy rocks; where, 'mid exuberant green,
I roam in pleasant darkness, more unseen
Than Saturn in his exile; where I brim
Round flowery islands, and take thence a skim
Of mealy sweets, which myriads of bees
Buzz from their honied wings: and thou shouldst please
Thyself to choose the richest, where we might
Be incense-pillow'd every summer night.
Doff all sad fears, thou white deliciousness,
And let us be thus comforted; unless
Thou couldst rejoice to see my hopeless stream
Hurry distracted from Sol's temperate beam,

And pour to death along some hungry sands."—
"What can I do, Alpheus? Dian stands
Severe before me: persecuting fate!
Unhappy Arethusa! thou wast late
A huntress free in "—At this, sudden fell
Those two sad streams adown a fearful dell.
The Latmian listen'd, but he heard no more,
Save echo, faint repeating o'er and o'er
The name of Arethusa. On the verge
[illegible] I urge
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If thou art powerful, these lovers' pains;
And make them happy in some happy plains."

He turn'd—there was a whelming sound—he stept,
There was a cooler light; and so he kept
Towards it by a sandy path, and lo!
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[illegible]
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ENDYMION

BOOK III

THERE are who lord it o'er their fellow-men
With most prevailing tinsel: who unpen
Their baaing vanities, to browse away
The comfortable green and juicy hay
From human pastures; or, O torturing fact!
Who, through an idiot blink, will see unpack'd
Fire-branded foxes to sear up and singe
Our gold and ripe-ear'd hopes. With not one tinge
Of sanctuary splendour, not a sight
Able to face an owl's, they still are dight
By the blear-eyed nations in empurpled vests,
And crowns, and turbans. With unladen breasts,
Save of blown self-applause, they proudly mount
To their spirit's perch, their being's high account,
Their tiptop nothings, their dull skies, their thrones—
Amid the fierce intoxicating tones
Of trumpets, shoutings, and belabour'd drums,
And sudden cannon. Ah! how all this hums,
In wakeful ears, like uproar past and gone—
Like thunder clouds that spake to Babylon,
And set those old Chaldeans to their tasks.—
Are then regalities all gilded masks?
No, there are throned seats unscalable
But by a patient wing, a constant spell,
Or by ethereal things that, unconfin'd,
Can make a ladder of the eternal wind,
And poize about in cloudy thunder-tents
To watch the abysm-birth of elements.
Aye, 'bove the withering of old-lipp'd Fate
A thousand Powers keep religious state,
In water, fiery realm, and airy bourne;
And, silent as a consecrated urn,
Hold sphery sessions for a season due.
Yet few of these far majesties, ah, few!

Have bared their operations to this globe—
Few, who with gorgeous pageantry enrobe
Our piece of heaven—whose benevolence
Shakes hands with our own Ceres; every sense
Filling with spiritual sweets to plenitude,
As bees gorge full their cells. And, by the feud
'Twixt Nothing and Creation, I here swear,
Eterne Apollo! that thy Sister fair
Is of all these the gentlier-mightiest.
When thy gold breath is misting in the west,
She unobserved steals unto her throne,
And there she sits most meek and most alone;
As if she had not pomp subservient;
As if thine eye, high Poet! was not bent
Towards her with the Muses in thine heart;
As if the ministring stars kept not apart,
Waiting for silver-footed messages.
O Moon! the oldest shades 'mong oldest trees
Feel palpitations when thou lookest in:
O Moon! old boughs lisp forth a holier din
The while they feel thine airy fellowship.
Thou dost bless every where, with silver lip
Kissing dead things to life. The sleeping kine,
Couched in thy brightness, dream of fields divine:
Innumerable mountains rise, and rise,
Ambitious for the hallowing of thine eyes;
And yet thy benediction passeth not
One obscure hiding-place, one little spot
Where pleasure may be sent: the nested wren
Has thy fair face within its tranquil ken,
And from beneath a sheltering ivy leaf
Takes glimpses of thee; thou art a relief
To the poor patient oyster, where it sleeps
Within its pearly house.—The mighty deeps,
The monstrous sea is thine—the myriad sea!
O Moon! far-spooming Ocean bows to thee,
And Tellus feels his forehead's cumbrous load.

Cynthia! where art thou now? What far abode
Of green or silvery bower doth enshrine
Such utmost beauty? Alas, thou dost pine
For one as sorrowful: thy cheek is pale
For one whose cheek is pale: thou dost bewail
His tears, who weeps for thee. Where dost thou sigh?
Ah! surely that light peeps from Vesper's eye,
Or what a thing is love! 'Tis She, but lo!
How chang'd, how full of ache, how gone in woe!

She dies at the thinnest cloud; her loveliness
Is wan on Neptune's blue: yet there's a stress
Of love-spangles, just off yon cape of trees,
Dancing upon the waves, as if to please
The curly foam with amorous influence.
O, not so idle: for down-glancing thence
She fathoms eddies, and runs wild about
O'erwhelming water-courses; scaring out
The thorny sharks from hiding-holes, and fright'ning
Their savage eyes with unaccustomed lightning.
Where will the splendor be content to reach?
O love! how potent hast thou been to teach
Strange journeyings! Wherever beauty dwells,
In gulph or aerie, mountains or deep dells,
In light, in gloom, in star or blazing sun,
Thou pointest out the way, and straight 'tis won.
Amid his toil thou gav'st Leander breath;
Thou leddest Orpheus through the gleams of death;
Thou madest Pluto bear thin element;
And now, O winged Chieftain! thou hast sent
A moon-beam to the deep, deep water-world,
To find Endymion.

On gold sand impearl'd
With lily shells, and pebbles milky white,
Poor Cynthia greeted him, and sooth'd her light
Against his pallid face: he felt the charm
To breathlessness, and suddenly a warm
Of his heart's blood: 'twas very sweet; he stay'd
His wandering steps, and half-entranced laid
His head upon a tuft of straggling weeds,
To taste the gentle moon, and freshening beads,
Lashed from the crystal roof by fishes' tails.
And so he kept, until the rosy veils
Mantling the east, by Aurora's peering hand
Were lifted from the water's breast, and fann'd
Into sweet air; and sober'd morning came
Meekly through billows:—when like taper-flame
Left sudden by a dallying breath of air,
He rose in silence, and once more 'gan fare
Along his fated way.

Far had he roam'd,
With nothing save the hollow vast, that foam'd,
Above, around, and at his feet; save things
More dead than Morpheus' imaginings:
Old rusted anchors, helmets, breast-plates large

Of gone sea-warriors; brazen beaks and targe;
Rudders that for a hundred years had lost
The sway of human hand; gold vase emboss'd
With long-forgotten story, and wherein
No reveller had ever dipp'd a chin
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In ponderous stone, developing the mood
Of ancient Nox;—then skeletons of man,
Of beast, behemoth, and leviathan,
And elephant, and eagle, and huge jaw
Of nameless monster. A cold leaden awe
These secrets struck into him; and unless
Dian had chaced away that heaviness,
He might have died: but now, with cheered feel,
He onward kept; wooing these thoughts to steal
About the labyrinth in his soul of love.

"What is there in thee, Moon! that thou shouldst move
My heart so potently? When yet a child
I oft have dried my tears when thou hast smil'd.
Thou seem'dst my sister: hand in hand we went
From eve to morn across the firmament.
No apples would I gather from the tree,
Till *thou hadst cool'd their cheeks deliciously*:
No tumbling water ever spake romance,
But when my eyes with thine thereon could dance:
No woods were green enough, no bower divine,
Until thou liftedst up thine eyelids fine:
In sowing time ne'er would I dibble take,
Or drop a seed, till thou wast wide awake;
And, in the summer tide of blossoming,
No one but thee hath heard me blithly sing
And mesh my dewy flowers all the night.
No melody was like a passing spright
If it went not to solemnize thy reign.
Yes, in my boyhood, every joy and pain
By thee were fashion'd to the self-same end;
And as I grew in years, still didst thou blend
With all my ardours: thou wast the deep glen;
Thou wast the mountain-top—the sage's pen—
The poet's harp—the voice of friends—the sun;
Thou wast the *river—thou wast glory won;*
Thou wast my clarion's blast—thou wast my steed—
My goblet full of wine—my topmost deed:—

Thou wast the charm of women, lovely Moon!
O what a wild and harmonized tune
My spirit struck from all the beautiful!
On some bright essence could I lean, and lull
Myself to immortality: I prest
Nature's soft pillow in a wakeful rest.
But, gentle Orb! there came a nearer bliss—
My strange love came—Felicity's abyss!
She came, and thou didst fade, and fade away—
Yet not entirely; no, thy starry sway
Has been an under-passion to this hour.
Now I begin to feel thine orby power
Is coming fresh upon me: O be kind,
Keep back thine influence, and do not blind
My sovereign vision.—Dearest love, forgive
That I can think away from thee and live!—
Pardon me, airy planet, that I prize
One thought beyond thine argent luxuries!
How far beyond!" At this a surpris'd start
Frosted the springing verdure of his heart;
For as he lifted up his eyes to swear
How his own goddess was past all things fair,
He saw far in the concave green of the sea
An old man sitting calm and peacefully.
Upon a weeded rock this old man sat,
And his white hair was awful, and a mat
Of weeds were cold beneath his cold thin feet;
And, ample as the largest winding-sheet,
A cloak of blue wrapp'd up his aged bones,
O'erwrought with symbols by the deepest groans
Of ambitious magic: every ocean-form
Was woven in with black distinctness; storm,
And calm, and whispering, and hideous roar,
Quicksand, and whirlpool, and deserted shore,
Were emblem'd in the woof; with every shape
That skims, or dives, or sleeps, 'twixt cape and cape.
The gulphing whale was like a dot in the spell,
Yet look upon it, and 'twould size and swell
To its huge self; and the minutest fish
Would pass the very hardest gazer's wish,
And show his little eye's anatomy.
Then there was pictur'd the regality
Of Neptune; and the sea nymphs round his state,
In beauteous vassalage, look up and wait.
Beside this old man lay a pearly wand,
And in his lap a book, the which he conn'd
So stedfastly, that the new denizen

Had time to keep him in amazed ken,
To mark these shadowings, and stand in awe.

The old man rais'd his hoary head and saw
The wilder'd stranger—seeming not to see,
His features were so lifeless. Suddenly
He woke as from a trance; his snow-white brows
Went arching up, and like two magic ploughs
[illegible]

Had watch'd for years in forlorn hermitage,
Who had not from mid-life to utmost age
Eas'd in one accent his o'er-burden'd soul,
Even to the trees. He rose: he grasp'd his stole,
With convuls'd clenches waving it abroad,
And in a voice of solemn joy, that aw'd
Echo into oblivion, he said:—

"Thou art the man! Now shall I lay my head
In peace upon my watery pillow: now
Sleep will come smoothly to my weary brow.
[illegible]

I'll swim to the syrens, and one moment listen
Their melodies, and see their long hair glisten;
Anon upon that giant's arm I'll be,
That writhes about the roots of Sicily:
To northern seas I'll in a twinkling sail,
And mount upon the snortings of a whale
To some black cloud; thence down I'll madly sweep
On forked lightning, to the deepest deep,
Where through some sucking pool I will be hurl'd
With rapture to the other side of the world!
O, I am full of gladness! Sisters three,
I bow full hearted to your old decree!
Yes, every god be thank'd, and power benign,
For I no more shall wither, droop, and pine.
Thou art the man!" Endymion started back
Dismay'd; and, like a wretch from whom the rack
Tortures hot breath, and speech of agony,
Mutter'd: "What lonely death am I to die
In this cold region? Will he let me freeze,
And float my brittle limbs o'er polar seas?

Or will he touch me with his searing hand,
And leave a black memorial on the sand?
Or tear me piece-meal with a bony saw,
And keep me as a chosen food to draw
His magian fish through hated fire and flame?
O misery of hell! resistless, tame,
Am I to be burnt up? No, I will shout,
Until the gods through heaven's blue look out!—
O Tartarus! but some few days agone
Her soft arms were entwining me, and on
Her voice I hung like fruit among green leaves:
Her lips were all my own, and—ah, ripe sheaves
Of happiness! ye on the stubble droop,
But never may be garner'd. I must stoop
My head, and kiss death's foot. Love! love, farewel!
Is there no hope from thee? This horrid spell
Would melt at thy sweet breath.—By Dian's hind
Feeding from her white fingers, on the wind
I see thy streaming hair! and now, by Pan,
I care not for this old mysterious man!"

He spake, and walking to that aged form,
Look'd high defiance. Lo! his heart 'gan warm
With pity, for the grey-hair'd creature wept.
Had he then wrong'd a heart where sorrow kept?
Had he, though blindly contumelious, brought
Rheum to kind eyes, a sting to human thought,
Convulsion to a mouth of many years?
He had in truth; and he was ripe for tears.
The penitent shower fell, as down he knelt
Before that care-worn sage, who trembling felt
About his large dark locks, and faultering spake:

"Arise, good youth, for sacred Phœbus' sake!
I know thine inmost bosom, and I feel
A very brother's yearning for thee steal
Into mine own: for why? thou openest
The prison gates that have so long opprest
My weary watching. Though thou know'st it not,
Thou art commission'd to this fated spot
For great enfranchisement. O weep no more;
I am a friend to love, to loves of yore:
Aye, hadst thou never lov'd an unknown power,
I had been grieving at this joyous hour.
But even now most miserable old,
I saw thee, and my blood no longer cold
Gave mighty pulses: in this tottering case

Grew a new heart, which at this moment plays
As dancingly as thine. Be not afraid,
For thou shalt hear this secret all display'd,
Now as we speed towards our joyous task."

So saying, this young soul in age's mask
Went forward with the Carian side by side:
Resuming quickly thus; while ocean's tide
Hung swollen at their backs, and jewel'd sands
Took silently their foot-prints.

"My soul stands
[illegible]
I was a fisher once, upon this main,
And my boat danc'd in every creek and bay;
[illegible] y,—
[illegible]
Of silent happiness, of slumberous ease:
Long years of misery have told me so.
Aye, thus it was one thousand years ago.
One thousand years!—Is it then possible
To look so plainly through them? to dispel
A thousand years with backward glance sublime?
To breathe away as 'twere all scummy slime
From off a crystal pool, to see its deep,
And one's own image from the bottom peep?
Yes: now I am no longer wretched thrall,
[illegible]

"I touch'd no lute, I sang not, trod no measures:
I was a lonely youth on desert shores.
My sports were lonely, 'mid continuous roars,
And craggy isles, and sea-mew's plaintive cry
Plaining discrepant between sea and sky.
Dolphins were still my playmates; shapes unseen
Would let me feel their scales of gold and green,
Nor be my desolation; and, full oft,
When a dread waterspout had rear'd aloft
Its hungry hugeness, seeming ready ripe
To burst with hoarsest thunderings, and wipe

My life away like a vast sponge of fate,
Some friendly monster, pitying my sad state,
Has dived to its foundations, gulph'd it down,
And left me tossing safely. But the crown
Of all my life was utmost quietude:
More did I love to lie in cavern rude,
Keeping in wait whole days for Neptune's voice,
And if it came at last, hark, and rejoice!
There blush'd no summer eve but I would steer
My skiff along green shelving coasts, to hear
The shepherd's pipe come clear from aery steep,
Mingled with ceaseless bleatings of his sheep:
And never was a day of summer shine,
But I beheld its birth upon the brine:
For I would watch all night to see unfold
Heaven's gates, and Æthon snort his morning gold
Wide o'er the swelling streams: and constantly
At brim of day-tide, on some grassy lea,
My nets would be spread out, and I at rest.
The poor folk of the sea-country I blest
With daily boon of fish most delicate:
They knew not whence this bounty, and elate
Would strew sweet flowers on a sterile beach.

"Why was I not contented? Wherefore reach
At things which, but for thee, O Latmian!
Had been my dreary death? Fool! I began
To feel distemper'd longings: to desire
The utmost privilege that ocean's sire
Could grant in benediction: to be free
Of all his kingdom. Long in misery
I wasted, ere in one extremest fit
I plung'd for life or death. To interknit
One's senses with so dense a breathing stuff
Might seem a work of pain; so not enough
Can I admire how crystal-smooth it felt,
And buoyant round my limbs. At first I dwelt
Whole days and days in sheer astonishment;
Forgetful utterly of self-intent;
Moving but with the mighty ebb and flow.
Then, like a new fledg'd bird that first doth show
His spreaded feathers to the morrow chill,
I tried in fear the pinions of my will.
'Twas freedom! and at once I visited
The ceaseless wonders of this ocean-bed.
No need to tell thee of them, for I see
That thou hast been a witness—it must be—

For these I know thou canst not feel a drouth,
By the melancholy corners of that mouth.
So I will in my story straightway pass
To more immediate matter. Woe, alas!
That love should be my bane! Ah, Scylla fair!
Why did poor Glaucus ever—ever dare
To sue thee to his heart? Kind stranger-youth!
I lov'd her to the very white of truth,
And she would not conceive it. Timid thing!
She fled me swift as sea-bird on the wing,
Round every isle, and point, and promontory,
From where large Hercules wound up his story
Far as Egyptian Nile. My passion grew
The more, the more I saw her dainty hue
Gleam delicately through the azure clear:
[illegible]

I rear'd my head, and look'd for Phœbus' daughter.
Ææa's isle was wondering at the moon:—
It seem'd to whirl around me, and a swoon
Left me dead-drifting to that fatal power.

"When I awoke, 'twas in a twilight bower;
Just when the light of morn, with hum of bees,
Stole through its verdurous matting of fresh trees.
How sweet, and sweeter! for I heard a lyre,
And over it a sighing voice expire.
It ceas'd—I caught light footsteps; and anon
The fairest face that morn e'er look'd upon
Push'd through a screen of roses.—Starry Jove!
With tears, and smiles, and honey-words she wove
A net whose thraldom was more bliss than all
The range of flower'd Elysium. Thus did fall
The dew of her rich speech: 'Ah! Art awake?
O let me hear thee speak, for Cupid's sake!
I am so oppress'd with joy! Why, I have shed
An urn of tears, as though thou wert cold dead;
And now I find thee living, I will pour
From these devoted eyes their silver store,
Until exhausted of the latest drop,
So it will pleasure thee, and force thee stop
Here, that I too may live: but if beyond
Such cool and sorrowful offerings, thou art fond
Of soothing warmth, of dalliance supreme;
If thou art ripe to taste a long love dream;

If smiles, if dimples, tongues for ardour mute,
Hang in thy vision like a tempting fruit,
O let me pluck it for thee.' Thus she link'd
Her charming syllables, till indistinct
Their music came to my o'er-sweeten'd soul;
And then she hover'd over me, and stole
So near, that if no nearer it had been
This furrow'd visage thou hadst never seen.

"Young man of Latmos! thus particular
Am I, that thou may'st plainly see how far
This fierce temptation went: and thou may'st not
Exclaim, How then, was Scylla quite forgot?

"Who could resist? Who in this universe?
She did so breathe ambrosia; so immerse
My fine existence in a golden clime.
She took me like a child of suckling time,
And cradled me in roses. Thus condemn'd,
The current of my former life was stemm'd,
And to this arbitrary queen of sense
I bow'd a tranced vassal: nor would thence
Have mov'd, even though Amphion's harp had woo'd
Me back to Scylla o'er the billows rude.
For as Apollo each eve doth devise
A new appareling for western skies;
So every eve, nay every spendthrift hour
Shed balmy consciousness within that bower.
And I was free of haunts umbrageous;
Could wander in the mazy forest-house
Of squirrels, foxes shy, and antler'd deer,
And birds from coverts innermost and drear
Warbling for very joy mellifluous sorrow—
To me new born delights!

"Now let me borrow,
For moments few, a temperament as stern
As Pluto's sceptre, that my words not burn
These uttering lips, while I in calm speech tell
How specious heaven was changed to real hell.

"One morn she left me sleeping: half awake
I sought for her smooth arms and lips, to slake
My greedy thirst with nectarous camel-draughts;
But she was gone. Whereat the barbed shafts
Of disappointment stuck in me
That out I ran and search'd t

Wandering about in pine and cedar gloom
Damp awe assail'd me; for there 'gan to boom
A sound of moan, an agony of sound,
Sepulchral from the distance all around.
Then came a conquering earth-thunder, and rumbled
That fierce complain to silence: while I stumbled
Down a precipitous path, as if impell'd.
I came to a dark valley.—Groanings swell'd
Poisonous about my ears, and louder grew,
[illegible]

A sight too fearful for the feel of fear:
In thicket hid I curs'd the haggard scene—
The banquet of my arms, my arbour queen,
Seated upon an uptorn forest root;
And all around her shapes, wizard and brute,
[illegible]

Should he give up awhile his penny pelf,
And take a dream 'mong rushes Stygian,
It could not be so phantasied. Fierce, wan,
And tyrannizing was the lady's look,
As over them a gnarled staff she shook.
Oft-times upon the sudden she laugh'd out,
And from a basket emptied to the rout
Clusters of grapes, the which they raven'd quick
And roar'd for more; with many a hungry lick
About their shaggy jaws. Avenging, slow,
Anon she took a branch of mistletoe,
And emptied on't a black dull-gurgling phial:
[illegible]

From their poor breasts went sueing to her ear
In vain; remorseless as an infant's bier
She whisk'd against their eyes the sooty oil.
Whereat was heard a noise of painful toil,
[illegible]

And pull from the tail's end to stifled throat:
Then was appalling silence: then a sight
More wildering than all that hoarse affright;
For the whole herd, as by a whirlwind writhen,

Went through the dismal air like one huge Python
Antagonizing Boreas,—and so vanish'd.
Yet there was not a breath of wind: she banish'd
These phantoms with a nod. Lo! from the dark
Came waggish fauns, and nymphs, and satyrs stark,
With dancing and loud revelry,—and went
Swifter than centaurs after rapine bent.—
Sighing an elephant appear'd and bow'd
Before the fierce witch, speaking thus aloud
In human accent: 'Potent goddess! chief
Of pains resistless! make my being brief,
Or let me from this heavy prison fly:
Or give me to the air, or let me die!
I sue not for my happy crown again;
I sue not for my phalanx on the plain;
I sue not for my lone, my widow'd wife;
I sue not for my ruddy drops of life,
My children fair, my lovely girls and boys!
I will forget them; I will pass these joys;
Ask nought so heavenward, so too—too high:
Only I pray, as fairest boon, to die,
Or be deliver'd from this cumbrous flesh,
From this gross, detestable, filthy mesh,
And merely given to the cold bleak air.
Have mercy, Goddess! Circe, feel my prayer!'

"That curst magician's name fell icy numb
Upon my wild conjecturing: truth had come
Naked and sabre-like against my heart.
I saw a fury whetting a death-dart;
And my slain spirit, overwrought with fright,
Fainted away in that dark lair of night.
Think, my deliverer, how desolate
My waking must have been! disgust, and hate,
And terrors manifold divided me
A spoil amongst them. I prepar'd to flee
Into the dungeon core of that wild wood:
I fled three days—when lo! before me stood
Glaring the angry witch. O Dis, even now,
A clammy dew is beading on my brow,
At mere remembering her pale laugh, and curse.
'Ha! ha! Sir Dainty! there must be a nurse
Made of rose leaves and thistledown, express,
To cradle thee my sweet, and lull thee: yes,
I am too flinty-hard for thy nice touch:
My tenderest squeeze is but a giant's clutch.
So, fairy-thing, it shall have lullabies

Unheard of yet: and it shall still its cries
Upon some breast more lily-feminine.
Oh, no—it shall not pine, and pine, and pine
More than one pretty, trifling thousand years;
And then 'twere pity, but fate's gentle shears
Cut short its immortality. Sea-flirt!
Young dove of the waters! truly I'll not hurt
One hair of thine: see how I weep and sigh,
That our heart-broken parting is so nigh.
And must we part? Ah, yes, it must be so.
Yet ere thou leavest me in utter woe,
Let me sob over thee my last adieus,
And speak a blessing: Mark me! Thou hast thews
Immortal, for thou art of heavenly race:
But such a love is mine, that here I chase
Eternally away from thee all bloom
Of youth, and destine thee towards a tomb.
Hence shalt thou quickly to the watery vast;
And there, ere many days be overpast,

Thy fragile bones to unknown burial.
Adieu, sweet love, adieu!'—As shot stars fall,
She fled ere I could groan for mercy. Stung
And poisoned was my spirit: despair sung
A war-song of defiance 'gainst all hell.
A hand was at my shoulder to compel
My sullen steps; another 'fore my eyes
Moved on with pointed finger. In this guise
Enforced, at the last by ocean's foam
I found me; by my fresh, my native home.
Its tempering coolness, to my life akin,
Came salutary as I waded in;

"Young lover, I must weep—such hellish spite
With dry cheek who can tell? While thus my might
Proving upon this element, dismay'd,
Upon a dead thing's face my hand I laid;
I look'd—'twas Scylla! Cursed, cursed Circe!
O vulture-witch, hast never heard of mercy?
Could not thy harshest vengeance be content,

But thou must nip this tender innocent
Because I lov'd her?—Cold, O cold indeed
Were her fair limbs, and like a common weed
The sea-swell took her hair. Dead as she was
I clung about her waist, nor ceas'd to pass
Fleet as an arrow through unfathom'd brine,
Until there shone a fabric crystalline,
Ribb'd and inlaid with coral, pebble, and pearl.
Headlong I darted; at one eager swirl
Gain'd its bright portal, enter'd, and behold!
'Twas vast, and desolate, and icy-cold;
And all around—But wherefore this to thee
Who in few minutes more thyself shalt see?—
I left poor Scylla in a niche and fled.
My fever'd parchings up, my scathing dread
Met palsy half way: soon these limbs became
Gaunt, wither'd, sapless, feeble, cramp'd, and lame.

"Now let me pass a cruel, cruel space,
Without one hope, without one faintest trace
Of mitigation, or redeeming bubble
Of colour'd phantasy; for I fear 'twould trouble
Thy brain to loss of reason: and next tell
How a restoring chance came down to quell
One half of the witch in me.

"On a day,
Sitting upon a rock above the spray,
I saw grow up from the horizon's brink
A gallant vessel: soon she seem'd to sink
Away from me again, as though her course
Had been resum'd in spite of hindering force—
So vanish'd: and not long, before arose
Dark clouds, and muttering of winds morose.
Old Æolus would stifle his mad spleen,
But could not: therefore all the billows green
Toss'd up the silver spume against the clouds.
The tempest came: I saw that vessel's shrouds
In perilous bustle; while upon the deck
Stood trembling creatures. I beheld the wreck;
The final gulphing; the poor struggling souls:
I heard their cries amid loud thunder-rolls.
O they had all been sav'd but crazed eld
Annull'd my vigorous cravings: and thus quell'd
And curb'd, think on't, O Latmian! did I sit
Writhing with pity, and a cursing fit
Against that hell-born Circe. The crew had gone,

When at my feet emerg'd an old man's hand,
Grasping this scroll, and this same slender wand.
I knelt with pain—reached out my hand—had grasp'd
These treasures—touch'd the knuckles—they unclasp'd—
I caught a finger: but the downward weight

To search the book, and in the warming air
Parted its dripping leaves with eager care.

My eyes against the heavens, and read again.
O what a load of misery and pain
Each Atlas-line bore off!—a shine of hope
Came gold around me, cheering me to cope
Strenuous with hellish tyranny. Attend!
For thou hast brought their promise to an end.

"In the wide sea there lives a forlorn wretch,
Doom'd with enfeebled carcase to outstretch
His loath'd existence through ten centuries,
And then to die alone. Who can devise
A total opposition? No one. So
One million times ocean must ebb and flow,
And he oppressed. Yet he shall not die,
These things accomplish'd:—If he utterly
Scans all the depths of magic, and expounds
The meanings of all motions, shapes, and sounds;
If he explores all forms and substances

Most piously,—all lovers tempest-tost,

Must do the thing, or both will be destroy'd."—

"Then," cried the young Endymion, overjoy'd,
"We are twin brothers in this destiny!
Say, I intreat thee, what achievement high
Is, in this restless world, for me reserv'd.
What! if from thee my wandering feet had swerv'd,
Had we both perish'd?"—"Look!" the sage replied,
"Dost thou not mark a gleaming through the tide,
Of divers brilliances? 'tis the edifice
I told thee of, where lovely Scylla lies;
And where I have enshrined piously
All lovers, whom fell storms have doom'd to die
Throughout my bondage." Thus discoursing, on
They went till unobscur'd the porches shone;
Which hurryingly they gain'd, and enter'd straight.
Sure never since king Neptune held his state
Was seen such wonder underneath the stars.
Turn to some level plain where haughty Mars
Has legion'd all his battle; and behold
How every soldier, with firm foot, doth hold
His even breast: see, many steeled squares,
And rigid ranks of iron—whence who dares
One step? Imagine further, line by line,
These warrior thousands on the field supine:—
So in that crystal place, in silent rows,
Poor lovers lay at rest from joys and woes.—
The stranger from the mountains, breathless, trac'd
Such thousands of shut eyes in order plac'd;
Such ranges of white feet, and patient lips
All ruddy,—for here death no blossom nips.
He mark'd their brows and foreheads; saw their hair
Put sleekly on one side with nicest care;
And each one's gentle wrists, with reverence,
Put cross-wise to its heart.

"Let us commence,"
Whisper'd the guide, stuttering with joy, "even now."
He spake, and, trembling like an aspen-bough,
Began to tear his scroll in pieces small,
Uttering the while some mumblings funeral.
He tore it into pieces small as snow
That drifts unfeather'd when bleak northerns blow;
And having done it, took his dark blue cloak
And bound it round Endymion: then struck
His wand against the empty air times nine.—
"What more there is to do, young man, is thine:
But first a little patience; first undo
This tangled thread, and wind it to a clue.

Ah, gentle! 'tis as weak as spider's skein;
And shouldst thou break it—What, is it done so clean?
A power overshadows thee! O, brave!
The spite of hell is tumbling to its grave.
Here is a shell; 'tis pearly blank to me,
Nor mark'd with any sign or charactery—
Canst thou read aught? O read for pity's sake!
Olympus! we are safe! Now, Carian, break
This wand against yon lyre on the pedestal."

'Twas done: and straight with sudden swell and fall
Sweet music breath'd her soul away, and sigh'd
A lullaby to silence.—"Youth! now strew
These minced leaves on me, and passing through
Those files of dead, scatter the same around,
And thou wilt see the issue."—'Mid the sound
Of flutes and viols, ravishing his heart,
Endymion from Glaucus stood apart,
[illegible]
Press'd its c [illegible]
Endymion, [illegible]
The nymph [illegible]
[illegible]
As doth a flower at Apollo's touch.
Death felt it to his inwards: 'twas too much:
Death fell a weeping in his charnel-house.
The Latmian persever'd along, and thus
All were re-animated. There arose
A noise of harmony, pulses and throes
Of gladness in the air—while many, who
Had died in mutual arms devout and true,
Sprang to each other madly; and the rest
Felt a high certainty of being blest.
They gaz'd upon Endymion. Enchantment
Grew drunken, and would have its head and bent
[illegible]

Speechless they eyed each other, and about
The fair assembly wander'd to and fro,
Distracted with the richest overflow
Of joy that ever pour'd from heaven.

——"Away!"
Shouted the new born god; "Follow, and pay
Our piety to Neptunus supreme!"—
Then Scylla, blushing sweetly from her dream
They led on first, bent to her meek surprise,
Through portal columns of a giant size,
Into the vaulted, boundless emerald.
Joyous all follow'd, as the leader call'd,
Down marble steps; pouring as easily
As hour-glass sand,—and fast, as you might see
Swallows obeying the south summer's call,
Or swans upon a gentle waterfall.

Thus went that beautiful multitude, nor far,
Ere from among some rocks of glittering spar,
Just within ken, they saw descending thick
Another multitude. Whereat more quick
Moved either host. On a wide sand they met,
And of those numbers every eye was wet;
For each their old love found. A murmuring rose,
Like what was never heard in all the throes
Of wind and waters: 'tis past human wit
To tell; 'tis dizziness to think of it.

This mighty consummation made, the host
Mov'd on for many a league; and gain'd, and lost
Huge sea-marks; vanward swelling in array,
And from the rear diminishing away,—
Till a faint dawn surpris'd them. Glaucus cried,
"Behold! behold, the palace of his pride!
God Neptune's palaces!" With noise increas'd,
They shoulder'd on towards that brightening east.
At every onward step proud domes arose
In prospect,—diamond gleams, and golden glows
Of amber 'gainst their faces levelling.
Joyous, and many as the leaves in spring,
Still onward; still the splendour gradual swell'd.
Rich opal domes were seen, on high upheld
By jasper pillars, letting through their shafts
A blush of coral. Copious wonder-draughts
Each gazer drank; and deeper drank more near:
For what poor mortals fragment up, as mere

As marble was there lavish, to the vast
Of one fair palace, that far far surpass'd,
Even for common bulk, those olden three,
Memphis, and Babylon, and Nineveh.

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Through which this Paphian army took its march,
Into the outer courts of Neptune's state:
Whence could be seen, direct, a golden gate,
To which the leaders sped; but not half raught
Ere it burst open swift as fairy thought,
And made those dazzled thousands veil their eyes
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At his right hand stood winged Love, and on
His left sat smiling Beauty's paragon.

Far as the mariner on highest mast
Can see all round upon the calmed vast,
So wide was Neptune's hall: and as the blue
Doth vault the waters, so the waters drew
Their doming curtains, high, magnificent,
Aw'd from the throne aloof;—and when storm-rent
Disclos'd the thunder-gloomings in Jove's air;
But sooth'd as now, flash'd sudden everywhere,
Noiseless, sub-marine cloudlets, glittering
Death to a human eye: for there did spring
From natural west, and east, and south, and north,
A light as of four sunsets, blazing forth
A gold-green zenith 'bove the Sea-God's head.
Of lucid depth the floor, and far outspread
As breezeless lake, on which the slim canoe
Of feather'd Indian darts about, as through
The delicatest air: air verily,
But for the portraiture of clouds and sky:
This palace floor breath-air,—but for the amaze
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They stood in dreams
Till Triton blew his horn. The palace rang;

The Nereids danc'd; the Syrens faintly sang;
And the great Sea-King bow'd his dripping head.
Then Love took wing, and from his pinions shed
On all the multitude a nectarous dew.
The ooze-born Goddess beckoned and drew
Fair Scylla and her guides to conference;
And when they reach'd the throned eminence
She kist the sea-nymph's cheek,—who sat her down
A toying with the doves. Then,—"Mighty crown
And sceptre of this kingdom!" Venus said,
"Thy vows were on a time to Nais paid:
Behold!"—Two copious tear-drops instant fell
From the God's large eyes; he smil'd delectable,
And over Glaucus held his blessing hands.—
"Endymion! Ah! still wandering in the bands
Of love? Now this is cruel. Since the hour
I met thee in earth's bosom, all my power
Have I put forth to serve thee. What, not yet
Escap'd from dull mortality's harsh net?
A little patience, youth! 'twill not be long,
Or I am skilless quite: an idle tongue,
A humid eye, and steps luxurious,
Where these are new and strange, are ominous.
Aye, I have seen these signs in one of heaven,
When others were all blind: and were I given
To utter secrets, haply I might say
Some pleasant words:—but Love will have his day.
So wait awhile expectant. Pr'ythee soon,
Even in the passing of thine honey-moon,
Visit thou my Cythera: thou wilt find
Cupid well-natured, my Adonis kind;
And pray persuade with thee—Ah, I have done,
All blisses be upon thee, my sweet son!"—
Thus the fair goddess: While Endymion
Knelt to receive those accents halcyon.

Meantime a glorious revelry began
Before the Water-Monarch. Nectar ran
In courteous fountains to all cups outreach'd;
And plunder'd vines, teeming exhaustless, pleach'd
New growth about each shell and pendent lyre;
The which, in disentangling for their fire,
Pull'd down fresh foliage and coverture
For dainty toying. Cupid, empire-sure,
Flutter'd and laugh'd, and oft-times through the throng
Made a delighted way. Then dance, and song,
And garlanding grew wild; and pleasure reign'd.

In harmless tendril they each other chain'd,
And strove who should be smother'd deepest in
Fresh crush of leaves.

O 'tis a very sin
For one so weak to venture his poor verse
In such a place as this. O do not curse,
High Muses! let him hurry to the ending.

All suddenly were silent. A soft blending
Of dulcet instruments came charmingly;
And then a hymn.

"King of the stormy sea!
Brother of Jove, and co-inheritor
Of elements! Eternally before
Thee the waves awful bow. Fast, stubborn rock,
At thy fear'd trident shrinking, doth unlock
Its deep foundations, hissing into foam.
All mountain-rivers, lost in the wide home
Of thy capacious bosom, ever flow.
Thou frownest, and old Æolus thy foe
Skulks to his cavern, 'mid the gruff complaint
Of all his rebel tempests. Dark clouds faint
When, from thy diadem, a silver gleam
Slants over blue dominion. Thy bright team
Gulphs in the morning light, and scuds along
To bring thee nearer to that golden song
Apollo singeth, while his chariot
Waits at the doors of heaven. Thou art not
For scenes like this: an empire stern hast thou;
And it hath furrow'd that large front: yet now,
As newly come of heaven, dost thou sit
To blend and interknit
Subdued majesty with this glad time.
O shell-borne King sublime!
We lay our hearts before thee evermore—
We sing, and we adore!

"Breathe softly, flutes;
Be tender of your strings, ye soothing lutes;
Nor be the trumpet heard! O vain, O vain;
Not flowers budding in an April rain,
Nor breath of sleeping dove, nor river's flow,—
No, nor the Æolian twang of Love's own bow,
Can mingle music fit for the soft ear
Of goddess Cytherea!

Yet deign, white Queen of Beauty, thy fair eyes
On our souls' sacrifice.

"Bright-winged Child!
Who has another care when thou hast smil'd?
Unfortunates on earth, we see at last
All death-shadows, and glooms that overcast
Our spirits, fann'd away by thy light pinions.
O sweetest essence! sweetest of all minions!
God of warm pulses, and dishevell'd hair,
And panting bosoms bare!
Dear unseen light in darkness! eclipser
Of light in light! delicious poisoner!
Thy venom'd goblet will we quaff until
We fill—we fill!
And by thy Mother's lips———"

Was heard no more
For clamour, when the golden palace door
Opened again, and from without, in shone
A new magnificence. On oozy throne
Smooth-moving came Oceanus the old,
To take a latest glimpse at his sheep-fold,
Before he went into his quiet cave
To muse for ever—Then a lucid wave,
Scoop'd from its trembling sisters of mid-sea,
Afloat, and pillowing up the majesty
Of Doris, and the Ægean seer, her spouse—
Next, on a dolphin, clad in laurel boughs,
Theban Amphion leaning on his lute:
His fingers went across it—All were mute
To gaze on Amphitrite, queen of pearls,
And Thetis pearly too.—

The palace whirls
Around giddy Endymion; seeing he
Was there far strayed from mortality.
He could not bear it—shut his eyes in vain;
Imagination gave a dizzier pain.
"O I shall die! sweet Venus, be my stay!
Where is my lovely mistress? Well-away!
I die—I hear her voice—I feel my wing—"
At Neptune's feet he sank. A sudden ring
Of Nereids were about him, in kind strife
To usher back his spirit into life:
But still he slept. At last they interwove
Their cradling arms, and purpos'd to convey
Towards a crystal bower far away.

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The [illegible]
Came [illegible]
Cooler [illegible]
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How happy [illegible]

ENDYMION

BOOK IV

MUSE of my native land! loftiest Muse!
O first-born on the mountains! by the hues
Of heaven on the spiritual air begot:
Long didst thou sit alone in northern grot,
While yet our England was a wolfish den;
Before our forests heard the talk of men;
Before the first of Druids was a child;—
Long didst thou sit amid our regions wild
Rapt in a deep prophetic solitude.
There came an eastern voice of solemn mood:—
Yet wast thou patient. Then sang forth the Nine,
Apollo's garland:—yet didst thou divine
Such home-bred glory, that they cry'd in vain,
"Come hither, Sister of the Island!" Plain
Spake fair Ausonia; and once more she spake
A higher summons:—still didst thou betake
Thee to thy native hopes. O thou hast won
A full accomplishment! The thing is done,
Which undone, these our latter days had risen
On barren souls. Great Muse, thou know'st what prison,
Of flesh and bone, curbs, and confines, and frets
Our spirit's wings: despondency besets
Our pillows; and the fresh to-morrow morn
Seems to give forth its light in very scorn
Of our dull, uninspired, snail-paced lives.
Long have I said, how happy he who shrives
To thee! But then I thought on poets gone,
And could not pray:—nor could I now—so on
I move to the end in lowliness of heart.——

"Ah, woe is me! that I should fondly part
From my dear native land! Ah, foolish maid!
Glad was the hour, when, with thee, myriads bade
Adieu to Ganges and their pleasant fields!
To one so friendless the clear freshet yields

A bitter coolness; the ripe grape is sour:
Yet I would have, great gods! but one short hour
Of native air—let me but die at home."

Endymion to heaven's airy dome
Was offering up a hecatomb of vows,
When these words reach'd him. Whereupon he bows
His head through thorny-green entanglement
Of underwood, and to the sound is bent,
Anxious as hind towards her hidden fawn.

"Is no one near to help me? No fair dawn
Of life from charitable voice? No sweet saying
To set my dull and sadden'd spirit playing?
No hand to toy with mine? No lips so sweet
That I may worship them? No eyelids meet
To twinkle on my bosom? No one dies
Before me, till from these enslaving eyes
Redemption sparkles!—I am sad and lost."

Thou, Carian lord, hadst better have been tost
Into a whirlpool. Vanish into air,
Warm mountaineer! for canst thou only bear
A woman's sigh alone and in distress?
See not her charms! Is Phœbe passionless?
Phœbe is fairer far—O gaze no more:—
Yet if thou wilt behold all beauty's store,
Behold her panting in the forest grass!
Do not those curls of glossy jet surpass
For tenderness the arms so idly lain
Amongst them? Feelest not a kindred pain,

"O for Hermes' wand,
To touch this flower into human shape!
That woodland Hyacinthus could escape
From his green prison, and here kneeling down
Call me his queen, his second life's fair crown!
Ah me, how I could love!—My soul doth melt
For the unhappy youth—Love! I have felt
So faint a kindness, such a meek surrender

And thou, old forest, hold ye this for true,
There is no lightning, no authentic dew
But in the eye of love: there's not a sound,
Melodious howsoever, can confound
The heavens and earth in one to such a death
As doth the voice of love: there's not a breath
Will mingle kindly with the meadow air,
Till it has panted round, and stolen a share
Of passion from the heart!"—

Upon a bough
He leant, wretched. He surely cannot now
Thirst for another love: O impious,
That he can even dream upon it thus!—
Thought he, "Why am I not as are the dead,
Since to a woe like this I have been led
Through the dark earth, and through the wondrous sea?
Goddess! I love thee not the less: from thee
By Juno's smile I turn not—no, no, no—
While the great waters are at ebb and flow.—
I have a triple soul! O fond pretence—
For both, for both my love is so immense,
I feel my heart is cut for them in twain."

And so he groan'd, as one by beauty slain.
The lady's heart beat quick, and he could see
Her gentle bosom heave tumultuously.
He sprang from his green covert: there she lay,
Sweet as a muskrose upon new-made hay;
With all her limbs on tremble, and her eyes
Shut softly up alive. To speak he tries.
"Fair damsel, pity me! forgive that I
Thus violate thy bower's sanctity!
O pardon me, for I am full of grief—
Grief born of thee, young angel! fairest thief!
Who stolen hast away the wings wherewith
I was to top the heavens. Dear maid, sith
Thou art my executioner, and I feel
Loving and hatred, misery and weal,
Will in a few short hours be nothing to me,
And all my story that much passion slew me;
Do smile upon the evening of my days:
And, for my tortur'd brain begins to craze,
Be thou my nurse; and let me understand
How dying I shall kiss that lily hand.—
Dost weep for me? Then should I be content.
Scowl on, ye fates! until the firmament

Outblackens Erebus, and the full-cavern'd earth
Crumbles into itself. By the cloud girth
Of Jove, those tears have given me a thirst
To meet oblivion."—As her heart would burst
The maiden sobb'd awhile, and then replied:
"Why must such desolation betide
As that thou speakest of? Are not these green nooks
Empty of all misfortune? Do the brooks
Utter a gorgon voice? Does yonder thrush,
Schooling its half-fledg'd little ones to brush
About the dewy forest, whisper tales?—
Speak not of grief, young stranger, or cold snails

I love thee! and my days can never last.
That I may pass in patience still speak:
Let me have music dying, and I seek
No more delight—I bid adieu to all.
Didst thou not after other climates call,
And murmur about Indian streams?"—Then she,
Sitting beneath the midmost forest tree,
For pity sang this roundelay——

"O Sorrow,
Why dost borrow
The natural hue of health, from vermeil lips?
To give maiden blushes
To the white rose bushes?
Or is it thy dewy hand the daisy tips?

"O Sorrow,
Why dost borrow
The lustrous passion from a falcon-eye?—
To give the glow-worm light?
Or, on a moonless night,
To tinge, on syren shores, the salt sea-spry?

"O Sorrow,
Why dost borrow
The mellow ditties from a mourning tongue?—
To give at evening pale
Unto the nightingale,
That thou mayst listen the cold dews among?

"O Sorrow,
Why dost borrow
Heart's lightness from the merriment of May?—
A lover would not tread
A cowslip on the head,
Though he should dance from eve till peep of day—
Nor any drooping flower
Held sacred for thy bower,
Wherever he may sport himself and play.

"To Sorrow,
I bade good-morrow,
And thought to leave her far away behind;
But cheerly, cheerly,
She loves me dearly;
She is so constant to me, and so kind:
I would deceive her
And so leave her,
But ah! she is so constant and so kind.

"Beneath my palm trees, by the river side,
I sat a weeping: in the whole world wide
There was no one to ask me why I wept,—
And so I kept
Brimming the water-lily cups with tears
Cold as my fears.

"Beneath my palm trees, by the river side,
I sat a weeping: what enamour'd bride,
Cheated by shadowy wooer from the clouds,
But hides and shrouds
Beneath dark palm trees by a river side?

"And as I sat, over the light blue hills
There came a noise of revellers: the rills
Into the wide stream came of purple hue—
'Twas Bacchus and his crew!
The earnest trumpet spake, and silver thrills
From kissing cymbals made a merry din—
'Twas Bacchus and his kin!
Like to a moving vintage down they came,
Crown'd with green leaves, and faces all on flame;
All madly dancing through the pleasant valley,
To scare thee, Melancholy!
O then, O then, thou wast a simple name!
And I forgot thee, as the berried holly
By shepherds is forgotten, when, in June,
Tall chesnuts keep away the sun and moon:—
I rush'd into the folly!

"Within his car, aloft, young Bacchus stood,
Trifling his ivy-dart, in dancing mood,
With sidelong laughing;
And little rills of crimson wine imbrued
His plump white arms, and shoulders, enough white
For Venus' pearly bite:
And near him rode Silenus on his ass,
Pelted with flowers as he on did pass
Tipsily quaffing.

"Whence came ye, merry Damsels! whence came ye:
So many, and so many, and such glee?
Why have ye left your bowers desolate,
Your lutes, and gentler fate?—
'We follow Bacchus! Bacchus on the wing,
A conquering!
Bacchus, young Bacchus! good or ill betide,
We dance before him thorough kingdoms wide:—
Come hither, lady fair, and joined be
To our wild minstrelsy!'

"Whence came ye, jolly Satyrs! whence came ye!
So many, and so many, and such glee?
Why have ye left your forest haunts, why left
Your nuts in oak-tree cleft?—
'For wine, for wine we left our kernel tree;
For wine we left our heath, and yellow brooms,
And cold mushrooms;
For wine we follow Bacchus through the earth;
Great God of breathless cups and chirping mirth!—
Come hither, lady fair, and joined be
To our mad minstrelsy!'

"Over wide streams and mountains great we went,
And, save when Bacchus kept his ivy tent,
Onward the tiger and the leopard pants,
With Asian elephants:
Onward these myriads—with song and dance,
With zebras striped, and sleek Arabians' prance,
Web-footed alligators, crocodiles,
Bearing upon their scaly backs, in files,
Plump infant laughers mimicking the coil
Of seamen, and stout galley-rowers' toil:
With toying oars and silken sails they glide,
Nor care for wind and tide.

"Mounted on panthers' furs and lions' manes,
From rear to van they scour about the plains;
A three days' journey in a moment done:
And always, at the rising of the sun,
About the wilds they hunt with spear and horn,
On spleenful unicorn.

"I saw Osirian Egypt kneel adown
Before the vine-wreath crown!
I saw parch'd Abyssinia rouse and sing
To the silver cymbals' ring!
I saw the whelming vintage hotly pierce
Old Tartary the fierce!
The kings of Inde their jewel-sceptres vail,
And from their treasures scatter pearled hail;
Great Brahma from his mystic heaven groans,
And all his priesthood moans;
Before young Bacchus' eye-wink turning pale.—
Into these regions came I following him,
Sick hearted, weary—so I took a whim
To stray away into these forests drear
Alone, without a peer:
And I have told thee all thou mayest hear.

"Young stranger!
I've been a ranger
In search of pleasure throughout every clime:
Alas, 'tis not for me!
Bewitch'd I sure must be,
To lose in grieving all my maiden prime.

"Come then, Sorrow!
Sweetest Sorrow!
Like an own babe I nurse thee on my breast:
I thought to leave thee
And deceive thee,
But now of all the world I love thee best.

"There is not one,
No, no, not one
But thee to comfort a poor lonely maid;
Thou art her mother,
And her brother,
Her playmate, and her wooer in the shade."

O what a sigh she gave in finishing,
And look, quite dead to every worldly thing!

Endymion could not speak, but gazed on her;
And listened to the wind that now did stir
About the crisped oaks full drearily

Fair Melody! kind Syren! I've no choice;
I must be thy sad servant evermore:
I cannot choose but kneel here and adore.
Alas, I must not think—by Phœbe, no!
Let me not think, soft Angel! shall it be so?
Say, beautifullest, shall I never think?
O thou could'st foster me beyond the brink
Of recollection! make my watchful care
Close up its bloodshot eyes, nor see despair!
Do gently murder half my soul, and I
Shall feel the other half so utterly!—
I'm giddy at that cheek so fair and smooth;
O let it blush so ever! let it soothe
My madness! let it mantle rosy-warm
With the tinge of love, panting in safe alarm.—
This cannot be thy hand, and yet it is;
And this is sure thine other softling—this
Thine own fair bosom, and I am so near!
Wilt fall asleep? O let me sip that tear!
And whisper one sweet word that I may know
This is this world—sweet dewy blossom!"—*Woe!*
Woe! Woe to that Endymion! Where is he?—
Even these words went echoing dismally
Through the wide forest—a most fearful tone,
Like one repenting in his latest moan;
And while it died away a shade pass'd by,
As of a thunder cloud. When arrows fly
Through the thick branches, poor ring-doves sleek forth
Their timid necks and tremble; so these both
Leant to each other trembling, and sat so

Than shoots the slanted hail-storm, down he dropt
Towards the ground; but rested not, nor stopt
One moment from his home: only the sward
He with his wand light touch'd, and heavenward
Swifter than sight was gone—even before
The teeming earth a sudden witness bore
Of his swift magic. Diving swans appear

Above the crystal circlings white and clear;
And catch the cheated eye in wild surprise,
How they can dive in sight and unseen rise—
So from the turf outsprang two steeds jet-black,
Each with large dark blue wings upon his back.
The youth of Caria plac'd the lovely dame
On one, and felt himself in spleen to tame
The other's fierceness. Through the air they flew,
High as the eagles. Like two drops of dew
Exhal'd to Phœbus' lips, away they are gone,
Far from the earth away—unseen, alone,
Among cool clouds and winds, but that the free,
The buoyant life of song can floating be
Above their heads, and follow them untir'd.—
Muse of my native land, am I inspir'd?
This is the giddy air, and I must spread
Wide pinions to keep here; nor do I dread
Or height, or depth, or width, or any chance
Precipitous: I have beneath my glance
Those towering horses and their mournful freight.
Could I thus sail, and see, and thus await
Fearless for power of thought, without thine aid?—
There is a sleepy dusk, an odorous shade
From some approaching wonder, and behold
Those winged steeds, with snorting nostrils bold
Snuff at its faint extreme, and seem to tire,
Dying to embers from their native fire!

There curl'd a purple mist around them; soon,
It seem'd as when around the pale new moon
Sad Zephyr droops the clouds like weeping willow:
'Twas Sleep slow journeying with head on pillow.
For the first time, since he came nigh dead born
From the old womb of night, his cave forlorn
Had he left more forlorn; for the first time,
He felt aloof the day and morning's prime—
Because into his depth Cimmerian
There came a dream, showing how a young man,
Ere a lean bat could plump its wintery skin,
Would at high Jove's empyreal footstool win
An immortality, and how espouse
Jove's daughter, and be reckon'd of his house.
Now was he slumbering towards heaven's gate,
That he might at the threshold one hour wait
To hear the marriage melodies, and then
Sink downward to his dusky cave again.
His litter of smooth semilucent mist,

Diversely ting'd with rose and amethyst,
Puzzled those eyes that for the centre sought;
And scarcely for one moment could be caught
His sluggish form reposing motionless.
Those two on winged steeds, with all the stress
Of vision search'd for him, as one would look
Athwart the sallows of a river nook
To catch a glance at silver throated eels,—
Or from old Skiddaw's top, when fog conceals
[illegible]

These raven horses, though they foster'd are
Of earth's splenetic fire, dully drop
Their full-veined ears, nostrils blood wide, and stop;
Upon the spiritless mist have they outspread
Their ample feathers, are in slumber dead,—
And on those pinions, level in mid air,
Endymion sleepeth and the lady fair.
Slowly they sail, slowly as icy isle
Upon a calm sea drifting: and meanwhile
The mournful wanderer dreams. Behold! he walks
On heaven's pavement; brotherly he talks
To divine powers: from his hand full fain
Juno's proud birds are pecking pearly grain:
He tries the nerve of Phœbus' golden bow,
And asketh where the golden apples grow:
Upon his arm he braces Pallas' shield,
And strives in vain to unsettle and wield
A Jovian thunderbolt: arch Hebe brings
A full-brimm'd goblet, dances lightly, sings
And tantalizes long; at last he drinks,
And lost in pleasure at her feet he sinks,
Touching with dazzled lips her starlight hand.
He blows a bugle,—an ethereal band
Are visible above: the Seasons four,—
Green-kyrtled Spring, flush Summer, golden store
In Autumn's sickle, Winter frosty hoar,
Join dance with shadowy Hours; while still the blast,
[illegible]
[illegible] Dis!
Why is this mortal here? Dost thou not know
Its mistress' lips? Not thou?—'Tis Dian's: lo!
She rises crescented!" He looks, 'tis she,
His very goddess: good-bye earth, and sea,

And air, and pains, and care, and suffering;
Good-bye to all but love! Then doth he spring
Towards her, and awakes—and, strange, o'erhead,
Of those same fragrant exhalations bred,
Beheld awake his very dream: the gods
Stood smiling; merry Hebe laughs and nods;
And Phœbe bends towards him crescented.
O state perplexing! On the pinion bed,
Too well awake, he feels the panting side
Of his delicious lady. He who died
For soaring too audacious in the sun,
Where that same treacherous wax began to run,
Felt not more tongue-tied than Endymion.
His heart leapt up as to its rightful throne,
To that fair shadow'd passion puls'd its way—
Ah, what perplexity! Ah, well a day!
So fond, so beauteous was his bed-fellow,
He could not help but kiss her: then he grew
Awhile forgetful of all beauty save
Young Phœbe's, golden hair'd; and so 'gan crave
Forgiveness: yet he turn'd once more to look
At the sweet sleeper,—all his soul was shook,—
She press'd his hand in slumber; so once more
He could not help but kiss her and adore.
At this the shadow wept, melting away.
The Latmian started up: "Bright goddess, stay!
Search my most hidden breast! By truth's own tongue,
I have no dædale heart: why is it wrung
To desperation? Is there nought for me,
Upon the bourne of bliss, but misery?"

These words awoke the stranger of dark tresses:
Her dawning love-look rapt Endymion blesses
With 'haviour soft. Sleep yawned from underneath.
"Thou swan of Ganges, let us no more breathe
This murky phantasm! thou contented seem'st
Pillow'd in lovely idleness, nor dream'st
What horrors may discomfort thee and me.
Ah, shouldst thou die from my heart-treachery!—
Yet did she merely weep—her gentle soul
Hath no revenge in it: as it is whole
In tenderness, would I were whole in love!
Can I prize thee, fair maid, all price above,
Even when I feel as true as innocence?
I do, I do.—What is this soul then? Whence
Came it? It does not seem my own, and I
Have no self-passion or identity.

Some fearful end must be: where, where is it?
By Nemesis, I see my spirit flit
Alone about the dark—Forgive me, sweet:
Shall we away?" He rous'd the steeds: they beat
Their wings chivalrous into the clear air,
Leaving old Sleep within his vapoury lair.

The good-night blush of eve was waning slow,
And Vesper, risen star, began to throe
In the dusk heavens silverly, when they
Thus sprang direct towards the Galaxy.
Nor did speed hinder converse soft and strange—
Eternal oaths and vows they interchange,
In such wise, in such temper, so aloof
Up in the winds, beneath a starry roof,
So witless of their doom, that verily
'Tis well nigh past man's search their hearts to see:
Whe
Most

Full facing their swift flight, from ebon streak,
The moon put forth a little diamond peak,
No bigger than an unobserved star,
Or tiny point of fairy scymetar;
Bright signal that she only stoop'd to tie
Her silver sandals, ere deliciously
She bow'd into the heavens her timid head.
Slowly she rose, as though she would have fled,
While to his lady meek the Carian turn'd,
To mark if her dark eyes had yet discern'd
This beauty in its birth—Despair! despair!
He saw her body fading gaunt and spare
In the cold moonshine. Straight he seiz'd her wrist;
It melted from his grasp: her hand he kiss'd,
And, horror! kiss'd his own—he was alone.
Her steed a little higher soar'd, and then
Dropt hawkwise to the earth.

There lies a den,
Beyond the seeming confines of the space
Made for the soul to wander in and trace
Its own existence, of remotest glooms.
Dark regions are around it, where the tombs
Of buried griefs the spirit sees, but scarce
One hour doth linger weeping, for the pierce
Of new-born woe it feels more inly smart:
And in these regions many a venom'd dart

At random flies; they are the proper home
Of every ill: the man is yet to come
Who hath not journeyed in this native hell.
But few have ever felt how calm and well
Sleep may be had in that deep den of all.
There anguish does not sting; nor pleasure pall:
Woe-hurricanes beat ever at the gate,
Yet all is still within and desolate.
Beset with plainful gusts, within ye hear
No sound so loud as when on curtain'd bier
The death-watch tick is stifled. Enter none
Who strive therefore: on the sudden it is won.
Just when the sufferer begins to burn,
Then it is free to him; and from an urn,
Still fed by melting ice, he takes a draught—
Young Semele such richness never quaft
In her maternal longing. Happy gloom!
Dark Paradise! where pale becomes the bloom
Of health by due; where silence dreariest
Is most articulate; where hopes infest;
Where those eyes are the brightest far that keep
Their lids shut longest in a dreamless sleep.
O happy spirit-home! O wondrous soul!
Pregnant with such a den to save the whole
In thine own depth. Hail, gentle Carian!
For, never since thy griefs and woes began,
Hast thou felt so content: a grievous feud
Hath led thee to this Cave of Quietude.
Aye, his lull'd soul was there, although upborne
With dangerous speed: and so he did not mourn
Because he knew not whither he was going.
So happy was he, not the aerial blowing
Of trumpets at clear parley from the east
Could rouse from that fine relish, that high feast.
They stung the feather'd horse: with fierce alarm
He flapp'd towards the sound. Alas, no charm
Could lift Endymion's head, or he had view'd
A skyey mask, a pinion'd multitude,—
And silvery was its passing: voices sweet
Warbling the while as if to lull and greet
The wanderer in his path. Thus warbled they,
While past the vision went in bright array.

"Who, who from Dian's feast would be away?
For all the golden bowers of the day
Are empty left? Who, who away would be
From Cynthia's wedding and festivity?

Not Hesperus: lo! upon his silver wings
[illegible]
[illegible]
Your baskets high
[illegible]
All gather'd in the dewy morning: hie
Away! fly, fly!—
Crystalline brother of the belt of heaven,
Aquarius! to whom king Jove has given
Two liquid pulse streams 'stead of feather'd wings,
Two fan-like fountains,—thine illuminings
For Dian play:
Dissolve the frozen purity of air;
Let thy white shoulders silvery and bare
Show cold through watery pinions; make more bright
The Star-Queen's crescent on her marriage night:
Haste, haste away!—
Castor has tam'd the planet Lion, see!
And of the Bear has Pollux mastery:
A third is in the race! who is the third
Speeding away swift as the eagle bird?
The ramping Centaur!
The Lion's mane's on end: the Bear how fierce!
The Centaur's arrow ready seems to pierce
Some enemy: far forth his bow is bent
Into the blue of heaven. He'll be shent,
Pale unrelentor,
When he shall hear the wedding lutes a playing.—
Andromeda! sweet woman! why delaying
So timidly among the stars: come hither!
Join this bright throng, and nimbly follow whither
They all are going.

Danae's Son, before Jove newly bow'd,
Has wept for thee, calling to Jove aloud.
Thee, gentle lady, did he disenthral:
Ye shall for ever live and love, for all
Thy tears are flowing.—
By Daphne's fright, behold Apollo!—"

More
Endymion heard not: down his steed him bore,
Prone to the green head of a misty hill.

His first touch of the earth went nigh to kill.
"Alas!" said he, "were I but always borne
Through dangerous winds, had but my footsteps worn
A path in hell, for ever would I bless
Horrors which nourish an uneasiness
For my own sullen conquering: to him
Who lives beyond earth's boundary, grief is dim,
Sorrow is but a shadow: now I see
The grass; I feel the solid ground—Ah, me!
It is thy voice—divinest! Where?—who? who
Left thee so quiet on this bed of dew?
Behold upon this happy earth we are;
Let us ay love each other; let us fare
On forest-fruits, and never, never go
Among the abodes of mortals here below,
Or be by phantoms duped. O destiny!
Into a labyrinth now my soul would fly,
But with thy beauty will I deaden it.
Where didst thou melt to? By thee will I sit
For ever: let our fate stop here—a kid
I on this spot will offer: Pan will bid
Us live in peace, in love and peace among
His forest wildernesses. I have clung
To nothing, lov'd a nothing, nothing seen
Or felt but a great dream! O I have been
Presumptuous against love, against the sky,
Against all elements, against the tie
Of mortals each to each, against the blooms
Of flowers, rush of rivers, and the tombs
Of heroes gone! Against his proper glory
Has my own soul conspired: so my story
Will I to children utter, and repent.
There never liv'd a mortal man, who bent
His appetite beyond his natural sphere,
But starv'd and died. My sweetest Indian, here,
Here will I kneel, for thou redeemed hast
My life from too thin breathing: gone and past
Are cloudy phantasms. Caverns lone, farewel!
And air of visions, and the monstrous swell
Of visionary seas! No, never more
Shall airy voices cheat me to the shore
Of tangled wonder, breathless and aghast.
Adieu, my daintiest Dream! although so vast

My love is still for thee. The hour may come
When we shall meet in pure elysium.
On earth I may not love thee; and therefore
Doves will I offer up, and sweetest store
All through the teeming year: so thou wilt shine
On me, and on this damsel fair of mine,
And bless our simple lives. My Indian bliss!
My river-lily bud! one human kiss!
One sigh of real breath—one gentle squeeze,

Of some steep mossy hill, where ivy dun
Would hide us up, although spring leaves were none;
And where dark yew trees, as we rustle through,
Will drop their scarlet berry cups of dew?
O thou wouldst joy to live in such a place;
Dusk for our loves, yet light enough to grace
Those gentle limbs on mossy bed reclin'd:
For by one step the blue sky shouldst thou find,
And by another, in deep dell below,

When it shall please thee in our quiet home
To listen and think of love. Still let me speak;
Still let me dive into the joy I seek,—
For yet the past doth prison me. The rill,
Thou haply mayst delight in, will I fill
With fairy fishes from the mountain tarn,
And thou shalt feed them from the squirrel's barn.
Its bottom will I strew with amber shells,
And pebbles blue from deep enchanted wells.
Its sides I'll plant with dew-sweet eglantine,
And honeysuckles full of clear bee-wine.
I will entice this crystal rill to trace
Love's silver name upon the meadow's face.
I'll kneel to Vesta, for a flame of fire;
And to God Phœbus, for a golden lyre;
To Empress Dian, for a hunting spear;

To Vesper, for a taper silver-clear,
That I may see thy beauty through the night;
To Flora, and a nightingale shall light
Tame on thy finger; to the River-gods,
And they shall bring thee taper fishing-rods
Of gold, and lines of Naiads' long bright tress.
Heaven shield thee for thine utter loveliness!
Thy mossy footstool shall the altar be
'Fore which I'll bend, bending, dear love, to thee:
Those lips shall be my Delphos, and shall speak
Laws to my footsteps, colour to my cheek,
Trembling or stedfastness to this same voice,
And of three sweetest pleasurings the choice:
And that affectionate light, those diamond things,
Those eyes, those passions, those supreme pearl springs,
Shall be my grief, or twinkle me to pleasure.
Say, is not bliss within our perfect seisure?
O that I could not doubt!"

The mountaineer
Thus strove by fancies vain and crude to clear
His briar'd path to some tranquillity.
It gave bright gladness to his lady's eye,
And yet the tears she wept were tears of sorrow;
Answering thus, just as the golden morrow
Beam'd upward from the vallies of the east:
"O that the flutter of this heart had ceas'd,
Or the sweet name of love had pass'd away.
Young feather'd tyrant! by a swift decay
Wilt thou devote this body to the earth:
And I do think that at my very birth
I lisp'd thy blooming titles inwardly;
For at the first, first dawn and thought of thee,
With uplift hands I blest the stars of heaven.
Art thou not cruel? Ever have I striven
To think thee kind, but ah, it will not do!
When yet a child, I heard that kisses drew
Favour from thee, and so I kisses gave
To the void air, bidding them find out love:
But when I came to feel how far above
All fancy, pride, and fickle maidenhood,
All earthly pleasure, all imagin'd good,
Was the warm tremble of a devout kiss,—
Even then, that moment, at the thought of this,
Fainting I fell into a bed of flowers,
And languish'd there three days. Ye milder bowers,
Am I not cruelly wrong'd? Believe, believe

Me, dear Endymion, were I to weave
With my own fancies garlands of sweet life,
Thou shouldst be one of all. Ah, bitter strife!
I may not be thy love: I am forbidden—
Indeed I am—thwarted, affrighted, chidden,
By things I trembled at, and gorgon wrath.
Twice hast thou ask'd whither I went: henceforth
Ask me no more! I may not utter it,
Nor may I be thy love. We might commit
Ourselves at once to vengeance; we might die;
We might embrace and die: voluptuous thought!
Enlarge not to my hunger, or I'm caught
In trammels of perverse deliciousness.
No, no, that shall not be: thee will I bless,
And bid a long adieu."

The Carian
No word return'd: both lovelorn, silent, wan,
Into the vallies green together went.
Far wandering, they were perforce content
To sit beneath a fair lone beechen tree;
Nor at each other gaz'd, but heavily
Por'd on its hazle cirque of shedded leaves.

Endymion! unhappy! it nigh grieves
Me to behold thee thus in last extreme:
Ensky'd ere this, but truly that I deem
Truth the best music in a first-born song.
Thy lute-voic'd brother will I sing ere long,
And thou shalt aid—hast thou not aided me?
Yes, moonlight Emperor! felicity
Has been thy meed for many thousand years;
Yet often have I, on the brink of tears,
Mourn'd as if yet thou wert a forester;—
Forgetting the old tale.

He did not stir
His eyes from the dead leaves, or one small pulse
Of joy he might have felt. The spirit culls
Unfaded amaranth, when wild it strays
Through the old garden-ground of boyish days.
A little onward ran the very stream
By which he took his first soft poppy dream;
And on the very bark 'gainst which he leant
A crescent he had carv'd, and round it spent
His skill in little stars. The teeming tree
Had swollen and green'd the pious charactery,

But not ta'en out. Why, there was not a slope
Up which he had not fear'd the antelope;
And not a tree, beneath whose rooty shade
He had not with his tamed leopards play'd:
Nor could an arrow light, or javelin,
Fly in the air where his had never been—
And yet he knew it not.

O treachery!
Why does his lady smile, pleasing her eye
With all his sorrowing? He sees her not.
But who so stares on him? His sister sure!
Peona of the woods!—Can she endure—
Impossible—how dearly they embrace!
His lady smiles; delight is in her face;
It is no treachery.

"Dear brother mine!
Endymion, weep not so! Why shouldst thou pine
When all great Latmos so exalt will be?
Thank the great gods, and look not bitterly;
And speak not one pale word, and sigh no more.
Sure I will not believe thou hast such store
Of grief, to last thee to my kiss again.
Thou surely canst not bear a mind in pain,
Come hand in hand with one so beautiful.
Be happy both of you! for I will pull
The flowers of autumn for your coronals.
Pan's holy priest for young Endymion calls;
And when he is restor'd, thou, fairest dame,
Shalt be our queen. Now, is it not a shame
To see ye thus,—not very, very sad?
Perhaps ye are too happy to be glad:
O feel as if it were a common day;
Free-voic'd as one who never was away.
No tongue shall ask, whence come ye? but ye shall
Be gods of your own rest imperial.
Not even I, for one whole month, will pry
Into the hours that have pass'd us by,
Since in my arbour I did sing to thee.
O Hermes! on this very night will be
A hymning up to Cynthia, queen of light;
For the soothsayers old saw yesternight
Good visions in the air,—whence will befal,
As say these sages, health perpetual
To shepherds and their flocks; and furthermore,
In Dian's face they read the gentle lore:

Therefore for her these vesper-carols are.
Our friends will all be there from nigh and far.
Many upon thy death have ditties made;
And many, even now, their foreheads shade
With cypress, on a day of sacrifice.
New singing for our maids shalt thou devise,
And pluck the sorrow from our huntsmen's brows.
Tell me, my lady-queen, how to espouse
This wayward brother to his rightful joys!
His eyes are on thee bent, as thou didst poise
His fate most goddess-like. Help me, I pray,
To lure—Endymion, dear brother, say
What ails thee?" He could bear no more, and so
Bent his soul fiercely like a spiritual bow,
And twang'd it inwardly, and calmly said:
"I would have thee my only friend, sweet maid!
My only visitor! not ignorant though,
That those deceptions which for pleasure go
'Mong men, are pleasures real as real may be:
But there are higher ones I may not see,
If impiously an earthly realm I take.
Since I saw thee, I have been wide awake
[illegible]

[illegible]

Thy spirit in the wonders I shall tell.
[illegible] well;

[illegible]

With thee as a dear sister. Thou alone,
Peona, mayst return to me. I own
This may sound strangely: but when, dearest girl,
Thou seest it for my happiness, no pearl
Will trespass down those cheeks. Companion fair!
Wilt be content to dwell with her, to share
This sister's love with me?" Like one resign'd
And bent by circumstance, and thereby blind
In self-commitment, thus that meek unknown:
"Aye, but a buzzing by my ears has flown,
Of jubilee to Dian:—truth I heard!
Well then, I see there is no little bird,
Tender soever, but is Jove's own care.
Long have I sought for rest, and, unaware,
Behold I find it! so exalted too!

So after my own heart! I knew, I knew
There was a place untenanted in it:
In that same void white Chastity shall sit,
And monitor me nightly to lone slumber.
With sanest lips I vow me to the number
Of Dian's sisterhood; and, kind lady,
With thy good help, this very night shall see
My future days to her fane consecrate."

As feels a dreamer what doth most create
His own particular fright, so these three felt:
Or like one who, in after ages, knelt
To Lucifer or Baal, when he'd pine
After a little sleep: or when in mine
Far under-ground, a sleeper meets his friends
Who know him not. Each diligently bends
Towards common thoughts and things for very fear;
Striving their ghastly malady to cheer,
By thinking it a thing of yes and no,
That housewives talk of. But the spirit-blow
Was struck, and all were dreamers. At the last
Endymion said: "Are not our fates all cast?
Why stand we here? Adieu, ye tender pair!
Adieu!" Whereat those maidens, with wild stare,
Walk'd dizzily away. Pained and hot
His eyes went after them, until they got
Near to a cypress grove, whose deadly maw,
In one swift moment, would what then he saw
Engulph for ever. "Stay!" he cried, "ah, stay!
Turn, damsels! hist! one word I have to say.
Sweet Indian, I would see thee once again.
It is a thing I dote on: so I'd fain,
Peona, ye should hand in hand repair
Into those holy groves, that silent are
Behind great Dian's temple. I'll be yon,
At vesper's earliest twinkle—they are gone—
But once, once, once again—" At this he press'd
His hands against his face, and then did rest
His head upon a mossy hillock green,
And so remain'd as he a corpse had been
All the long day; save when he scantly lifted
His eyes abroad, to see how shadows shifted
With the slow move of time,—sluggish and weary
Until the poplar tops, in journey dreary,
Had reach'd the river's brim. Then up he rose,
And, slowly as that very river flows,
Walk'd towards the temple grove with this lament:

"Why such a golden eve? The breeze is sent
Careful and soft, that not a leaf may fall
Before the serene father of them all
Bows down his summer head below the west.
Now am I of breath, speech, and speed possest,
But at the setting I must bid adieu
To her for the last time. Night will strew
On the damp grass myriads of lingering leaves,
And with them shall I die; nor much it grieves
To die, when summer dies on the cold sward.
Why, I have been a butterfly, a lord
Of flowers, garlands, love-knots, silly posies,
Groves, meadows, melodies, and arbour roses;
My kingdom's at its death, and just it is
That I should die with it: so in all this
[illegible] woe,
[illegible]
[illegible]
Tripp'd lightly on, in sort of deathful glee;
Laughing at the clear stream and setting sun,
As though they jests had been: nor had he done
His laugh at nature's holy countenance,
Until that grove appear'd, as if perchance,
And then his tongue with sober seemlihed
Gave utterance as he enter'd: "Ha! I said,
King of the butterflies; but by this gloom,
And by old Rhadamanthus' tongue of doom,
This dusk religion, pomp of solitude,
And the Promethean clay by thief endued,
By old Saturnus' forelock, by his head
Shook with eternal palsy, I did wed
Myself to things of light from infancy;
And thus to be cast out, thus lorn to die,
Is sure enough to make a mortal man
Grow impious." So he inwardly began
On things for which no wording can be found;
[illegible]
[illegible]

Nor muffling thicket interpos[illegible]d to dull
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

Then he embrac'd her, and his lady's hand
Press'd, saying: "Sister, I would have command,
If it were heaven's will, on our sad fate."
At which that dark-eyed stranger stood elate
And said, in a new voice, but sweet as love,
To Endymion's amaze: "By Cupid's dove,
And so thou shalt! and by the lily truth
Of my own breast thou shalt, beloved youth!"
And as she spake, into her face there came
Light, as reflected from a silver flame:
Her long black hair swell'd ampler, in display
Full golden; in her eyes a brighter day
Dawn'd blue and full of love. Aye, he beheld
Phœbe, his passion! joyous she upheld
Her lucid bow, continuing thus: "Drear, drear
Has our delaying been; but foolish fear
Withheld me first; and then decrees of fate;
And then 'twas fit that from this mortal state
Thou shouldst, my love, by some unlook'd for change
Be spiritualiz'd. Peona, we shall range
These forests, and to thee they safe shall be
As was thy cradle; hither shalt thou flee
To meet us many a time." Next Cynthia bright
Peona kiss'd, and bless'd with fair good night:
Her brother kiss'd her too, and knelt adown
Before his goddess, in a blissful swoon.
She gave her fair hands to him, and behold,
Before three swiftest kisses he had told,
They vanish'd far away!—Peona went
Home through the gloomy wood in wonderment.

THE END

LAMIA

ISABELLA

THE EVE OF ST. AGNES

AND

OTHER POEMS

1820

ADVERTISEMENT

If any apology be thought necessary for the appearance of the unfinished poem of HYPERION, the publishers beg to state that they alone are responsible, as it was printed at their particular request, and contrary to the wish of the author. The poem was intended to have been of equal length with ENDYMION, but the reception given to that work discouraged the author from proceeding.

Fleet-Street, June 20, 1820.

LAMIA

PART I

UPON a time, before the faery broods
Drove Nymph and Satyr from the prosperous woods,
Before king Oberon's bright diadem,
Sceptre, and mantle, clasp'd with dewy gem,
Frighted away the Dryads and the Fauns
From rushes green, and brakes, and cowslip'd lawns,
The ever-smitten Hermes empty left
His golden throne, bent warm on amorous theft:
From high Olympus had he stolen light,
On this side of Jove's clouds, to escape the sight
Of his great summoner, and made retreat
Into a forest on the shores of Crete.
For somewhere in that sacred island dwelt
A nymph, to whom all hoofed Satyrs knelt;
At whose white feet the languid Tritons poured
Pearls, while on land they wither'd and adored.
Fast by the springs where she to bathe was wont,
And in those meads where sometime she might haunt,
Were strewn rich gifts, unknown to any Muse,
Though Fancy's casket were unlock'd to choose.
Ah, what a world of love was at her feet!
So Hermes thought, and a celestial heat
Burnt from his winged heels to either ear,
That from a whiteness, as the lily clear,
Blush'd into roses 'mid his golden hair,
Fallen in jealous curls about his shoulders bare.
From vale to vale, from wood to wood, he flew,
Breathing upon the flowers his passion new,
And wound with many a river to its head,
To find where this sweet nymph prepar'd her se[illegible]
In vain; the sweet nymph might nowhere be [illegible]
And so he rested, on the lonely ground,
Pensive, and full of painful jealousies
Of the Wood-Gods, and even the very [illegible]

There as he stood, he heard a mournful voice,
Such as once heard, in gentle heart, destroys
All pain but pity: thus the lone voice spake:
"When from this wreathed tomb shall I awake!
When move in a sweet body fit for life,
And love, and pleasure, and the ruddy strife
Of hearts and lips! Ah, miserable me!"
The God, dove-footed, glided silently
Round bush and tree, soft-brushing, in his speed,
The taller grasses and full-flowering weed,
Until he found a palpitating snake,
Bright, and cirque-couchant in a dusky brake.

She was a gordian shape of dazzling hue,
Vermilion-spotted, golden, green, and blue;
Striped like a zebra, freckled like a pard,
Eyed like a peacock, and all crimson barr'd;
And full of silver moons, that, as she breathed,
Dissolv'd, or brighter shone, or interwreathed
Their lustres with the gloomier tapestries—
So rainbow-sided, touch'd with miseries,
She seem'd, at once, some penanced lady elf,
Some demon's mistress, or the demon's self.
Upon her crest she wore a wannish fire
Sprinkled with stars, like Ariadne's tiar:
Her head was serpent, but ah, bitter-sweet!
She had a woman's mouth with all its pearls complete.
And for her eyes: what could such eyes do there
But weep, and weep, that they were born so fair?
As Proserpine still weeps for her Sicilian air.
Her throat was serpent, but the words she spake
Came, as through bubbling honey, for Love's sake,
And thus; while Hermes on his pinions lay,
Like a stoop'd falcon ere he takes his prey.

"Fair Hermes, crown'd with feathers, fluttering light,
I had a splendid dream of thee last night:
I saw thee sitting, on a throne of gold,
Among the Gods, upon Olympus old,
The only sad one; for thou didst not hear
The soft, lute-finger'd Muses chaunting clear,
Nor even Apollo when he sang alone,
Deaf to his throbbing throat's long, long melodious moan.
I dreamt I saw thee, robed in purple flakes,
Break amorous through the clouds, as morning breaks,
And, swiftly as a bright Phœbean dart,
Strike for the Cretan isle; and here thou art!

Too gentle Hermes, hast thou found the maid?"
Whereat the star of Lethe not delay'd
His rosy eloquence, and thus inquired:
"Thou smooth-lipp'd serpent, surely high inspired!
Thou beauteous wreath, with melancholy eyes,
Possess whatever bliss thou canst devise,
Telling me only where my nymph is fled,—
Where she doth breathe!" "Bright planet, thou hast said,"
Return'd the snake, "but seal with oaths, fair God!"
"I swear," said Hermes, "by my serpent rod,
And by thine eyes, and by thy starry crown!"
Light flew his earnest words, among the blossoms blown.
Then thus again the brilliance feminine:
"Too frail of heart! for this lost nymph of thine,
Free as the air, invisibly, she strays
About these thornless wilds; her pleasant days
She tastes unseen; unseen her nimble feet
Leave traces in the grass and flowers sweet;
From weary tendrils, and bow'd branches green,
She plucks the fruit unseen, she bathes unseen:
And by my power is her beauty veil'd
To keep it unaffronted, unassail'd
By the love-glances of unlovely eyes,
Of Satyrs, Fauns, and blear'd Silenus' sighs.
Pale grew her immortality, for woe
Of all these lovers, and she grieved so
I took compassion on her, bade her steep
Her hair in weird syrops, that would keep
Her loveliness invisible, yet free
To wander as she loves, in liberty.
Thou shalt behold her, Hermes, thou alone,
If thou wilt, as thou swearest, grant my boon!"
Then once again the charmed God began
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
Blush'd a live damask, and swift-lisping said,
"I was a woman, let me have once more
A woman's shape, and charming as before.
I love a youth of Corinth—O the bliss!
Give me my woman's form, and place me where he is.
Stoop, Hermes, let me breathe upon thy brow,
And thou shalt see thy sweet nymph even now."
The God on half-shut feathers sank serene,
She breath'd upon his eyes, and swift was seen
Of both the guarded nymph near-smiling on the green.
It was no dream; or say a dream it was,

Real are the dreams of Gods, and smoothly pass
Their pleasures in a long immortal dream.
One warm, flush'd moment, hovering, it might seem
Dash'd by the wood-nymph's beauty, so he burn'd;
Then, lighting on the printless verdure, turn'd
To the swoon'd serpent, and with languid arm,
Delicate, put to proof the lythe Caducean charm.
So done, upon the nymph his eyes he bent
Full of adoring tears and blandishment,
And towards her stept: she, like a moon in wane,
Faded before him, cower'd, nor could restrain
Her fearful sobs, self-folding like a flower
That faints into itself at evening hour:
But the God fostering her chilled hand,
She felt the warmth, her eyelids open'd bland,
And, like new flowers at morning song of bees,
Bloom'd, and gave up her honey to the lees.
Into the green-recessed woods they flew;
Nor grew they pale, as mortal lovers do.

Left to herself, the serpent now began
To change; her elfin blood in madness ran,
Her mouth foam'd, and the grass, therewith besprent,
Wither'd at dew so sweet and virulent;
Her eyes in torture fix'd, and anguish drear,
Hot, glaz'd, and wide, with lid-lashes all sear,
Flash'd phosphor and sharp sparks, without one cooling tear.
The colours all inflam'd throughout her train,
She writh'd about, convuls'd with scarlet pain:
A deep volcanian yellow took the place
Of all her milder-mooned body's grace;
And, as the lava ravishes the mead,
Spoilt all her silver mail, and golden brede;
Made gloom of all her frecklings, streaks and bars,
Eclips'd her crescents, and lick'd up her stars:
So that, in moments few, she was undrest
Of all her sapphires, greens, and amethyst,
And rubious-argent: of all these bereft,
Nothing but pain and ugliness were left.
Still shone her crown; that vanish'd, also she
Melted and disappear'd as suddenly;
And in the air, her new voice luting soft,
Cried, "Lycius! gentle Lycius!"—Borne aloft
With the bright mists about the mountains hoar
These words dissolv'd: Crete's forests heard no more.

Whither fled Lamia, now a lady bright,
A full-born beauty new and exquisite?

She fled into that valley they pass o'er
Who go to Corinth from Cenchreas' shore;
And rested at the foot of those wild hills,
The rugged founts of the Peræan rills,
And of that other ridge whose barren back
Stretches, with all its mist and cloudy rack,
South-westward to Cleone. There she stood
About a young bird's flutter from a wood,
Fair, on a sloping green of mossy tread,
By a clear pool, wherein she passioned
To see herself escap'd from so sore ills,
While her robes flaunted with the daffodils.

Ah, happy Lycius!—for she was a maid
More beautiful than ever twisted braid,
Or sigh'd, or blush'd, or on spring-flowered lea
Spread a green kirtle to the minstrelsy:
A virgin purest lipp'd, yet in the lore
[illegible]

Why this fair creature chose so fairly
By the wayside to linger, we shall see;
But first 'tis fit to tell how she could muse
And dream, when in the serpent prison-house,
Of all she list, strange or magnificent:
How, ever, where she will'd, her spirit went;
Whether to faint Elysium, or where
Down through tress-lifting waves the Nereids fair
Wind into Thetis' bower by many a pearly stair;
Or where God Bacchus drains his cups divine,
[illegible]
Her dream, with feast and rioting to blend;
[illegible]

Like a young Jove with calm uneager face,
And fell into a swooning love of him.
Now on the moth-time of that evening dim
He would return that way, as well she knew,
To Corinth from the shore; for freshly blew
The eastern soft wind, and his galley now
Grated the quaystones with her brazen prow
In port Cenchreas, from Egina isle
Fresh anchor'd; whither he had been awhile
To sacrifice to Jove, whose temple there
Waits with high marble doors for blood and incense rare.
Jove heard his vows, and better'd his desire;
For by some freakful chance he made retire
From his companions, and set forth to walk,
Perhaps grown wearied of their Corinth talk:
Over the solitary hills he fared,
Thoughtless at first, but ere eve's star appeared
His phantasy was lost, where reason fades,
In the calm'd twilight of Platonic shades.
Lamia beheld him coming, near, more near—
Close to her passing, in indifference drear,
His silent sandals swept the mossy green;
So neighbour'd to him, and yet so unseen
She stood: he pass'd, shut up in mysteries,
His mind wrapp'd like his mantle, while her eyes
Follow'd his steps, and her neck regal white
Turn'd—syllabling thus, "Ah, Lycius bright,
And will you leave me on the hills alone?
Lycius, look back! and be some pity shown."
He did; not with cold wonder fearingly,
But Orpheus-like at an Eurydice;
For so delicious were the words she sung,
It seem'd he had lov'd them a whole summer long:
And soon his eyes had drunk her beauty up,
Leaving no drop in the bewildering cup,
And still the cup was full,—while he, afraid
Lest she should vanish ere his lip had paid
Due adoration, thus began to adore;
Her soft look growing coy, she saw his chain so sure:
"Leave thee alone! Look back! Ah, Goddess, see
Whether my eyes can ever turn from thee!
For pity do not this sad heart belie—
Even as thou vanishest so I shall die.
Stay! though a Naiad of the rivers, stay!
To thy far wishes will thy streams obey:
Stay! though the greenest woods be thy domain,
Alone they can drink up the morning rain:

Though a descended Pleiad, will not one
Of thine harmonious sisters keep in tune
Thy spheres, and as thy silver proxy shine?
So sweetly to these ravish'd ears of mine
Came thy sweet greeting, that if thou shouldst fade
Thy memory will waste me to a shade:—
For pity do not melt!"—"If I should stay,"
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
Thou canst not ask me with thee here to roam
Over these hills and vales, where no joy is,—
Empty of immortality and bliss!
Thou art a scholar, Lycius, and must know
That finer spirits cannot breathe below
In human climes, and live: Alas! poor youth,
What taste of purer air hast thou to soothe
My essence? What serener palaces,
Where I may all my many senses please,
And by mysterious sleights a hundred thirsts appease?
It cannot be—Adieu!" So said, she rose
Tiptoe with white arms spread. He, sick to lose
The amorous promise of her lone complain,
Swoon'd, murmuring of love, and pale with pain.
The cruel lady, without any show
Of sorrow for her tender favourite's woe,
But rather, if her eyes could brighter be,
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
And as he from one trance was wakening
[illegible]
[illegible] thing,
[illegible]
[illegible] their panting fires
And then she whisper'd in such trembling tone,
As those who, safe together met alone
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
Any more subtle fluid in her veins
Than throbbing blood, and that the self-same pains
Inhabited her frail-strung heart as his.
And next she wonder'd how his eyes could miss
Her face so long in Corinth, where, she said,

Like a young Jove with calm uneager face,
And fell into a swooning love of him.
Now on the moth-time of that evening dim
He would return that way, as well she knew,
To Corinth from the shore; for freshly blew
The eastern soft wind, and his galley now
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Stay! though the greenest woods be thy domain,
Alone they can drink up the morning rain:

Though a descended Pleiad, will not one
Of thine harmonious sisters keep in tune
Thy spheres, and as thy silver proxy shine?
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Came thy sweet greeting, that if thou shouldst fade
Thy memory will waste me to a shade:—
For pity do not melt!" "If I should stay,"
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
Thou canst not ask me with thee here to roam
Over these hills and vales, where no joy is,—
Empty of immortality and bliss!
Thou art a scholar, Lycius, and must know
That finer spirits cannot breathe below
In human climes, and live: Alas! poor youth,
What taste of purer air hast thou to soothe
My essence? What serener palaces,
Where I may all my many senses please,
And by mysterious sleights a hundred thirsts appease?
It cannot be—Adieu!" So said, she rose
Tiptoe with white arms spread. He, sick to lose
The amorous promise of her lone complain,
[illegible] 'th pain.
[illegible]
[illegible]
But rather, if her eyes could brighter be,
With brighter eyes and slow amenity,
Put her new lips to his, and gave afresh
The life she had so tangled in her mesh:
And as he from one trance was wakening
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
For that she was a woman, and without
Any more subtle fluid in her veins
Than throbbing blood, and that the self-same pains
Inhabited her frail-strung heart as his.
And next she wonder'd how his eyes could miss
Her face so long in Corinth, where, she said,

She dwelt but half retir'd, and there had led
Days happy as the gold coin could invent
Without the aid of love; yet in content
Till she saw him, as once she pass'd him by,
Where 'gainst a column he leant thoughtfully
At Venus' temple porch, 'mid baskets heap'd
Of amorous herbs and flowers, newly reap'd
Late on that eve, as 'twas the night before
The Adonian feast; whereof she saw no more,
But wept alone those days, for why should she adore?
Lycius from death awoke into amaze,
To see her still, and singing so sweet lays;
Then from amaze into delight he fell
To hear her whisper woman's lore so well;
And every word she spake entic'd him on
To unperplex'd delight and pleasure known.
Let the mad poets say whate'er they please
Of the sweets of Fairies, Peris, Goddesses,
There is not such a treat among them all,
Haunters of cavern, lake, and waterfall,
As a real woman, lineal indeed
From Pyrrha's pebbles or old Adam's seed.
Thus gentle Lamia judg'd, and judg'd aright,
That Lycius could not love in half a fright,
So threw the goddess off, and won his heart
More pleasantly by playing woman's part,
With no more awe than what her beauty gave,
That, while it smote, still guaranteed to save.
Lycius to all made eloquent reply,
Marrying to every word a twinborn sigh;
And last, pointing to Corinth, ask'd her sweet,
If 'twas too far that night for her soft feet.
The way was short, for Lamia's eagerness
Made, by a spell, the triple league decrease
To a few paces; not at all surmised
By blinded Lycius, so in her comprized.
They pass'd the city gates, he knew not how,
So noiseless, and he never thought to know.

As men talk in a dream, so Corinth all,
Throughout her palaces imperial,
And all her populous streets and temples lewd,
Mutter'd, like tempest in the distance brew'd,
To the wide-spreaded night above her towers.
Men, women, rich and poor, in the cool hours,
Shuffled their sandals o'er the pavement white,
Companion'd or alone; while many a light

Flared, here and there, from wealthy festivals,
And threw their moving shadows on the walls,
Or found them cluster'd in the corniced shade
Of some arch'd temple door, or dusky colonnade.

Muffling his face, of greeting friends in fear,
Her fingers he press'd hard, as one came near
[illegible] th bald crown,
[illegible]
[illegible]
Into his mantle, adding wings to haste,
While hurried Lamia trembled: "Ah," said he,
"Why do you shudder, love, so ruefully?
Why does your tender palm dissolve in dew?"—
"I'm wearied," said fair Lamia: "tell me who
Is that old man? I cannot bring to mind
His features:—Lycius! wherefore did you blind
Yourself from his quick eyes?" Lycius replied,
"'T[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]"

While yet he spake they had arriv'd before
A pillar'd porch, with lofty portal door,
Where hung a silver lamp, whose phosphor glow
Reflected in the slabbed steps below,
Mild as a star in water; for so new,
And so unsullied was the marble hue,
So through the crystal polish, liquid fine,
Ran the dark veins, that none but feet divine
Could e'er have touch'd there. Sounds Æolian
Breath'd from the hinges, as the ample span
Of the wide doors disclos'd a place unknown
Some time to any, but those two alone,
And a few Persian mutes, who that same year
Were seen about the markets: none knew where
They could inhabit; the most curious
Were foil'd, who watch'd to trace them to their house:
And but the flitter-winged verse must tell,
For truth's sake, what woe afterwards befel,
'Twould humour many a heart to leave them thus,
Shut from the busy world of more incredulous.

LAMIA

PART II

LOVE in a hut, with water and a crust,
Is—Love, forgive us!—cinders, ashes, dust;
Love in a palace is perhaps at last
More grievous torment than a hermit's fast:—
That is a doubtful tale from faery land,
Hard for the non-elect to understand.
Had Lycius liv'd to hand his story down,
He might have given the moral a fresh frown,
Or clench'd it quite: but too short was their bliss
To breed distrust and hate, that make the soft voice hiss.
Besides, there, nightly, with terrific glare,
Love, jealous grown of so complete a pair,
Hover'd and buzz'd his wings, with fearful roar,
Above the lintel of their chamber door,
And down the passage cast a glow upon the floor.

For all this came a ruin: side by side
They were enthroned, in the even tide,
Upon a couch, near to a curtaining
Whose airy texture, from a golden string,
Floated into the room, and let appear
Unveil'd the summer heaven, blue and clear,
Betwixt two marble shafts:—there they reposed,
Where use had made it sweet, with eyelids closed,
Saving a tythe which love still open kept,
That they might see each other while they almost slept;
When from the slope side of a suburb hill,
Deafening the swallow's twitter, came a thrill
Of trumpets—Lycius started—the sounds fled,
But left a thought, a buzzing in his head.
For the first time, since first he harbour'd in
That purple-lined palace of sweet sin,
His spirit pass'd beyond its golden bourn
Into the noisy world almost forsworn

The lady, ever watchful, penetrant,
Saw this with pain, so arguing a want
Of something more, more than her empery
[illegible]
[illegible]
That but a moment's thought is passion's passing bell.
"Why do you sigh, fair creature?" whisper'd he:
"Why do you think?" return'd she tenderly:
"You have deserted me;—where am I now?
Not in your heart while care weighs on your brow:
No, no, you have dismiss'd me; and I go
From your breast houseless: ay, it must be so."
He answer'd, bending to her open eyes,
Where he was mirror'd small in paradise,
"My silver planet, both of eve and morn!
Why will you plead yourself so sad forlorn,
While I am striving how to fill my heart
With deeper crimson, and a double smart?
How to entangle, trammel up and snare
Your soul in mine, and labyrinth you there
Like the hid scent in an unbudded rose?
Ay, a sweet kiss—you see your mighty woes.
My thoughts! shall I unveil them? Listen then!
What mortal hath a prize, that other men
May be confounded and abash'd withal,
But lets it sometimes pace abroad majestical,
And triumph, as in thee I should rejoice
Amid the hoarse alarm of Corinth's voice.
Let my foes choke, and my friends shout afar,
[illegible] r
[illegible] heek
[illegible]
[illegible]
Of sorrows at his words; at last with pain
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
Against his better self, he took delight
Luxurious in her sorrows, soft and new.
His passion, cruel grown, took on a hue
Fierce and sanguineous as 'twas possible
In one whose brow had no dark veins to swell.
Fine was the mitigated fury, like
Apollo's presence when in act to strike
The serpent—Ha, the serpent! certes, she

Was none. She burnt, she lov'd the tyranny,
And, all subdued, consented to the hour
When to the bridal he should lead his paramour.
Whispering in midnight silence, said the youth,
"Sure some sweet name thou hast, though, by my truth,
I have not ask'd it, ever thinking thee
Not mortal, but of heavenly progeny,
As still I do. Hast any mortal name,
Fit appellation for this dazzling frame?
Or friends or kinsfolk on the citied earth,
To share our marriage feast and nuptial mirth?"
"I have no friends," said Lamia, "no, not one;
My presence in wide Corinth hardly known:
My parents' bones are in their dusty urns
Sepulchred, where no kindled incense burns,
Seeing all their luckless race are dead, save me,
And I neglect the holy rite for thee.
Even as you list invite your many guests;
But if, as now it seems, your vision rests
With any pleasure on me, do not bid
Old Apollonius—from him keep me hid."
Lycius, perplex'd at words so blind and blank,
Made close inquiry; from whose touch she shrank,
Feigning a sleep; and he to the dull shade
Of deep sleep in a moment was betray'd.

It was the custom then to bring away
The bride from home at blushing shut of day,
Veil'd, in a chariot, heralded along
By strewn flowers, torches, and a marriage song,
With other pageants: but this fair unknown
Had not a friend. So being left alone,
(Lycius was gone to summon all his kin)
And knowing surely she could never win
His foolish heart from its mad pompousness,
She set herself, high-thoughted, how to dress
The misery in fit magnificence.
She did so, but 'tis doubtful how and whence
Came, and who were her subtle servitors.
About the halls, and to and from the doors,
There was a noise of wings, till in short space
The glowing banquet-room shone with wide-arched grace.
A haunting music, sole perhaps and lone
Supportress of the faery-roof, made moan
Throughout, as fearful the whole charm might fade.
Fresh carved cedar, mimicking a glade
Of palm and plantain, met from either side,

[illegible]

So canopied, lay an untasted feast
Teeming with odours. Lamia, regal drest,
Silently paced about, and as she went,
In pale contented sort of discontent,
Mission'd her viewless servants to enrich
The fretted splendour of each nook and niche.
Between the tree-stems, marbled plain at first,
Came jasper pannels; then, anon, there burst
Forth creeping imagery of slighter trees,
And with the larger wove in small intricacies.
Approving all, she faded at self-will,
And shut the chamber up, close, hush'd and still,
Complete and ready for the revels rude,
When dreadful guests would come to spoil her solitude.

The day appear'd, and all the gossip rout.
O senseless Lycius! Madman! wherefore flout
The silent-blessing fate, warm cloister'd hours,
And show to common eyes these secret bowers?
[illegible] with busy brain,
[illegible] street,
[illegible]

And solve and melt:—'twas just as he foresaw.

He met within the murmurous vestibule
His young disciple. "'Tis no common rule,
Lycius," said he, "for uninvited guest
To force himself upon you, and infest
With an unbidden presence the bright throng
Of younger friends; yet must I do this wrong,
[illegible]

Of wealthy lustre was the banquet-room,
Fill'd with pervading brilliance and perfume
Before each lucid pannel fuming stood
A censer fed with myrrh and spiced wood,
Each by a sacred tripod held aloft,
Whose slender feet wide-swerv'd upon the soft
Wool-woofed carpets: fifty wreaths of smoke
From fifty censers their light voyage took
To the high roof, still mimick'd as they rose
Along the mirror'd walls by twin-clouds odorous.
Twelve sphered tables, by silk seats insphered,
High as the level of a man's breast rear'd
On libbard's paws, upheld the heavy gold
Of cups and goblets, and the store thrice told
Of Ceres' horn, and, in huge vessels, wine
Come from the gloomy tun with merry shine.
Thus loaded with a feast the tables stood,
Each shrining in the midst the image of a God.

When in an antichamber every guest
Had felt the cold full sponge to pleasure press'd,
By minist'ring slaves, upon his hands and feet,
And fragrant oils with ceremony meet
Pour'd on his hair, they all mov'd to the feast
In white robes, and themselves in order placed
Around the silken couches, wondering
Whence all this mighty cost and blaze of wealth could spring.

Soft went the music the soft air along,
While fluent Greek a vowel'd undersong
Kept up among the guests, discoursing low
At first, for scarcely was the wine at flow;
But when the happy vintage touch'd their brains,
Louder they talk, and louder come the strains
Of powerful instruments:—the gorgeous dyes,
The space, the splendour of the draperies,
The roof of awful richness, nectarous cheer,
Beautiful slaves, and Lamia's self, appear,
Now, when the wine has done its rosy deed,
And every soul from human trammels freed,
No more so strange; for merry wine, sweet wine,
Will make Elysian shades not too fair, too divine.
Soon was God Bacchus at meridian height;
Flush'd were their cheeks, and bright eyes double bright:
Garlands of every green, and every scent
From vales deflower'd, or forest-trees branch-rent,
In baskets of bright osier'd gold were brought

High as the handles heap'd, to suit the thought
Of every guest; that each, as he did please,
Might fancy-fit his brows, silk-pillow'd at his ease.

What wreath for Lamia? What for Lycius?
What for the sage, old Apollonius?
Upon her aching forehead be there hung
The leaves of willow and of adder's tongue;
And for the youth, quick, let us strip for him
The thyrsus, that his watching eyes may swim
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
At the mere touch of cold philosophy?
There was an awful rainbow once in heaven:
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
Empty the haunted air, and gnomed mine—
Unweave a rainbow, as it erewhile made
The tender person'd Lamia melt into a shade.

By her glad Lycius sitting, in chief place,
Scarce saw in all the room another face,
Till, checking his love trance, a cup he took
Full brimm'd, and opposite sent forth a look
'Cross the broad table, to beseech a glance
From his old teacher's wrinkled countenance,
And pledge him. The bald-head philosopher
Had fix'd his eye, without a twinkle or stir
Full on the alarmed beauty of the bride,
Brow-beating her fair form, and troubling her sweet pride.
Lycius then press'd her hand, with devout touch,
As pale it lay upon the rosy couch:
'Twas icy, and the cold ran through his veins;
Then sudden it grew hot, and all the pains
Of an unnatural heat shot to his heart.
"Lamia, what means this? Wherefore dost thou start?
Know'st thou that man?" Poor Lamia answer'd not.
He gaz'd into her eyes, and not a jot
Own'd they the lovelorn piteous appeal:
More, more he gaz'd: his human senses reel:
Some hungry spell that loveliness absorbs;
There was no recognition in those orbs.
"Lamia!" he cried—and no soft-toned reply.
The many heard, and the loud revelry

Grew hush; the stately music no more breathes;
The myrtle sicken'd in a thousand wreaths.
By faint degrees, voice, lute, and pleasure ceased;
A deadly silence step by step increased,
Until it seem'd a horrid presence there,
And not a man but felt the terror in his hair.
"Lamia!" he shriek'd; and nothing but the shriek
With its sad echo did the silence break.
"Begone, foul dream!" he cried, gazing again
In the bride's face, where now no azure vein
Wander'd on fair-spaced temples; no soft bloom
Misted the cheek; no passion to illume
The deep-recessed vision:—all was blight;
Lamia, no longer fair, there sat a deadly white.
"Shut, shut those juggling eyes, thou ruthless man!
Turn them aside, wretch! or the righteous ban
Of all the Gods, whose dreadful images
Here represent their shadowy presences,
May pierce them on the sudden with the thorn
Of painful blindness; leaving thee forlorn,
In trembling dotage to the feeblest fright
Of conscience, for their long offended might,
For all thine impious proud-heart sophistries,
Unlawful magic, and enticing lies.
Corinthians! look upon that gray-beard wretch!
Mark how, possess'd, his lashless eyelids stretch
Around his demon eyes! Corinthians, see!
My sweet bride withers at their potency."
"Fool!" said the sophist, in an under-tone
Gruff with contempt; which a death-nighing moan
From Lycius answer'd, as heart-struck and lost,
He sank supine beside the aching ghost.
"Fool! Fool!" repeated he, while his eyes still
Relented not, nor mov'd; "from every ill
Of life have I preserv'd thee to this day,
And shall I see thee made a serpent's prey?"
Then Lamia breath'd death breath; the sophist's eye,
Like a sharp spear, went through her utterly,
Keen, cruel, perceant, stinging: she, as well
As her weak hand could any meaning tell,
Motion'd him to be silent; vainly so,
He look'd and look'd again a level—No!
"A serpent!" echoed he; no sooner said,
Than with a frightful scream she vanished:
And Lycius' arms were empty of delight,
As were his limbs of life, from that same night.

On the high couch he lay!—his friends came round—
Supported him—no pulse, or breath they found,
And, in its marriage robe, the heavy body wound.[1]

[1] "Philostratus, in his fourth book *de Vita Apollonii*, hath a memorable instance in this kind, which I may not omit, of one Menippus Lycius, a young man twenty-five years of age, that going betwixt Cenchreas and Corinth, met such a phantasm in the habit of a fair gentlewoman, which taking him by the hand, carried him home to her house, in the suburbs of Corinth, and told him she was a Phoenician by birth, and if he would tarry with her, he should hear her sing and play, and drink such wine as never any drank, and no man should molest him; but she, being fair and lovely, would live and die with him, that was fair and lovely to behold. The young man, a philosopher, otherwise staid and discreet, able to moderate his passions, though not this of love, tarried with her a while to his great content, and at last married her, to whose wedding, amongst other guests, came Apollonius; who, by some probable conjectures, found her out to be a serpent, a lamia; and that all her furniture was, like Tantalus' gold, described by Homer, no substance but mere illusions. When she saw herself descried, she wept, and desired Apollonius to be silent, but he would not be moved, and thereupon she, plate, house, and all that was in it, vanished in an instant: many thousands took notice of this fact, for it was done in the midst of Greece."—Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*, part 3, sect. 2, memb. 1, subs. 1.

ISABELLA

OR

THE POT OF BASIL

A STORY FROM BOCCACCIO

I

FAIR Isabel, poor simple Isabel!
  Lorenzo, a young palmer in Love's eye!
They could not in the self-same mansion dwell
  Without some stir of heart, some malady;
They could not sit at meals but feel how well
  It soothed each to be the other by;
They could not, sure, beneath the same roof sleep
But to each other dream, and nightly weep.

II

With every morn their love grew tenderer,
  With every eve deeper and tenderer still;
He might not in house, field, or garden stir,
  But her full shape would all his seeing fill;
And his continual voice was pleasanter
  To her, than noise of trees or hidden rill;
Her lute-string gave an echo of his name,
She spoilt her half-done broidery with the same.

III

He knew whose gentle hand was at the latch,
  Before the door had given her to his eyes;
And from her Chamber-window he would catch
  Her beauty farther than the falcon spies;
And constant as her vespers would he watch,
  Because her face was turn'd to the same skies;
And with sick longing all the night outwear,
To hear her morning-step upon the stair.

.IV

A whole long month of May in this sad plight
  Made their cheeks paler by the break of June:
"To-morrow will I bow to my delight,
  To-morrow will I ask my lady's boon."—
"O may I never see another night,
  Lorenzo, if thy lips breathe not love's tune."—
So spake they to their pillows; but, alas,
Honeyless days and days did he let pass;

V

Until sweet Isabella's untouch'd cheek
  Fell sick within the rose's just domain,
Fell thin as a young mother's, who doth seek
  By every lull to cool her infant's pain:
"How ill she is," said he, "I may not speak,
  And yet I will, and tell my love all plain:
If looks speak love-laws, I will drink her tears,
And at the least 'twill startle off her cares."

VI

So said he one fair morning, and all day
  His heart beat awfully against his side;
And to his heart he inwardly did pray
  For power to speak; but still the ruddy tide
Stifled his voice, and puls'd resolve away—
  Fever'd his high conceit of such a bride,
Yet brought him to the meekness of a child:
Alas! when passion is both meek and wild!

VII

So once more he had wak'd and anguished
  A dreary night of love and misery,
If Isabel's quick eye had not been wed
  To every symbol on his forehead high;
She saw it waxing very pale and dead,
  And straight all flush'd; so, lisped tenderly,
"Lorenzo!"—here she ceas'd her timid quest,
But in her tone and look he read the rest.

VIII

"O Isabella, I can half perceive
That I may speak my grief into thine ear;
If thou didst ever anything believe,
Believe how I love thee, believe how near
My soul is to its doom: I would not grieve
Thy hand by unwelcome pressing, would not fear
Thine eyes by gazing; but I cannot live
Another night, and not my passion shrive.

IX

"Love! thou art leading me from wintry cold,
Lady! thou leadest me to summer clime,
And I must taste the blossoms that unfold
In its ripe warmth this gracious morning time."
So said, his erewhile timid lips grew bold,
And poesied with hers in dewy rhyme:
Great bliss was with them, and great happiness
Grew, like a lusty flower in June's caress.

X

Parting they seem'd to tread upon the air,
Twin roses by the zephyr blown apart
Only to meet again more close, and share
The inward fragrance of each other's heart.
She, to her chamber gone, a ditty fair
Sang, of delicious love and honey'd dart;
He with light steps went up a western hill,
And bade the sun farewell, and joy'd his fill.

XI

All close they met again, before the dusk
Had taken from the stars its pleasant veil,
All close they met, all eves, before the dusk
Had taken from the stars its pleasant veil,
Close in a bower of hyacinth and musk,
Unknown of any, free from whispering tale.
Ah! better had it been for ever so,
Than idle ears should pleasure in their woe.

XII

Were they unhappy then?—It cannot be—
  Too many tears for lovers have been shed,
Too many sighs give we to them in fee,
  Too much of pity after they are dead,
Too many doleful stories do we see,
  Whose matter in bright gold were best be read;
Except in such a page where Theseus' spouse
Over the pathless waves towards him bows.

XIII

But, for the general award of love,
  The little sweet doth kill much bitterness;
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
Even bees, the little almsmen of spring-bowers,
Know there is richest juice in poison-flowers.

XIV

With her two brothers this fair lady dwelt,
  Enriched from ancestral merchandize,
And for them many a weary hand did swelt
  In torched mines and *noisy factories*,
And many once proud-quiver'd loins did melt
  In blood from stinging whip;—with hollow eyes
Many all day in dazzling river stood,
To take the rich-ored driftings of the flood.

XV

For them the Ceylon diver held his breath,
  And went all naked to the hungry shark;
For them his ears gush'd blood; for them in death
  The seal on the cold ice with piteous bark
Lay full of darts; for them alone did seethe
  A thousand men in troubles wide and dark:
Half-ignorant, they turn'd an easy wheel,
That set sharp racks at work, to pinch and peel.

XVI

Why were they proud? Because their marble founts
Gush'd with more pride than do a wretch's tears?—
Why were they proud? Because fair orange-mounts
Were of more soft ascent than lazar stairs?—
Why were they proud? Because red-lin'd accounts
Were richer than the songs of Grecian years?—
Why were they proud? again we ask aloud,
Why in the name of Glory were they proud?

XVII

Yet were these Florentines as self-retired
In hungry pride and gainful cowardice,
As two close Hebrews in that land inspired,
Paled in and vineyarded from beggar-spies;
The hawks of ship-mast forests—the untired
And pannier'd mules for ducats and old lies—
Quick cat's-paws on the generous stray-away,—
Great wits in Spanish, Tuscan, and Malay.

XVIII

How was it these same ledger-men could spy
Fair Isabella in her downy nest?
How could they find out in Lorenzo's eye
A straying from his toil? Hot Egypt's pest
Into their vision covetous and sly!
How could these money-bags see east and west?—
Yet so they did—and every dealer fair
Must see behind, as doth the hunted hare.

XIX

O eloquent and famed Boccaccio!
Of thee we now should ask forgiving boon,
And of thy spicy myrtles as they blow,
And of thy roses amorous of the moon,
And of thy lilies, that do paler grow
Now they can no more hear thy ghittern's tune,
For venturing syllables that ill beseem
The quiet glooms of such a piteous theme.

XX

Grant thou a pardon here, and then the tale
  Shall move on soberly, as it is meet;
There is no other crime, no mad assail
  To make old prose in modern rhyme more sweet;
But it is done—succeed the verse or fail—
  To honour thee, and thy gone spirit greet;
To stead thee as a verse in English tongue,
An echo of thee in the north-wind sung.

XXI

These brethren having found by many signs
  What love Lorenzo for their sister had,
And how she lov'd him too, each unconfines
  [illegible]

XXII

And many a jealous conference had they,
  And many times they bit their lips alone,
Before they fix'd upon a surest way
  To make the youngster for his crime atone;
And at the last, these men of cruel clay
  Cut Mercy with a sharp knife to the bone;
For they resolved in some forest dim
To kill Lorenzo, and there bury him.

XXIII

So on a pleasant morning, as he leant
  Into the sun-rise, o'er the balustrade
Of the garden-terrace, towards him they bent
  Their footing through the dews; and to him said,
"You seem there in the quiet of content,
  Lorenzo, and we are most loth to invade
Calm speculation; but if you are wise,
Bestride your steed while cold is in the skies.

XXIV

"To-day we purpose, ay, this hour we mount
  To spur three leagues towards the Apennine;
Come down, we pray thee, ere the hot sun count
  His dewy rosary on the eglantine."
Lorenzo, courteously as he was wont,
  Bow'd a fair greeting to these serpents' whine;
And went in haste, to get in readiness,
With belt, and spur, and bracing huntsman's dress.

XXV

And as he to the court-yard pass'd along,
  Each third step did he pause, and listen'd oft
If he could hear his lady's matin-song,
  Or the light whisper of her footstep soft;
And as he thus over his passion hung,
  He heard a laugh full musical aloft;
When, looking up, he saw her features bright
Smile through an in-door lattice, all delight.

XXVI

"Love, Isabel!" said he, "I was in pain
  Lest I should miss to bid thee a good morrow:
Ah! what if I should lose thee, when so fain
  I am to stifle all the heavy sorrow
Of a poor three hours' absence? but we'll gain
  Out of the amorous dark what day doth borrow.
Good bye! I'll soon be back."—"Good bye!" said she:—
And as he went she chanted merrily.

XXVII

So the two brothers and their murder'd man
  Rode past fair Florence, to where Arno's stream
Gurgles through straiten'd banks, and still doth fan
  Itself with dancing bulrush, and the bream
Keeps head against the freshets. Sick and wan
  The brothers' faces in the ford did seem,
Lorenzo's flush with love.—They pass'd the water
Into a forest quiet for the slaughter.

XXVIII

There was Lorenzo slain and buried in,
  There in that forest did his great love cease;
Ah! when a soul doth thus its freedom win,
  It aches in loneliness—is ill at peace
As the break-covert blood-hounds of such sin:
  They dipp'd their swords in the water, and did tease
Their horses homeward, with convulsed spur,
Each richer by his being a murderer.

XXIX

They told their sister how, with sudden speed,
  Lorenzo had ta'en ship for foreign lands,
Because of some great urgency and need
  In their affairs, requiring trusty hands.
Poor Girl! put on thy stifling widow's weed,
  And 'scape at once from Hope's accursed bands;
To-day thou wilt not see him, nor to-morrow,
And the next day will be a day of sorrow.

XXX

She weeps alone for pleasures not to be;
  Sorely she wept until the night came on,
And then, instead of love, O misery!
  She brooded o'er the luxury alone:
[illegible]
  [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] O where?"

XXXI

But Selfishness, Love's cousin, held not long
  Its fiery vigil in her single breast;
She fretted for the golden hour, and hung
  Upon the time with feverish unrest—
Not long—for soon into her heart a throng
  Of higher occupants, a richer zest,
Came tragic; passion not to be subdued,
And sorrow for her love in travels rude.

XXIV

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[illegible]
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  Of higher occupants, a richer zest,
Came tragic; passion not to be subdued,
And sorrow for her love in travels rude.

XXXII

In the mid days of autumn, on their eves
  The breath of Winter comes from far away,
And the sick west continually bereaves
  Of some gold tinge, and plays a roundelay
Of death among the bushes and the leaves,
  To make all bare before he dares to stray
From his north cavern. So sweet Isabel
By gradual decay from beauty fell,

XXXIII

Because Lorenzo came not. Oftentimes
  She ask'd her brothers, with an eye all pale,
Striving to be itself, what dungeon climes
  Could keep him off so long? They spake a tale
Time after time, to quiet her. Their crimes
  Came on them, like a smoke from Hinnom's vale;
And every night in dreams they groan'd aloud,
To see their sister in her snowy shroud.

XXXIV

And she had died in drowsy ignorance,
  But for a thing more deadly dark than all;
It came like a fierce potion, drunk by chance,
  Which saves a sick man from the feather'd pall
For some few gasping moments; like a lance,
  Waking an Indian from his cloudy hall
With cruel pierce, and bringing him again
Sense of the gnawing fire at heart and brain.

XXXV

It was a vision.—In the drowsy gloom,
  The dull of midnight, at her couch's foot
Lorenzo stood, and wept: the forest tomb
  Had marr'd his glossy hair which once could shoot
Lustre into the sun, and put cold doom
  Upon his lips, and taken the soft lute
From his lorn voice, and past his loamed ears
Had made a miry channel for his tears.

XXXVI

Strange sound it was, when the pale shadow spake;
[illegible]

XXXVII

Its eyes, though wild, were still all dewy bright
  With love, and kept all phantom fear aloof
From the poor girl by magic of their light,
  The while it did unthread the horrid woof
Of the late darken'd time,—the murderous spite
  Of pride and avarice,—the dark pine roof
In the forest,—and the sodden turfed dell,
Where, without any word, from stabs he fell.

XXXVIII

Saying moreover, "Isabel, my sweet!
  Red whortle-berries droop above my head,
And a large flint-stone weighs upon my feet;
  Around me beeches and high chestnuts shed
Their leaves and prickly nuts; a sheep-fold bleat
  Comes from beyond the river to my bed:
Go, shed one tear upon my heather-bloom,
And it shall comfort me within the tomb.

XXXIX

"I am a shadow now, alas! alas!
  Upon the skirts of human-nature dwelling
Alone: I chant alone the holy mass,
  While little sounds of life are round me knelling,
And glossy bees at noon do fieldward pass,
  And many a chapel bell the hour is telling,
Paining me through: those sounds grow strange to me,
And thou art distant in Humanity.

XL

"I know what was, I feel full well what is,
  And I should rage, if spirits could go mad;
Though I forget the taste of earthly bliss,
  That paleness warms my grave, as though I had
A Seraph chosen from the bright abyss
  To be my spouse: thy paleness makes me glad;
Thy beauty grows upon me, and I feel
A greater love through all my essence steal."

XLI

The Spirit mourn'd "Adieu!"—dissolv'd, and left
  The atom darkness in a slow turmoil;
As when of healthful midnight sleep bereft,
  Thinking on rugged hours and fruitless toil,
We put our eyes into a pillowy cleft,
  And see the spangly gloom froth up and boil:
It made sad Isabella's eyelids ache,
And in the dawn she started up awake;

XLII

"Ha! ha!" said she, "I knew not this hard life,
  I thought the worst was simple misery;
I thought some Fate with pleasure or with strife
  Portion'd us—happy days, or else to die;
But there is crime—a brother's bloody knife!
  Sweet Spirit, thou hast school'd my infancy:
I'll visit thee for this, and kiss thine eyes,
And greet thee morn and even in the skies."

XLIII

When the full morning came, she had devised
  How she might secret to the forest hie;
How she might find the clay, so dearly prized,
  And sing to it one latest lullaby;
How her short absence might be unsurmised,
  While she the inmost of the dream would try.
Resolv'd, she took with her an aged nurse,
And went into that dismal forest-hearse.

XLIV

[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
Burns in thee, child?—What good can thee betide,
  That thou should'st smile again?"—The evening came,
And they had found Lorenzo's earthy bed;
The flint was there, the berries at his head.

XLV

Who hath not loiter'd in a green church-yard,
  And let his spirit, like a demon-mole,
Work through the clayey soil and gravel hard,
  To see scull, coffin'd bones, and funeral stole;
Pitying each form that hungry Death hath marr'd,
  And filling it once more with human soul?
Ah! this is holiday to what was felt
When Isabella by Lorenzo knelt.

XLVI

[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
  Pale limbs at bottom of a crystal well;
Upon the murderous spot she seem'd to grow,
  Like to a native lily of the dell:
Then with her knife, all sudden, she began
To dig more fervently than misers can.

XLVII

Soon she turn'd up a soiled glove, whereon
  Her silk had play'd in purple phantasies,
She kiss'd it with a lip more chill than stone,
  And put it in her bosom, where it dries
And freezes utterly unto the bone
  Those dainties made to still an infant's cries:
Then 'gan she work again; nor stay'd her care,
But to throw back at times her veiling hair.

XLVIII

That old nurse stood beside her wondering,
  Until her heart felt pity to the core
At sight of such a dismal labouring,
  And so she kneeled, with her locks all hoar,
And put her lean hands to the horrid thing:
  Three hours they labour'd at this travail sore;
At last they felt the kernel of the grave,
And Isabella did not stamp and rave.

XLIX

Ah! wherefore all this wormy circumstance?
  Why linger at the yawning tomb so long?
O for the gentleness of old Romance,
  The simple plaining of a minstrel's song!
Fair reader, at the old tale take a glance,
  For here, in truth, it doth not well belong
To speak:—O turn thee to the very tale,
And taste the music of that vision pale.

L

With duller steel than the Persèan sword
  They cut away no formless monster's head,
But one, whose gentleness did well accord
  With death, as life. The ancient harps have said,
Love never dies, but lives, immortal Lord:
  If Love impersonate was ever dead,
Pale Isabella kiss'd it, and low moan'd.
'Twas love; cold,—dead indeed, but not dethroned.

LI

In anxious secrecy they took it home,
  And then the prize was all for Isabel:
She calm'd its wild hair with a golden comb,
  And all around each eye's sepulchral cell
Pointed each fringed lash; the smeared loam
  With tears, as chilly as a dripping well,
She drench'd away:—and still she comb'd, and kept
Sighing all day—and still she kiss'd, and wept.

LII

Then in a silken scarf,—sweet with the dews
  Of precious flowers pluck'd in Araby,
And divine liquids come with odorous ooze
  Through the cold serpent-pipe refreshfully,—
She wrapp'd it up; and for its tomb did choose
  A garden-pot, wherein she laid it by,
And cover'd it with mould, and o'er it set
Sweet Basil, which her tears kept ever wet.

LIII

And she forgot the stars, the moon, and sun,
  And she forgot the blue above the trees,
And she forgot the dells where waters run,
  And she forgot the chilly autumn breeze;
She had no knowledge when the day was done,
  And the new morn she saw not: but in peace
Hung over her sweet Basil evermore,
And moisten'd it with tears unto the core.

LIV

And so she ever fed it with thin tears,
  Whence thick, and green, and beautiful it grew,
So that it smelt more balmy than its peers
  Of Basil-tufts in Florence; for it drew
Nurture besides, and life, from human fears,
  From the fast mouldering head there shut from view:
So that the jewel, safely casketed,
Came forth, and in perfumed leafits spread.

LV

O Melancholy, linger here awhile!
  O Music, Music, breathe despondingly!
O Echo, Echo, from some sombre isle,
  Unknown, Lethean, sigh to us—O sigh!
[illegible]
  [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

LVI

Moan hither, all ye syllables of woe,
From the deep throat of sad Melpomene!
Through bronzed lyre in tragic order go,
And touch the strings into a mystery;
Sound mournfully upon the winds and low;
For simple Isabel is soon to be
Among the dead: She withers, like a palm
Cut by an Indian for its juicy balm.

LVII

O leave the palm to wither by itself;
Let not quick Winter chill its dying hour!—
It may not be—those Baälites of pelf,
Her brethren, noted the continual shower
From her dead eyes; and many a curious elf,
Among her kindred, wonder'd that such dower
Of youth and beauty should be thrown aside
By one mark'd out to be a Noble's bride.

LVIII

And, furthermore, her brethren wonder'd much
Why she sat drooping by the Basil green,
And why it flourish'd, as by magic touch;
Greatly they wonder'd what the thing might mean:
They could not surely give belief, that such
A very nothing would have power to wean
Her from her own fair youth, and pleasures gay,
And even remembrance of her love's delay.

LIX

Therefore they watch'd a time when they might sift
This hidden whim; and long they watch'd in vain;
For seldom did she go to chapel-shrift,
And seldom felt she any hunger-pain;
And when she left, she hurried back, as swift
As bird on wing to breast its eggs again;
And, patient as a hen-bird, sat her there
Beside her Basil, weeping through her hair.

LX

Yet they contriv'd to steal the Basil-pot,
And to examine it in secret place:
The thing was vile with green and livid spot,
And yet they knew it was Lorenzo's face:
The guerdon of their murder they had got,
And so left Florence in a moment's space,
Never to turn again.—Away they went,
With blood upon their heads, to banishment.

LXI

O Melancholy, turn thine eyes away!
O Music, Music, breathe despondingly!
[illegible]

LXII

[illegible]

After the Pilgrim in his wanderings,
To ask him where her Basil was; and why
'Twas hid from her: "For cruel 'tis," said she,
"To steal my Basil-pot away from me."

LXIII

And so she pined, and so she died forlorn,
Imploring for her Basil to the last.
No heart was there in Florence but did mourn
In pity of her love, so overcast.
And a sad ditty of this story born
From mouth to mouth through all the country pass'd:
Still is the burthen sung—"O cruelty,
To steal my Basil-pot away from me!"

THE
EVE OF ST. AGNES

I

ST. AGNES' Eve—Ah, bitter chill it was!
The owl, for all his feathers, was a-cold;
The hare limp'd trembling through the frozen grass,
And silent was the flock in woolly fold:
Numb were the Beadsman's fingers, while he told
His rosary, and while his frosted breath,
Like pious incense from a censer old,
Seem'd taking flight for heaven, without a death,
Past the sweet Virgin's picture, while his prayer he saith.

II

His prayer he saith, this patient, holy man;
Then takes his lamp, and riseth from his knees,
And back returneth, meagre, barefoot, wan,
Along the chapel aisle by slow degrees:
The sculptur'd dead, on each side, seem to freeze,
Emprison'd in black, purgatorial rails:
Knights, ladies, praying in dumb orat'ries,
He passeth by; and his weak spirit fails
To think how they may ache in icy hoods and mails.

III

Northward he turneth through a little door,
And scarce three steps, ere Music's golden tongue
Flatter'd to tears this aged man and poor;
But no—already had his deathbell rung:
The joys of all his life were said and sung:
His was harsh penance on St. Agnes' Eve:
Another way he went, and soon among
Rough ashes sat he for his soul's reprieve,
And all night kept awake, for sinners' sake to grieve.

IV

That ancient Beadsman heard the prelude soft;
And so it chanc'd, for many a door was wide,
From hurry to and fro. Soon, up aloft,
The silver, snarling trumpets 'gan to chide:
The level chambers, ready with their pride,
Were glowing to receive a thousand guests:
The carved angels, ever eager-eyed,
Star'd, where upon their heads the cornice rests,
With hair blown back, and wings put cross-wise on their breasts.

V

At length burst in the argent revelry,
With plume, tiara, and all rich array,
Numerous as shadows haunting fairily
The brain, new stuff'd, in youth, with triumphs gay
Of old romance. These let us wish away,
[illegible]

VI

They told her how, upon St. Agnes' Eve,
[illegible]
Nor look behind, nor sideways, but require
Of Heaven with upward eyes for all that they desire.

VII

Full of this whim was thoughtful Madeline:
The music, yearning like a God in pain,
She scarcely heard: her maiden eyes divine,
Fix'd on the floor, saw many a sweeping train
Pass by—she heeded not at all: in vain
Came many a tiptoe, amorous cavalier,
And back retir'd; not cool'd by high disdain,
But she saw not: her heart was otherwhere:
She sigh'd for Agnes' dreams, the sweetest of the year.

VIII

She danc'd along with vague, regardless eyes,
Anxious her lips, her breathing quick and short:
The hallow'd hour was near at hand: she sighs
Amid the timbrels, and the throng'd resort
Of whisperers in anger, or in sport;
'Mid looks of love, defiance, hate, and scorn,
Hoodwink'd with faery fancy; all amort,
Save to St. Agnes and her lambs unshorn,
And all the bliss to be before to-morrow morn.

IX

So, purposing each moment to retire,
She linger'd still. Meantime, across the moors,
Had come young Porphyro, with heart on fire
For Madeline. Beside the portal doors,
Buttress'd from moonlight, stands he, and implores
All saints to give him sight of Madeline,
But for one moment in the tedious hours,
That he might gaze and worship all unseen;
Perchance speak, kneel, touch, kiss—in sooth such things have been.

X

He ventures in: let no buzz'd whisper tell:
All eyes be muffled, or a hundred swords
Will storm his heart, Love's fev'rous citadel:
For him, those chambers held barbarian hordes,
Hyena foemen, and hot-blooded lords,
Whose very dogs would execrations howl
Against his lineage: not one breast affords
Him any mercy, in that mansion foul,
Save one old beldame, weak in body and in soul.

XI

Ah, happy chance! the aged creature came,
Shuffling along with ivory-headed wand,
To where he stood, hid from the torch's flame,
Behind a broad hall-pillar, far beyond
The sound of merriment and chorus bland:
He startled her; but soon she knew his face,
And grasp'd his fingers in her palsied hand,
Saying, "Mercy, Porphyro! hie thee from this place;
They are all here to-night, the whole blood-thirsty race!

XII

"Get hence! get hence! there's dwarfish Hildebrand;
He had a fever late, and in the fit
He cursed thee and thine, both house and land:
Then there's that old Lord Maurice, not a whit
More tame for his gray hairs—Alas me! flit!
Flit like a ghost away."—"Ah, Gossip dear,
We're safe enough; here in this arm-chair sit,
And tell me how"—"Good Saints! not here, not here;
Follow me, child, or else these stones will be thy bier."

XIII

He follow'd through a lowly arched way,
Brushing the cobwebs with his lofty plume,
And as she mutter'd "Well-a—well-a-day!"
He found him in a little moonlight room,
Pale, lattic'd, chill, and silent as a tomb.
"Now tell me where is Madeline," said he,
"O tell me, Angela, by the holy loom
Which none but secret sisterhood may see,
When they St. Agnes' wool are weaving piously."

XIV

"St. Agnes! Ah! it is St. Agnes' Eve—
Yet men will murder upon holy days:
Thou must hold water in a witch's sieve,
And be liege-lord of all the Elves and Fays,
To venture so: it fills me with amaze
To see thee, Porphyro!—St. Agnes' Eve!
God's help! my lady fair the conjuror plays
This very night: good angels her deceive!
But let me laugh awhile, I've mickle time to grieve"

XV

Feebly she laugheth in the languid moon,
While Porphyro upon her face doth look,
Like puzzled urchin on an aged crone
Who keepeth clos'd a wond'rous riddle-book,
As spectacled she sits in chimney nook.
But soon his eyes grew brilliant, when she told
His lady's purpose; and he scarce could brook
Tears, at the thought of those enchantments cold,
And Madeline asleep in lap of legends old.

XVI

Sudden a thought came like a full-blown rose,
Flushing his brow, and in his pained heart
Made purple riot: then doth he propose
A stratagem, that makes the beldame start:
"A cruel man and impious thou art:
Sweet lady, let her pray, and sleep, and dream
Alone with her good angels, far apart
From wicked men like thee. Go, go!—I deem
Thou canst not surely be the same that thou didst seem."

XVII

"I will not harm her, by all saints I swear,"
Quoth Porphyro: "O may I ne'er find grace
When my weak voice shall whisper its last prayer,
If one of her soft ringlets I displace,
Or look with ruffian passion in her face:
Good Angela, believe me by these tears;
Or I will, even in a moment's space,
Awake, with horrid shout, my foemen's ears,
And beard them, though they be more fang'd than wolves and bears."

XVIII

"Ah! why wilt thou affright a feeble soul?
A poor, weak, palsy-stricken, churchyard thing,
Whose passing-bell may ere the midnight toll;
Whose prayers for thee, each morn and evening,
Were never miss'd."—Thus plaining, doth she bring
A gentler speech from burning Porphyro;
So woful, and of such deep sorrowing,
That Angela gives promise she will do
Whatever he shall wish, betide her weal or woe.

XIX

Which was, to lead him, in close secrecy,
Even to Madeline's chamber, and there hide
Him in a closet, of such privacy
That he might see her beauty unespied,
And win perhaps that night a peerless bride,
While legion'd fairies pac'd the coverlet,
And pale enchantment held her sleepy-eyed.
Never on such a night have lovers met,
Since Merlin paid his Demon all the monstrous debt.

XX

"It shall be as thou wishest," said the Dame:
"All cates and dainties shall be stored there
Quickly on this feast-night: by the tambour frame
Her own lute thou wilt see: no time to spare,
For I am slow and feeble, and scarce dare
On such a catering trust my dizzy head.
Wait here, my child, with patience; kneel in prayer
The while: Ah! thou must needs the lady wed,
Or may I never leave my grave among the dead."

XXI

So saying, she hobbled off with busy fear.
The lover's endless minutes slowly pass'd;
The dame return'd, and whisper'd in his ear
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
Where Porphyro took covert, pleas'd amain
His poor guide hurried back with agues in her brain.

XXII

[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] aid,
[illegible]
With silver taper's light, and pious care,
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
She comes, she comes again, like ring-dove fray'd and fled.

XXIII

Out went the taper as she hurried in;
Its little smoke, in pallid moonshine, died:
She clos'd the door, she panted, all akin
To spirits of the air, and visions wide:
No uttered syllable, or, woe betide!
But to her heart, her heart was voluble,
Paining with eloquence her balmy side;
As though a tongueless nightingale should swell
Her throat in vain, and die, heart-stifled, in her dell.

XXIV

A casement high and triple-arch'd there was,
All garlanded with carven imag'ries
Of fruits, and flowers, and bunches of knot-grass,
And diamonded with panes of quaint device,
Innumerable of stains and splendid dyes,
As are the tiger-moth's deep-damask'd wings;
And in the midst, 'mong thousand heraldries,
And twilight saints, and dim emblazonings,
A shielded scutcheon blush'd with blood of queens and kings.

XXV

Full on this casement shone the wintry moon,
And threw warm gules on Madeline's fair breast,
As down she knelt for heaven's grace and boon;
Rose-bloom fell on her hands, together prest,
And on her silver cross soft amethyst,
And on her hair a glory, like a saint:
She seem'd a splendid angel, newly drest,
Save wings, for heaven:—Porphyro grew faint:
She knelt, so pure a thing, so free from mortal taint.

XXVI

Anon his heart revives: her vespers done,
Of all its wreathed pearls her hair she frees;
Unclasps her warmed jewels one by one;
Loosens her fragrant boddice; by degrees
Her rich attire creeps rustling to her knees:
Half-hidden, like a mermaid in sea-weed,
Pensive awhile she dreams awake, and sees,
In fancy, fair St. Agnes in her bed,
But dares not look behind, or all the charm is fled.

XXVII

Soon, trembling in her soft and chilly nest,
In sort of wakeful swoon, perplex'd she lay,
Until the poppied warmth of sleep oppress'd
Her soothed limbs, and soul fatigued away;
Flown, like a thought, until the morrow-day;
Blissfully haven'd both from joy and pain;
Clasp'd like a missal where swart Paynims pray;
Blinded alike from sunshine and from rain,
As though a rose should shut, and be a bud again.

XXVIII

Stol'n to this paradise, and so entranced,
Porphyro gazed upon her empty dress,
And listen'd to her breathing, if it chanced
To wake into a slumberous tenderness;
Which when he heard, that minute did he bless,
And breath'd himself: then from the closet crept,
Noiseless as fear in a wide wilderness,
And over the hush'd carpet, silent, stept,
And 'tween the curtains peep'd, where, lo!—how fast she slept.

XXIX

Then by the bed-side, where the faded moon
Made a dim, silver twilight, soft he set
A table, and, half anguish'd, threw thereon
A cloth of woven crimson, gold, and jet:—
O for some drowsy Morphean amulet!
The boisterous, midnight, festive clarion,
The kettle-drum, and far-heard clarinet,
Affray his ears, though but in dying tone:—
The hall door shuts again, and all the noise is gone.

XXX

And still she slept an azure-lidded sleep.
In blanched linen, smooth, and lavender'd,
While he from forth the closet brought a heap
Of candied apple, quince, and plum, and gourd·
With jellies soother than the creamy curd,
And lucent syrops, tinct with cinnamon;
Manna and dates, in argosy transferr'd
From Fez; and spiced dainties, every one,
From silken Samarcand to cedar'd Lebanon.

XXXI

These delicates he heap'd with glowing hand
On golden dishes and in baskets bright
Of wreathed silver: sumptuous they stand
In the retired quiet of the night,
Filling the chilly room with perfume light.—
"And now, my love, my seraph fair, awake!
Thou art my heaven, and I thine eremite:
Open thine eyes, for meek St. Agnes' sake,
Or I shall drowse beside thee, so my soul doth ache."

XXXII

Thus whispering, his warm, unnerved arm
Sank in her pillow. Shaded was her dream
By the dusk curtains:—'twas a midnight charm
Impossible to melt as iced stream:
The lustrous salvers in the moonlight gleam;
Broad golden fringe upon the carpet lies:
It seem'd he never, never could redeem
From such a stedfast spell his lady's eyes;
So mus'd awhile, entoil'd in woofed phantasies.

XXXIII

Awakening up, he took her hollow lute,—
Tumultuous,—and, in chords that tenderest be,
He play'd an ancient ditty, long since mute,
In Provence call'd, "La belle dame sans mercy:"
Close to her ear touching the melody;—
Wherewith disturb'd, she utter'd a soft moan:
He ceased—she panted quick—and suddenly
Her blue affrayed eyes wide open shone:
Upon his knees he sank, pale as smooth-sculptured stone.

XXXIV

Her eyes were open, but she still beheld,
Now wide awake, the vision of her sleep:
There was a painful change, that nigh expell'd
The blisses of her dream so pure and deep
At which fair Madeline began to weep,
And moan forth witless words with many a sigh;
While still her gaze on Porphyro would keep;
Who knelt, with joined hands and piteous eye,
Fearing to move or speak, she look'd so dreamingly.

XXXV

"Ah, Porphyro!" said she, "but even now
Thy voice was at sweet tremble in mine ear,
Made tuneable with every sweetest vow;
And those sad eyes were spiritual and clear:
How chang'd thou art! how pallid, chill, and drear!
Give me that voice again, my Porphyro,
Those looks immortal, those complainings dear!
O leave me not in this eternal woe,
For if thou diest, my Love, I know not where to go."

XXXVI

Beyond a mortal man impassion'd far
At these voluptuous accents, he arose,
Ethereal, flush'd, and like a throbbing star
Seen mid the sapphire heaven's deep repose;
Into her dream he melted, as the rose
Blendeth its odour with the violet,—
Solution sweet: meantime the frost-wind blows
Like Love's alarum pattering the sharp sleet
Against the window-panes; St. Agnes' moon hath set.

XXXVII

'Tis dark: quick pattereth the flaw-blown sleet:
"This is no dream, my bride, my Madeline!"
'Tis dark: the iced gusts still rave and beat:
"No dream, alas! alas! and woe is mine!
Porphyro will leave me here to fade and pine.—
Cruel! what traitor could thee hither bring?
I curse not, for my heart is lost in thine,
Though thou forsakest a deceived thing;—
A dove forlorn and lost with sick unpruned wing."

XXXVIII

"My Madeline! sweet dreamer! lovely bride!
Say, may I be for aye thy vassal blest?
Thy beauty's shield, heart-shap'd and vermeil dyed?
Ah, silver shrine, here will I take my rest
After so many hours of toil and quest,
A famish'd pilgrim,—saved by miracle.
Though I have found, I will not rob thy nest
Saving of thy sweet self; if thou think'st well
To trust, fair Madeline, to no rude infidel.

XXXIX

"Hark! 'tis an elfin-storm from faery land,
Of haggard seeming, but a boon indeed:
Arise—arise! the morning is at hand;—
The bloated wassaillers will never heed:—
Let us away, my love, with happy speed;
There are no ears to hear, or eyes to see,—
Drown'd all in Rhenish and the sleepy mead:
Awake! arise! my love, and fearless be,
For o'er the southern moors I have a home for thee."

XL

She hurried at his words, beset with fears,
For there were sleeping dragons all around.
At glaring watch, perhaps, with ready spears—
Down the wide stairs a darkling way they found.—
In all the house was heard no human sound.
A chain-droop'd lamp was flickering by each door;
The arras, rich with horseman, hawk, and hound,
Flutter'd in the besieging wind's uproar;
And the long carpets rose along the gusty floor.

XLI

They glide, like phantoms, into the wide hall;
Like phantoms, to the iron porch, they glide;
Where lay the Porter, in uneasy sprawl,
With a huge empty flaggon by his side:
The wakeful bloodhound rose, and shook his hide,
But his sagacious eye an inmate owns:
By one, and one, the bolts full easy slide:—
The chains lie silent on the footworn stones;—
The key turns, and the door upon its hinges groans.

XLII

And they are gone: ay, ages long ago
These lovers fled away into the storm.
That night the Baron dreamt of many a woe,
And all his warrior-guests, with shade and form
Of witch, and demon, and large coffin-worm,
Were long be-nightmar'd. Angela the old
Died palsy-twitch'd, with meagre face deform;
The Beadsman, after thousand aves told,
For aye unsought for slept among his ashes cold.

POEMS

ODE TO A NIGHTINGALE

1

MY heart aches, and a drowsy numbness pains
  My sense, as though of hemlock I had drunk,
Or emptied some dull opiate to the drains
  One minute past, and Lethe-wards had sunk:
'Tis not through envy of thy happy lot,
  But being too happy in thine happiness,—
    That thou, light-winged Dryad of the trees,
      In some melodious plot
  Of beechen green, and shadows numberless,
    Singest of summer in full-throated ease.

2

O, for a draught of vintage! that hath been
[illegible]

  That I might drink, and leave the world unseen,
    And with thee fade away into the forest dim:

3

Fade far away, dissolve, and quite forget
  What thou among the leaves hast never known,
The weariness, the fever, and the fret
  Here, where men sit and hear each other groan;
Where palsy shakes a few, sad, last gray hairs,
  Where youth grows pale, and spectre-thin, and dies;
    Where but to think is to be full of sorrow
      And leaden-eyed despairs,
  Where Beauty cannot keep her lustrous eyes,
    Or new Love pine at them beyond to-morrow.

4

Away! away! for I will fly to thee,
Not charioted by Bacchus and his pards,
But on the viewless wings of Poesy,
Though the dull brain perplexes and retards:
Already with thee! tender is the night,
And haply the Queen-Moon is on her throne,
Cluster'd around by all her starry Fays;
But here there is no light,
Save what from heaven is with the breezes blown
Through verdurous glooms and winding mossy ways.

5

I cannot see what flowers are at my feet,
Nor what soft incense hangs upon the boughs,
But, in embalmed darkness, guess each sweet
Wherewith the seasonable month endows
The grass, the thicket, and the fruit-tree wild;
White hawthorn, and the pastoral eglantine;
Fast fading violets cover'd up in leaves;
And mid-May's eldest child,
The coming musk-rose, full of dewy wine,
The murmurous haunt of flies on summer eves.

6

Darkling I listen; and, for many a time
I have been half in love with easeful Death,
Call'd him soft names in many a mused rhyme,
To take into the air my quiet breath;
Now more than ever seems it rich to die,
To cease upon the midnight with no pain,
While thou art pouring forth thy soul abroad
In such an ecstasy!
Still wouldst thou sing, and I have ears in vain—
To thy high requiem become a sod.

7

Thou wast not born for death, immortal Bird!
No hungry generations tread thee down;
The voice I hear this passing night was heard
In ancient days by emperor and clown:
Perhaps the self-same song that found a path
Through the sad heart of Ruth, when, sick for home,
She stood in tears amid the alien corn;
The same that oft-times hath
Charm'd magic casements, opening on the foam
Of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn.

8

Forlorn! the very word is like a bell
  To toll me back from thee to my sole self!
Adieu! the fancy cannot cheat so well
  As she is fam'd to do, deceiving elf.
Adieu! adieu! thy plaintive anthem fades
  Past the near meadows, over the still stream,
    Up the hill-side; and now 'tis buried deep
      In the next valley-glades:
  Was it a vision, or a waking dream?
    Fled is that music:—Do I wake or sleep?

ODE ON A GRECIAN URN

1

THOU still unravish'd bride of quietness,
Thou foster-child of silence and slow time,
Sylvan historian, who canst thus express
A flowery tale more sweetly than our rhyme:
What leaf-fring'd legend haunts about thy shape
Of deities or mortals, or of both,
In Tempe or the dales of Arcady?
What men or gods are these? What maidens loth?
What mad pursuit? What struggle to escape?
What pipes and timbrels? What wild ecstasy?

2

Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard
Are sweeter; therefore, ye soft pipes, play on;
Not to the sensual ear, but, more endear'd,
Pipe to the spirit ditties of no tone:
Fair youth, beneath the trees, thou canst not leave
Thy song, nor ever can those trees be bare;
Bold Lover, never, never canst thou kiss,
Though winning near the goal—yet, do not grieve;
She cannot fade, though thou hast not thy bliss,
For ever wilt thou love, and she be fair!

3

Ah, happy, happy boughs! that cannot shed
Your leaves, nor ever bid the Spring adieu;
And, happy melodist, unwearied,
For ever piping songs for ever new;
More happy love! more happy, happy love!
For ever warm and still to be enjoy'd,
For ever panting, and for ever young;
All breathing human passion far above,
That leaves a heart high-sorrowful and cloy'd,
A burning forehead, and a parching tongue.

4

Who are these coming to the sacrifice?
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
What little town by river or sea shore,
Or mountain-built with peaceful citadel,
Is emptied of this folk, this pious morn?
And, little town, thy streets for evermore
Will silent be; and not a soul to tell
Why thou art desolate, can e'er return.

5

O Attic shape! Fair attitude! with brede
Of marble men and maidens overwrought,
With forest branches and the trodden weed;
Thou, silent form, dost tease us out of thought
As doth eternity: Cold Pastoral!
When old age shall this generation waste,
Thou shalt remain, in midst of other woe
Than ours, a friend to man, to whom thou say'st,
"Beauty is truth, truth beauty,"—that is all
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know.

ODE TO PSYCHE

O GODDESS! hear these tuneless numbers, wrung
By sweet enforcement and remembrance dear,
And pardon that thy secrets should be sung
Even into thine own soft-conched ear:
Surely I dreamt to-day, or did I see
The winged Psyche with awaken'd eyes?
I wander'd in a forest thoughtlessly,
And, on the sudden, fainting with surprise,
Saw two fair creatures, couched side by side
In deepest grass, beneath the whisp'ring roof
Of leaves and trembled blossoms, where there ran
A brooklet, scarce espied:

'Mid hush'd, cool-rooted flowers, fragrant-eyed,
Blue, silver-white, and budded Tyrian,
They lay calm-breathing, on the bedded grass;
Their arms embraced, and their pinions too;
Their lips touch'd not, but had not bade adieu,
As if disjoined by soft-handed slumber,
And ready still past kisses to outnumber
At tender eye-dawn of aurorean love:
The winged boy I knew;
But who wast thou, O happy, happy dove?
His Psyche true!

O latest born and loveliest vision far
Of all Olympus' faded hierarchy!
Fairer than Phœbe's sapphire-region'd star,
Or Vesper, amorous glow-worm of the sky;
Fairer than these, though temple thou hast none,
Nor altar heap'd with flowers;
Nor virgin-choir to make delicious moan
Upon the midnight hours;
No voice, no lute, no pipe, no incense sweet
From chain-swung censer teeming;
No shrine, no grove, no oracle, no heat
Of pale-mouth'd prophet dreaming.

O brightest! though too late for antique vows,
  Too, too late for the fond believing lyre,
When holy were the haunted forest boughs,
  Holy the air, the water, and the fire;
Yet even in these days so far retir'd
  From happy pieties, thy lucent fans,
  Fluttering among the faint Olympians,
I see, and sing, by my own eyes inspired.
So let me be thy choir, and make a moan
      Upon the midnight hours;
Thy voice, thy lute, thy pipe, thy incense sweet
  From swinged censer teeming;
Thy shrine, thy grove, thy oracle, thy heat
  Of pale-mouth'd prophet dreaming.

Yes, I will be thy priest, and build a fane
  In some untrodden region of my mind,
Where branched thoughts, new grown with pleasant pain,
  Instead of pines shall murmur in the wind:
Far, far around shall those dark-cluster'd trees
  Fledge the wild-ridged mountains steep by steep;
And there by zephyrs, streams, and birds, and bees,
  The moss-lain Dryads shall be lull'd to sleep;
And in the midst of this wide quietness
A rosy sanctuary will I dress
With the wreath'd trellis of a working brain,
  With buds, and bells, and stars without a name,
With all the gardener Fancy e'er could feign,
  [illegible] e same:
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
  To let the warm Love in!

FANCY

EVER let the Fancy roam,
Pleasure never is at home:
At a touch sweet Pleasure melteth,
Like to bubbles when rain pelteth;
Then let winged Fancy wander
Through the thought still spread beyond her:
Open wide the mind's cage-door,
She'll dart forth, and cloudward soar.
O sweet Fancy! let her loose;
Summer's joys are spoilt by use,
And the enjoying of the Spring
Fades as does its blossoming;
Autumn's red-lipp'd fruitage too,
Blushing through the mist and dew,
Cloys with tasting: What do then?
Sit thee by the ingle, when
The sear faggot blazes bright,
Spirit of a winter's night;
When the soundless earth is muffled,
And the caked snow is shuffled
From the ploughboy's heavy shoon;
When the Night doth meet the Noon
In a dark conspiracy
To banish Even from her sky.
Sit thee there, and send abroad,
With a mind self-overaw'd,
Fancy, high-commission'd:—send her!
She has vassals to attend her:
She will bring, in spite of frost,
Beauties that the earth hath lost;
She will bring thee, all together,
All delights of summer weather;
All the buds and bells of May,
From dewy sward or thorny spray;
All the heaped Autumn's wealth,
With a still, mysterious stealth:
She will mix these pleasures up
Like three fit wines in a cup,
And thou shalt quaff it:—thou shalt hear
Distant harvest-carols clear;
Rustle of the reaped corn;

Sweet birds antheming the morn:
And, in the same moment—hark!
'Tis the early April lark,
Or the rooks, with busy caw,
Foraging for sticks and straw.
Thou shalt, at one glance, behold
The daisy and the marigold;
White-plum'd lilies, and the first
Hedge-grown primrose that hath burst;
Shaded hyacinth, alway
[illegible]
[illegible]
Cast on sunny bank its skin;
Freckled nest-eggs thou shalt see
Hatching in the hawthorn-tree,
When the hen-bird's wing doth rest
Quiet on her mossy nest;
Then the hurry and alarm
When the bee-hive casts its swarm;
Acorns ripe down-pattering,
While the autumn breezes sing.

Oh, sweet Fancy! let her loose;
Every thing is spoilt by use:
Where's the cheek that doth not fade,
Too much gaz'd at? Where's the maid
Whose lip mature is ever new?
Where's the eye, however blue,
Doth not weary? Where's the face
One would meet in every place?
Where's the voice, however soft,
One would hear so very oft?
At a touch sweet Pleasure melteth
Like to bubbles when rain pelteth.
Let, then, winged Fancy find
Thee a mistress to thy mind:
Dulcet-eyed as Ceres' daughter,
Ere the God of Torment taught her
How to frown and how to chide;
With a waist and with a side
White as Hebe's, when her zone
Slipt its golden clasp, and down
Fell her kirtle to her feet,

While she held the goblet sweet,
And Jove grew languid.—Break the mesh
Of the Fancy's silken leash;
Quickly break her prison-string
And such joys as these she'll bring.—
Let the winged Fancy roam,
Pleasure never is at home.

ODE

BARDS of Passion and of Mirth,
Ye have left your souls on earth!
Have ye souls in heaven too,
Double-lived in regions new?
Yes, and those of heaven commune
With the spheres of sun and moon;
With the noise of fountains wond'rous,
And the parle of voices thund'rous;
With the whisper of heaven's trees
And one another, in soft ease
[illegible]
Not a senseless, tranced thing,"
But divine melodious truth;
Philosophic numbers smooth;
Tales and golden histories
Of heaven and its mysteries.

Thus ye live on high, and then
On the earth ye live again;
And the souls ye left behind you
Teach us, here, the way to find you,
Where your other souls are joying,
[illegible]
Thus ye teach us, every day,
Wisdom, though fled far away.

Bards of Passion and of Mirth,
Ye have left your souls on earth!
Ye have souls in heaven too,
Double-lived in regions new!

LINES

ON

THE MERMAID TAVERN

SOULS of Poets dead and gone,
What Elysium have ye known,
Happy field or mossy cavern,
Choicer than the Mermaid Tavern?
Have ye tippled drink more fine
Than mine host's Canary wine?
Or are fruits of Paradise
Sweeter than those dainty pies
Of venison? O generous food!
Drest as though bold Robin Hood
Would, with his maid Marian,
Sup and bowse from horn and can.

I have heard that on a day
Mine host's sign-board flew away,
Nobody knew whither, till
An astrologer's old quill
To a sheepskin gave the story,
Said he saw you in your glory,
Underneath a new old-sign
Sipping beverage divine,
And pledging with contented smack
The Mermaid in the Zodiac.

Souls of Poets dead and gone,
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Choicer than the Mermaid Tavern?

ROBIN HOOD

To a Friend

NO! those days are gone away,
And their hours are old and gray,
And their minutes buried all
Under the down-trodden pall
Of the leaves of many years:
Many times have winter's shears,
Frozen North, and chilling East,
Sounded tempests to the feast
Of the forest's whispering fleeces,
Since men knew nor rent nor leases.

No, the bugle sounds no more,
And the twanging bow no more;
Silent is the ivory shrill
Past the heath and up the hill;
There is no mid-forest laugh,
Where lone Echo gives the half
To some wight, amaz'd to hear
Jesting, deep in forest drear.

On the fairest time of June
You may go, with sun or moon,
Or the seven stars to light you,
Or the polar ray to right you;
But you never may behold
Little John, or Robin bold;
Never one, of all the clan,
Thrumming on an empty can
Some old hunting ditty, while
He doth his green way beguile
To fair hostess Merriment,
Down beside the pasture Trent;
For he left the merry tale
Messenger for spicy ale.

Gone, the merry morris din;
Gone, the song of Gamelyn;
Gone, the tough-belted outlaw

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Gone, the merry morris din;

Idling in the "grenè shawe;"
All are gone away and past!
And if Robin should be cast
Sudden from his turfed grave,
And if Marian should have
Once again her forest days,
She would weep, and he would craze:
He would swear, for all his oaks,
Fall'n beneath the dockyard strokes,
Have rotted on the briny seas;
She would weep that her wild bees
Sang not to her—strange! that honey
Can't be got without hard money!

So it is: yet let us sing,
Honour to the old bow-string!
Honour to the bugle-horn!
Honour to the woods unshorn!
Honour to the Lincoln green!
Honour to the archer keen!
Honour to tight little John,
And the horse he rode upon!
Honour to bold Robin Hood,
Sleeping in the underwood!
Honour to maid Marian,
And to all the Sherwood-clan!
Though their days have hurried by
Let us two a burden try.

TO AUTUMN

1

SEASON of mists and mellow fruitfulness,
  Close bosom-friend of the maturing sun;
Conspiring with him how to load and bless
  With fruit the vines that round the thatch-eves run;
To bend with apples the moss'd cottage-trees,
  And fill all fruit with ripeness to the core;
    To swell the gourd, and plump the hazel shells
  With a sweet kernel; to set budding more,
And still more, later flowers for the bees,
Until they think warm days will never cease,
    For Summer has o'er-brimm'd their clammy cells.

2

Who hath not seen thee oft amid thy store?
  Sometimes whoever seeks abroad may find
Thee sitting careless on a granary floor,
  Thy hair soft-lifted by the winnowing wind;
Or on a half-reap'd furrow sound asleep,
  Drows'd with the fume of poppies, while thy hook
    Spares the next swath and all its twined flowers:
And sometimes like a gleaner thou dost keep
  Steady thy laden head across a brook;
  Or by a cyder-press, with patient look,
    Thou watchest the last oozings hours by hours.

3

Where are the songs of Spring? Ay, where are they?
  Think not of them, thou hast thy music too,—
[illegible]

  Among the river sallows, borne aloft
    Or sinking as the light wind lives or dies;
And full-grown lambs loud bleat from hilly bourn;
  Hedge-crickets sing, and now with treble soft
  The red-breast whistles from a garden-croft,
    And gathering swallows twitter in the skies.

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Then in a wailful choir the small gnats mourn
  Among the river sallows, borne aloft
    Or sinking as the light wind lives or dies;
And full-grown lambs loud bleat from hilly bourn;
  [illegible]
  [illegible]
    [illegible]

ODE ON MELANCHOLY

1

NO, no, go not to Lethe, neither twist
  Wolf's-bane, tight-rooted, for its poisonous wine;
Nor suffer thy pale forehead to be kiss'd
  By nightshade, ruby grape of Proserpine;
Make not your rosary of yew-berries,
  Nor let the beetle, nor the death-moth be
    Your mournful Psyche, nor the downy owl
A partner in your sorrow's mysteries;
  For shade to shade will come too drowsily,
    And drown the wakeful anguish of the soul.

2

But when the melancholy fit shall fall
  Sudden from heaven like a weeping cloud,
That fosters the droop-headed flowers all,
  And hides the green hill in an April shroud;
Then glut thy sorrow on a morning rose,
  Or on the rainbow of the salt sand-wave,
    Or on the wealth of globed peonies;
Or if thy mistress some rich anger shows,
  Emprison her soft hand, and let her rave,
    And feed deep, deep upon her peerless eyes.

3

She dwells with Beauty—Beauty that must die;
  And Joy, whose hand is ever at his lips
Bidding adieu; and aching Pleasure nigh,
  Turning to poison while the bee-mouth sips:
Ay, in the very temple of Delight
  Veil'd Melancholy has her sovran shrine,
    Though seen of none save him whose strenuous tongue
  Can burst Joy's grape against his palate fine;
His soul shall taste the sadness of her might,
    And be among her cloudy trophies hung.

HYPERION

A Fragment

BOOK I

Deep in the shady sadness of a vale
Far sunken from the healthy breath of morn,
Far from the fiery noon, and eve's one star,
Sat gray-hair'd Saturn, quiet as a stone,
Still as the silence round about his lair;
Forest on forest hung about his head
Like cloud on cloud. No stir of air was there,
Not so much life as on a summer's day
Robs not one light seed from the feather'd grass,
But where the dead leaf fell, there did it rest.
A stream went voiceless by, still deadened more
By reason of his fallen divinity
Spreading a shade: the Naiad 'mid her reeds
Press'd her cold finger closer to her lips.

Along the margin-sand large foot-marks went,
No further than to where his feet had stray'd,
And slept there since. Upon the sodden ground
His old right hand lay nerveless, listless, dead,
Unsceptred; and his realmless eyes were closed;
While his bow'd head seem'd list'ning to the Earth,
His ancient mother, for some comfort yet.

It seem'd no force could wake him from his place;
But there came one, who with a kindred hand
Touch'd his wide shoulders, after bending low
With reverence, though to one who knew it not.
She was a Goddess of the infant world;
By her in stature the tall Amazon
Had stood a pigmy's height: she would have ta'en
Achilles by the hair and bent his neck;
Or with a finger stay'd Ixion's wheel.

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Her face was large as that of Memphian sphinx,
Pedestal'd haply in a palace court,
When sages look'd to Egypt for their lore.
But oh! how unlike marble was that face:
How beautiful, if sorrow had not made
Sorrow more beautiful than Beauty's self.
There was a listening fear in her regard,
As if calamity had but begun;
As if the vanward clouds of evil days
Had spent their malice, and the sullen rear
Was with its stored thunder labouring up.
One hand she press'd upon that aching spot
Where beats the human heart, as if just there,
Though an immortal, she felt cruel pain:
The other upon Saturn's bended neck
She laid, and to the level of his ear
Leaning with parted lips, some words she spake
In solemn tenour and deep organ tone:
Some mourning words, which in our feeble tongue
Would come in these like accents; O how frail
To that large utterance of the early Gods!
"Saturn, look up!—though wherefore, poor old King?
I have no comfort for thee, no not one:
I cannot say, 'O wherefore sleepest thou?'
For heaven is parted from thee, and the earth
Knows thee not, thus afflicted, for a God;
And ocean too, with all its solemn noise,
Has from thy sceptre pass'd; and all the air
Is emptied of thine hoary majesty.
Thy thunder, conscious of the new command,
Rumbles reluctant o'er our fallen house;
And thy sharp lightning in unpractised hands
Scorches and burns our once serene domain.
O aching time! O moments big as years!
All as ye pass swell out the monstrous truth,
And press it so upon our weary griefs
That unbelief has not a space to breathe.
Saturn, sleep on:—O thoughtless, why did I
Thus violate thy slumbrous solitude?
Why should I ope thy melancholy eyes?
Saturn, sleep on! while at thy feet I weep."

As when, upon a tranced summer-night,
Those green-rob'd senators of mighty woods,
Tall oaks, branch-charmed by the earnest stars,
Dream, and so dream all night without a stir,
Save from one gradual solitary gust

Which comes upon the silence, and dies off,
As if the ebbing air had but one wave;
So came these words and went; the while in tears
She touch'd her fair large forehead to the ground,
Just where her falling hair might be outspread
A soft and silken mat for Saturn's feet.
One moon, with alteration slow, had shed
Her silver seasons four upon the night,
And still these two were postured motionless,
Like natural sculpture in cathedral cavern;
The frozen God still couchant on the earth,
[illegible]
[illegible]
And all the gloom and sorrow of the place,
And that fair kneeling Goddess; and then spake,
As with a palsied tongue, and while his beard
Shook hornd with such aspen-malady:
"O tender spouse of gold Hyperion,
Thea, I feel thee ere I see thy face;
Look up, and let me see our doom in it;
Look up, and tell me if this feeble shape
Is Saturn's; tell me, if thou hear'st the voice
[illegible]
To make me desolate? whence came the strength?
[illegible]
Of peaceful sway above man's harvesting,
And all those acts which Deity supreme
Doth ease its heart of love in.—I am gone
Away from my own bosom: I have left
My strong identity, my real self,
Somewhere between the throne, and where I sit
Here on this spot of earth. Search, Thea, search!
[illegible]
Search, Thea, search! and tell me, if thou seest
A certain shape or shadow, making way
With wings or chariot fierce to repossess

A heaven he lost erewhile: it must—it must
Be of ripe progress—Saturn must be King.
Yes, there must be a golden victory;
There must be Gods thrown down, and trumpets blown
Of triumph calm, and hymns of festival
Upon the gold clouds metropolitan,
Voices of soft proclaim, and silver stir
Of strings in hollow shells: and there shall be
Beautiful things made new, for the surprise
Of the sky-children; I will give command:
Thea! Thea! Thea! where is Saturn?"

This passion lifted him upon his feet,
And made his hands to struggle in the air,
His Druid locks to shake and ooze with sweat,
His eyes to fever out, his voice to cease.
He stood, and heard not Thea's sobbing deep;
A little time, and then again he snatch'd
Utterance thus.—"But cannot I create?
Cannot I form? Cannot I fashion forth
Another world, another universe,
To overbear and crumble this to nought?
Where is another chaos? Where?"—That word
Found way unto Olympus, and made quake
The rebel three.—Thea was startled up,
And in her bearing was a sort of hope,
As thus she quick-voic'd spake, yet full of awe.

"This cheers our fallen house: come to our friends,
O Saturn! come away, and give them heart;
I know the covert, for thence came I hither."
Thus brief; then with beseeching eyes she went
With backward footing through the shade a space:
He follow'd, and she turn'd to lead the way
Through aged boughs, that yielded like the mist
Which eagles cleave upmounting from their nest.

Meanwhile in other realms big tears were shed,
More sorrow like to this, and such like woe,
Too huge for mortal tongue or pen of scribe:
The Titans fierce, self-hid, or prison-bound,
Groan'd for the old allegiance once more,
And listen'd in sharp pain for Saturn's voice.
But one of the whole mammoth-brood still kept
His sov'reignty, and rule, and majesty;—
Blazing Hyperion on his orbed fire
Still sat, still snuff'd the incense, teeming up
From man to the sun's God; yet unsecure:

For as among us mortals omens drear
Fright and perplex, so also shuddered he—
Not at dog's howl, or gloom-bird's hated screech,
Or the familiar visiting of one
[illegible]

[illegible]

Glar'd a blood-red through all its thousand courts,
Arches, and domes, and fiery galleries;
And all its curtains of Aurorian clouds
[illegible]
Not heard before by Gods or wondering men.
Also, when he would taste the spicy wreaths
Of incense, breath'd aloft from sacred hills,
Instead of sweets, his ample palate took
Savour of poisonous brass and metal sick:
And so, when harbour'd in the sleepy west,
After the full completion of fair day,—
For rest divine upon exalted couch
And slumber in the arms of melody,
He pac'd away the pleasant hours of ease
With stride colossal, on from hall to hall;
While far within each aisle and deep recess,
[illegible]
Hyperion, leaving twilight in the rear,
Came slope upon the threshold of the west;
Then, as was wont, his palace-door flew ope
In smoothest silence, save what solemn tubes,
Blown by the serious Zephyrs, gave of sweet
And wandering sounds, slow-breathed melodies;
And like a rose in vermeil tint and shape,
In fragrance soft, and coolness to the eye,
That inlet to severe magnificence
Stood full blown, for the God to enter in.

He enter'd, but he enter'd full of wrath;
His flaming robes stream'd out beyond his heels,

And gave a roar, as if of earthly fire,
That scar'd away the meek ethereal Hours
And made their dove-wings tremble. On he flared,
From stately nave to nave, from vault to vault,
Through bowers of fragrant and enwreathed light,
And diamond-paved lustrous long arcades,
Until he reach'd the great main cupola;
There standing fierce beneath, he stampt his foot,
And from the basements deep to the high towers
Jarr'd his own golden region; and before
The quavering thunder thereupon had ceas'd,
His voice leapt out, despite of godlike curb,
To this result: "O dreams of day and night!
O monstrous forms! O effigies of pain!
O spectres busy in a cold, cold gloom!
O lank-eared Phantoms of black-weeded pools!
Why do I know ye? why have I seen ye? why
Is my eternal essence thus distraught
To see and to behold these horrors new?
Saturn is fallen, am I too to fall?
Am I to leave this haven of my rest,
This cradle of my glory, this soft clime,
This calm luxuriance of blissful light,
These crystalline pavilions, and pure fanes,
Of all my lucent empire? It is left
Deserted, void, nor any haunt of mine.
The blaze, the splendor, and the symmetry,
I cannot see—but darkness, death and darkness.
Even here, into my centre of repose,
The shady visions come to domineer,
Insult, and blind, and stifle up my pomp.—
Fall!—No, by Tellus and her briny robes!
Over the fiery frontier of my realms
I will advance a terrible right arm
Shall scare that infant thunderer, rebel Jove,
And bid old Saturn take his throne again."—
He spake, and ceas'd, the while a heavier thre
Held struggle with his throat but came not fort
For as in theatres of crowded men
Hubbub increases more they call out "Hush!"
So at Hyperion's words the Phantoms pale
Bestirr'd themselves, thrice horrible and cold;
And from the mirror'd level where he stood
A mist arose, as from a scummy marsh.
At this, through all his bulk an agony
Crept gradual, from the feet unto the crown,
Like a lithe serpent vast and muscular
Making slow way, with head and neck convuls'd

From over-strained might. Releas'd, he fled
To the eastern gates, and full six dewy hours
Before the dawn in season due should blush,
He breath'd fierce breath against the sleepy portals,
Clear'd them of heavy vapours, burst them wide
Suddenly on the ocean's chilly streams.
The planet orb of fire, whereon he rode
Each day from east to west the heavens through,
Spun round in sable curtaining of clouds;
Nor therefore veiled quite, blindfold, and hid,

Which sages and keen-ey'd astrologers
Then living on the earth, with labouring thought

Possess'd for glory, two fair argent wings,
Ever exalted at the God's approach:
And now, from forth the gloom their plumes immense
Rose, one by one, till all outspreaded were;
While still the dazzling globe maintain'd eclipse,
Awaiting for Hyperion's command.
Fain would he have commanded, fain took throne
And bid the day begin, if but for change.
He might not:—No, though a primeval God:
The sacred seasons might not be disturb'd.
Therefore the operations of the dawn
Stay'd in their birth, even as here 'tis told.

Unus'd to bend, by hard compulsion bent
His spirit to the sorrow of the time;

Thus whisper'd low and solemn in his ear.
"O brightest of my children dear, earth-born
And sky-engendered, Son of Mysteries

All unrevealed even to the powers
Which met at thy creating; at whose joys
And palpitations sweet, and pleasures soft,
I, Cœlus, wonder, how they came and whence;
And at the fruits thereof what shapes they be,
Distinct, and visible; symbols divine,
Manifestations of that beauteous life
Diffus'd unseen throughout eternal space:
Of these new-form'd art thou, oh brightest child!
Of these, thy brethren and the Goddesses!
There is sad feud among ye, and rebellion
Of son against his sire. I saw him fall,
I saw my first-born tumbled from his throne!
To me his arms were spread, to me his voice
Found way from forth the thunders round his head!
Pale wox I, and in vapours hid my face.
Art thou, too, near such doom? vague fear there is:
For I have seen my sons most unlike Gods.
Divine ye were created, and divine
In sad demeanour, solemn, undisturb'd,
Unruffled, like high Gods, ye liv'd and ruled:
Now I behold in you fear, hope, and wrath;
Actions of rage and passion; even as
I see them, on the mortal world beneath,
In men who die.—This is the grief, O Son!
Sad sign of ruin, sudden dismay, and fall!
Yet do thou strive; as thou art capable,
As thou canst move about, an evident God;
And canst oppose to each malignant hour
Ethereal presence:—I am but a voice;
My life is but the life of winds and tides,
No more than winds and tides can I avail:—
But thou canst.—Be thou therefore in the van
Of circumstance; yea, seize the arrow's barb
Before the tense string murmur.—To the earth!
For there thou wilt find Saturn, and his woes.
Meantime I will keep watch on thy bright sun,
And of thy seasons be a careful nurse."—
Ere half this region-whisper had come down,
Hyperion arose, and on the stars
Lifted his curved lids, and kept them wide
Until it ceas'd; and still he kept them wide:
And still they were the same bright, patient stars.
Then with a slow incline of his broad breast,
Like to a diver in the pearly seas,
Forward he stoop'd over the airy shore,
And plung'd all noiseless into the deep night.

HYPERION

BOOK II

JUST at the self-same beat of Time's wide wings
Hyperion slid into the rustled air,
And Saturn gain'd with Thea that sad place
Where Cybele and the bruised Titans mourn'd.
It was a den where no insulting light
Could glimmer on their tears; where their own groans
They felt, but heard not, for the solid roar
Of thunderous waterfalls and torrents hoarse,
Pouring a constant bulk, uncertain where.
Crag jutting forth to crag, and rocks that seem'd
Ever as if just rising from a sleep,
Forehead to forehead held their monstrous horns;
And thus in thousand hugest phantasies
Made a fit roofing to this nest of woe.
Instead of thrones, hard flint they sat upon,
Couches of rugged stone, and slaty ridge
Stubborn'd with iron. All were not assembled:
Some chain'd in torture, and some wandering.
Cœus, and Gyges, and Briareus,
Typhon, and Dolor, and Porphyrion,
With many more, the brawniest in assault,
Were pent in regions of laborious breath;
Dungeon'd in opaque element, to keep
Their clenched teeth still clench'd, and all their limbs
Lock'd up like veins of metal, crampt and screw'd;
Without a motion, save of their big hearts
Heaving in pain, and horribly convuls'd
With sanguine feverous boiling gurge of pulse.
Mnemosyne was straying in the world;
Far from her moon had Phœbe wandered;
And many else were free to roam abroad,
But for the main, here found they covert drear.
Scarce images of life, one here, one there,
Lay vast and edgeways; like a dismal cirque

Of Druid stones, upon a forlorn moor,
When the chill rain begins at shut of eve,
In dull November, and their chancel vault,
The Heaven itself, is blinded throughout night.
Each one kept shroud, nor to his neighbour gave
Or word, or look, or action of despair.
Creüs was one; his ponderous iron mace
Lay by him, and a shatter'd rib of rock
Told of his rage, ere he thus sank and pined.
Iäpetus another; in his grasp,
A serpent's plashy neck; its barbed tongue
Squeez'd from the gorge, and all its uncurl'd length
Dead; and because the creature could not spit
Its poison in the eyes of conquering Jove.
Next Cottus: prone he lay, chin uppermost,
As though in pain; for still upon the flint
He ground severe his skull, with open mouth
And eyes at horrid working. Nearest him
Asia, born of most enormous Caf,
Who cost her mother Tellus keener pangs,
Though feminine, than any of her sons:
More thought than woe was in her dusky face,
For she was prophesying of her glory;
And in her wide imagination stood
Palm-shaded temples, and high rival fanes,
By Oxus or in Ganges' sacred isles.
Even as Hope upon her anchor leans,
So leant she, not so fair, upon a tusk
Shed from the broadest of her elephants.
Above her, on a crag's uneasy shelve,
Upon his elbow rais'd, all prostrate else,
Shadow'd Enceladus; once tame and mild
As grazing ox unworried in the meads;
Now tiger-passion'd, lion-thoughted, wroth,
He meditated, plotted, and even now
Was hurling mountains in that second war,
Not long delay'd, that scar'd the younger Gods
To hide themselves in forms of beast and bird.
Not far hence Atlas; and beside him prone
Phorcus, the sire of Gorgons. Neighbour'd close
Oceanus, and Tethys, in whose lap
Sobb'd Clymene among her tangled hair.
In midst of all lay Themis, at the feet
Of Ops the queen all clouded round from sight;
No shape distinguishable, more than when
Thick night confounds the pine-tops with the clouds:
And many else whose names may not be told.

For when the Muse's wings are air-ward spread,
Who shall delay her flight? And she must chaunt
Of Saturn, and his guide, who now had climb'd
With damp and slippery footing from a depth
More horrid still. Above a sombre cliff
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
And sidelong fix'd her eye on Saturn's face:
There saw she direst strife; the supreme God
At war with all the frailty of grief,
Of rage, of fear, anxiety, revenge,
Remorse, spleen, hope, but most of all despair.
Against these plagues he strove in vain; for Fate
Had pour'd a mortal oil upon his head,
A disanointing poison: so that Thea,
Affrighted, kept her still, and let him pass
First onwards in, among the fallen tribe.

As with us mortal men, the laden heart
Is persecuted more, and fever'd more,
When it is nighing to the mournful house
Where other hearts are sick of the same bruise;
So Saturn, as he walk'd into the midst,
Felt faint, and would have sunk among the rest,
But that he met Enceladus's eye,
Whose mightiness, and awe of him, at once
Came like an inspiration; and he shouted,
"Titans, behold your God!" at which some groan'd;
[illegible]

. . . .

Her eye-brows thin and jet, and hollow eyes.
There is a roaring in the bleak-grown pines
When Winter lifts his voice; there is a noise
Among immortals when a God gives sign,
With hushing finger, how he means to load
His tongue with the full weight of utterless thought,
With thunder, and with music, and with pomp:
Such noise is like the roar of bleak-grown pines:
Which, when it ceases in this mountain'd world,
No other sound succeeds; but ceasing here,
Among these fallen, Saturn's voice therefrom
Grew up like organ, that begins anew
Its strain, when other harmonies, stopt short,

Leave the dinn'd air vibrating silverly.
Thus grew it up—"Not in my own sad breast,
Which is its own great judge and searcher out,
Can I find reason why ye should be thus:
Not in the legends of the first of days,
Studied from that old spirit-leaved book
Which starry Uranus with finger bright
Sav'd from the shores of darkness, when the waves
Low-ebb'd still hid it up in shallow gloom;—
And the which book ye know I ever kept
For my firm-based footstool:—Ah, infirm!
Not there, nor in sign, symbol, or portent
Of element, earth, water, air, and fire,—
At war, at peace, or inter-quarreling
One against one, or two, or three, or all
Each several one against the other three,
As fire with air loud warring when rain-floods
Drown both, and press them both against earth's face,
Where, finding sulphur, a quadruple wrath
Unhinges the poor world;—not in that strife,
Wherefrom I take strange lore, and read it deep,
Can I find reason why ye should be thus:
No, no-where can unriddle, though I search,
And pore on Nature's universal scroll
Even to swooning, why ye, Divinities,
The first-born of all shap'd and palpable Gods,
Should cower beneath what, in comparison,
Is untremendous might. Yet ye are here,
O'erwhelm'd, and spurn'd, and batter'd, ye are here!
O Titans, shall I say, 'Arise!'—Ye groan:
Shall I say 'Crouch!'—Ye groan. What can I then?
O Heaven wide! O unseen parent dear!
What can I? Tell me, all ye brethren Gods,
How we can war, how engine our great wrath!
O speak your counsel now, for Saturn's ear
Is all a-hunger'd. Thou, Oceanus,
Ponderest high and deep; and in thy face
I see, astonied, that severe content
Which comes of thought and musing: give us help!"

So ended Saturn; and the God of the Sea,
Sophist and sage, from no Athenian grove,
But cogitation in his watery shades,
Arose, with locks not oozy, and began,
In murmurs, which his first-endeavouring tongue
Caught infant-like from the far-foamed sands.
"O ye, whom wrath consumes! who, passion-stung,

[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
Yet listen, ye who will, whilst I bring proof
How ye, perforce, must be content to stoop:
And in the proof much comfort will I give,
If ye will take that comfort in its truth.
We fall by course of Nature's law, not force
Of thunder, or of Jove. Great Saturn, thou
Hast sifted well the atom-universe;
[illegible]
[illegible]
So art thou not the last; it cannot be:
Thou art not the beginning nor the end.
From chaos and parental darkness came
[illegible]
[illegible]
The whole enormous matter into life.
Upon that very hour, our parentage,
The Heavens and the Earth, were manifest:
Then thou first-born, and we the giant-race,
Found ourselves ruling new and beauteous realms.
Now comes the pain of truth, to whom 'tis pain;
O folly! for to bear all naked truths,
And to envisage circumstance, all calm,
That is the top of sovereignty. Mark well!
As Heaven and Earth are fairer, fairer far
Than Chaos and blank Darkness, though once chiefs;
And as we show beyond that Heaven and Earth
In form and shape compact and beautiful,
In will, in action free, companionship,
And thousand other signs of purer life;
So on our heels a fresh perfection treads,
A power more strong in beauty, born of us
And fated to excel us, as we pass
In glory that old Darkness: nor are we
Thereby more conquer'd, than by us the rule
Of shapeless Chaos. Say, doth the dull soil
Quarrel with the proud forests it hath fed,
And feedeth still, more comely than itself?
Can it deny the chiefdom of green groves?

Or shall the tree be envious of the dove
Because it cooeth, and hath snowy wings
To wander wherewithal and find its joys?
We are such forest-trees, and our fair boughs
Have bred forth, not pale solitary doves,
But eagles golden-feather'd, who do tower
Above us in their beauty, and must reign
In right thereof; for 'tis the eternal law
That first in beauty should be first in might:
Yea, by that law, another race may drive
Our conquerors to mourn as we do now.
Have ye beheld the young God of the Seas,
My dispossessor? Have ye seen his face?
Have ye beheld his chariot, foam'd along
By noble winged creatures he hath made?
I saw him on the calmed waters scud,
With such a glow of beauty in his eyes,
That it enforc'd me to bid sad farewell
To all my empire: farewell sad I took,
And hither came, to see how dolorous fate
Had wrought upon ye; and how I might best
Give consolation in this woe extreme.
Receive the truth, and let it be your balm."

Whether through poz'd conviction, or disdain,
They guarded silence, when Oceanus
Left murmuring, what deepest thought can tell?
But so it was, none answer'd for a space.
Save one whom none regarded, Clymene;
And yet she answer'd not, only complain'd,
With hectic lips, and eyes up-looking mild,
Thus wording timidly among the fierce:
"O Father, I am here the simplest voice,
And all my knowledge is that joy is gone,
And this thing woe crept in among our hearts,
There to remain for ever, as I fear:
I would not bode of evil, if I thought
So weak a creature could turn off the help
Which by just right should come of mighty Gods;
Yet let me tell my sorrow, let me tell
Of what I heard, and how it made me weep,
And know that we had parted from all hope.
I stood upon a shore, a pleasant shore,
Where a sweet clime was breathed from a land
Of fragrance, quietness, and trees, and flowers.
Full of calm joy it was, as I of grief;
Too full of joy and soft delicious warmth;

So that I felt a movement in my heart
To chide, and to reproach that solitude
With songs of misery, music of our woes;
And sat me down, and took a mouthed shell
And murmur'd into it, and made melody—
O melody no more! for while I sang,
And with poor skill let pass into the breeze
The dull shell's echo, from a bowery strand
Just opposite, an island of the sea,
There came enchantment with the shifting wind,
That did both drown and keep alive my ears.
I threw my shell away upon the sand,
And a wave fill'd it, as my sense was fill'd
With that new blissful golden melody.
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[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
Each like a dove leaving its olive perch,
With music wing'd instead of silent plumes,
To hover round my head, and make me sick
Of joy and grief at once. Grief overcame,
And I was stopping up my frantic ears,
When, past all hindrance of my trembling hands,
A voice came sweeter, sweeter than all tune,
And still it cried, 'Apollo! young Apollo!
The morning-bright Apollo! young Apollo!'
I fled, it follow'd me, and cried 'Apollo!'
O Father, and O Brethren, had ye felt
Those pains of mine; O Saturn, hadst thou felt,
Ye would not call this too indulged tongue
Presumptuous, in thus venturing to be heard."

So far her voice flow'd on, like timorous brook
That, lingering along a pebbled coast,
Doth fear to meet the sea: but sea it met,
And shudder'd; for the overwhelming voice
Of huge Enceladus swallow'd it in wrath:
The ponderous syllables, like sullen waves
In the half-glutted hollows of reef-rocks,
Came booming thus, while still upon his arm
He lean'd; not rising, from supreme contempt.
"Or shall we listen to the over-wise,
Or to the over-foolish, Giant-Gods?
Not thunderbolt on thunderbolt, till all
That rebel Jove's whole armoury were spent,

Not world on world upon these shoulders piled,
Could agonise me more than baby-words
In midst of this dethronement horrible.
Speak! roar! shout! yell! ye sleepy Titans all.
Do ye forget the blows, the buffets vile?
Are ye not smitten by a youngling arm?
Dost thou forget, sham Monarch of the Waves,
Thy scalding in the seas? What, have I rous'd
Your spleens with so few simple words as these?
O joy! for now I see ye are not lost:
O joy! for now I see a thousand eyes
Wide glaring for revenge!"—As this he said,
He lifted up his stature vast, and stood,
Still without intermission speaking thus:
"Now ye are flames, I'll tell you how to burn,
And purge the ether of our enemies;
How to feed fierce the crooked stings of fire,
And singe away the swollen clouds of Jove,
Stifling that puny essence in its tent.
O let him feel the evil he hath done;
For though I scorn Oceanus's lore,
Much pain have I for more than loss of realms:
The days of peace and slumberous calm are fled;
Those days, all innocent of scathing war,
When all the fair Existences of heaven
Came open-eyed to guess what we would speak:—
That was before our brows were taught to frown,
Before our lips knew else but solemn sounds;
That was before we knew the winged thing,
Victory, might be lost, or might be won.
And be ye mindful that Hyperion,
Our brightest brother, still is undisgraced—
Hyperion, lo! his radiance is here!"

All eyes were on Enceladus's face,
And they beheld, while still Hyperion's name
Flew from his lips up to the vaulted rocks,
A pallid gleam across his features stern:
Not savage, for he saw full many a God
Wroth as himself. He look'd upon them all,
And in each face he saw a gleam of light,
But splendider in Saturn's, whose hoar locks
Shone like the bubbling foam about a keel
When the prow sweeps into a midnight cove.
In pale and silver silence they remain'd,
Till suddenly a splendour, like the morn,
Pervaded all the beetling gloomy steeps,

All the sad spaces of oblivion,
And every gulf, and every chasm old,
And every height, and every sullen depth,
Voiceless, or hoarse with loud tormented streams:
And all the everlasting cataracts,
And all the headlong torrents far and near,
Mantled before in darkness and huge shade,
Now saw the light and made it terrible.
It was Hyperion:—a granite peak
His bright feet touch'd, and there he stay'd to view
The misery his brilliance had betray'd
To the most hateful seeing of itself.
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[illegible]
Sighs, too, as mournful as that Memnon's harp
He utter'd, while his hands contemplative
He press'd together, and in silence stood.
Despondence seiz'd again the fallen Gods
At sight of the dejected King of Day,
And many hid their faces from the light:
But fierce Enceladus sent forth his eyes
Among the brotherhood; and, at their glare,
Uprose Iapetus, and Creüs too,
And Phorcus, sea-born, and together strode
To where he towered on his eminence.
There those four shouted forth old Saturn's name;
Hyperion from the peak loud answered, "Saturn!"
Saturn sat near the Mother of the Gods,
In whose face was no joy, though all the Gods
Gave from their hollow throats the name of "Saturn!"

HYPERION

BOOK III

THUS in alternate uproar and sad peace,
Amazed were those Titans utterly.
O leave them, Muse! O leave them to their woes;
For thou art weak to sing such tumults dire:
A solitary sorrow best befits
Thy lips, and antheming a lonely grief.
Leave them, O Muse! for thou anon wilt find
Many a fallen old Divinity
Wandering in vain about bewildered shores.
Meantime touch piously the Delphic harp,
And not a wind of heaven but will breathe
In aid soft warble from the Dorian flute;
For lo! 'tis for the Father of all verse.
Flush every thing that hath a vermeil hue,
Let the rose glow intense and warm the air,
And let the clouds of even and of morn
Float in voluptuous fleeces o'er the hills;
Let the red wine within the goblet boil,
Cold as a bubbling well; let faint-lipp'd shells,
On sands, or in great deeps, vermilion turn
Through all their labyrinths; and let the maid
Blush keenly, as with some warm kiss surpris'd.
Chief isle of the embowered Cyclades,
Rejoice, O Delos, with thine olives green,
And poplars, and lawn-shading palms, and beech,
In which the Zephyr breathes the loudest song,
And hazels thick, dark-stemm'd beneath the shade:
Apollo is once more the golden theme!
Where was he, when the Giant of the Sun
Stood bright, amid the sorrow of his peers?
Together had he left his mother fair
And his twin-sister sleeping in their bower,
And in the morning twilight wandered forth
Beside the osiers of a rivulet,

Full ankle-deep in lilies of the vale.

Unhaunted by the murmurous noise of waves,

While from beneath some cumbrous boughs hard by
With solemn step an awful Goddess came,
And there was purport in her looks for him,
Which he with eager guess began to read
Perplex'd, the while melodiously he said:
"How cam'st thou over the unfooted sea?
Or hath that antique mien and robed form
Mov'd in these vales invisible till now?
Sure I have heard those vestments sweeping o'er
The fallen leaves, when I have sat alone
In cool mid-forest. Surely I have traced
The rustle of those ample skirts about
These grassy solitudes, and seen the flowers
Lift up their heads, as still the whisper pass'd.
Goddess! I have beheld those eyes before,
And their eternal calm, and all that face,
Or I have dreamed."—"Yes," said the supreme shape,
"Thou hast dream'd of me; and awaking up
Didst find a lyre all golden by thy side,
Whose strings touch'd by thy fingers, all the vast
Unwearied ear of the whole universe
Listen'd in pain and pleasure at the birth
Of such new tuneful wonder. Is't not strange
That thou shouldst weep, so gifted? Tell me, youth,
What sorrow thou canst feel; for I am sad
When thou dost shed a tear: explain thy griefs
To one who in this lonely isle hath been
The watcher of thy sleep and hours of life,
From the young day when first thy infant hand
Pluck'd witless the weak flowers, till thine arm
Could bend that bow heroic to all times.
Show thy heart's secret to an ancient Power
Who hath forsaken old and sacred thrones
For prophecies of thee, and for the sake
Of loveliness new born."—Apollo then,
With sudden scrutiny and gloomless eyes,
Thus answer'd, while his white melodious throat

Throbb'd with the syllables.—"Mnemosyne!
Thy name is on my tongue, I know not how;
Why should I tell thee what thou so well seest?
Why should I strive to show what from thy lips
Would come no mystery? For me, dark, dark,
And painful vile oblivion seals my eyes:
I strive to search wherefore I am so sad,
Until a melancholy numbs my limbs;
And then upon the grass I sit, and moan,
Like one who once had wings.—O why should I
Feel curs'd and thwarted, when the liegeless air
Yields to my step aspirant? why should I
Spurn the green turf as hateful to my feet?
Goddess benign, point forth some unknown thing:
Are there not other regions than this isle?
What are the stars? There is the sun, the sun!
And the most patient brilliance of the moon!
And stars by thousands! Point me out the way
To any one particular beauteous star,
And I will flit into it with my lyre,
And make its silvery splendour pant with bliss.
I have heard the cloudy thunder: Where is power?
Whose hand, whose essence, what divinity
Makes this alarum in the elements,
While I here idle listen on the shores
In fearless yet in aching ignorance?
O tell me, lonely Goddess, by thy harp,
That waileth every morn and eventide,
Tell me why thus I rave, about these groves!
Mute thou remainest—Mute! yet I can read
A wondrous lesson in thy silent face:
Knowledge enormous makes a God of me.
Names, deeds, gray legends, dire events, rebellions,
Majesties, sovran voices, agonies,
Creations and destroyings, all at once
Pour into the wide hollows of my brain,
And deify me, as if some blithe wine
Or bright elixir peerless I had drunk,
And so become immortal."—Thus the God,
While his enkindled eyes, with level glance
Beneath his white soft temples, stedfast kept
Trembling with light upon Mnemosyne.
Soon wild commotions shook him, and made flush
All the immortal fairness of his limbs;
Most like the struggle at the gate of death;
Or liker still to one who should take leave
Of pale immortal death, and with a pang

As hot as death's is chill, with fierce convulse
Die into life: so young Apollo anguish'd:
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
Her arms as one who prophesied.—At length
Apollo shriek'd;—and lo! from all his limbs
Celestial * * * * * *
* * * * * * * *

POSTHUMOUS

AND

FUGITIVE POEMS

THE FALL OF HYPERION

A Dream

CANTO I

Fanatics have their dreams, wherewith they weave
A paradise for a sect; the savage, too,
From forth the loftiest fashion of his sleep
Guesses at heaven; pity these have not
Traced upon vellum or wild Indian leaf
The shadows of melodious utterance.
But bare of laurel they live, dream, and die;
For Poesy alone can tell her dreams,—
With the fine spell of words alone can save
Imagination from the sable chain
And dumb enchantment. Who alive can say,
"Thou art no Poet—mayst not tell thy dreams?"
Since every man whose soul is not a clod
Hath visions and would speak, if he had lov'd,
And been well nurtured in his mother tongue.
Whether the dream now purposed to rehearse
Be poet's or fanatic's will be known
When this warm scribe, my hand, is in the grave.

Methought I stood where trees of every clime,
Palm, myrtle, oak, and sycamore, and beech,
With plantane, and spice-blossoms, made a screen;
In neighbourhood of fountains (by the noise
Soft-showering in mine ears), and, (by the touch
Of scent,) not far from roses. Turning round,
I saw an arbour with a drooping roof
Of trellis vines, and bells, and larger blooms,
Like floral censers, swinging light in air;
Before its wreathed doorway, on a mound
Of moss, was spread a feast of summer fruits,
Which, nearer seen, seem'd refuse of a meal
By angel tasted or our Mother Eve;

For empty shells were scatter'd on the grass,
And grape-stalks but half bare, and remnants more,
Sweet-smelling, whose pure kinds I could not know.
Still was more plenty than the fabled horn
Thrice emptied could pour forth, at banqueting
For Proserpine return'd to her own fields,
Where the white heifers low. And appetite
More yearning than on earth I ever felt,
Growing within, I ate deliciously;
And, after not long, thirsted; for thereby
Stood a cool vessel of transparent juice,
Sipp'd by the wander'd bee, the which I took,
And, pledging all the mortals of the world,
And all the dead whose names are in our lips,
Drank. That full draught is parent of my theme.
No Asian poppy nor elixir fine
Of the soon-fading, jealous Caliphat,
No poison gender'd in close monkish cell,
To thin the scarlet conclave of old men,
Could so have rapt unwilling life away.
Among the fragrant husks and berries crush'd
Upon the grass, I struggled hard against
The domineering potion, but in vain.
The cloudy swoon came on, and down I sank,
Like a Silenus on an antique vase.
How long I slumber'd 'tis a chance to guess.
When sense of life return'd, I started up
As if with wings, but the fair trees were gone,
The mossy mound and arbour were no more:
I look'd around upon the carved sides
Of an old sanctuary with roof august,
Builded so high, it seem'd that filmed clouds
Might spread beneath, as o'er the stars of heaven.
So old the place was, I remember'd none
The like upon the earth: what I had seen
Of gray cathedrals, buttress'd walls, rent towers,
The superannuations of sunk realms,
Or Nature's rocks toil'd hard in waves and winds,
Seem'd but the faulture of decrepit things
To that eternal domed monument.
Upon the marble at my feet there lay
Store of strange vessels, and large draperies,
Which needs had been of dyed asbestos wove,
Or in that place the moth could not corrupt,
So white the linen, so, in some, distinct
Ran imageries from a sombre loom.
All in a mingled heap confus'd there lay

Robes, golden tongs, censer and chafing-dish,
Girdles, and chains, and holy jewelries.

Turning from these with awe, once more I rais'd
My eyes to fathom the space every way;
The embossed roof, the silent massy range
Of columns north and south, ending in mist
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
An image, huge of feature as a cloud,
At level of whose feet an altar slept,
To be approach'd on either side by steps
And marble balustrade, and patient travail
To count with toil the innumerable degrees.
Towards the altar sober-pac'd I went,
Repressing haste, as too unholy there;
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
Shifts sudden to the south, the small warm rain
Melts out the frozen incense from all flowers,
And fills the air with so much pleasant health
That even the dying man forgets his shroud;—
Even so that lofty sacrificial fire,
Sending forth Maian incense, spread around
Forgetfulness of everything but bliss,
And clouded all the altar with soft smoke;
From whose white fragrant curtains thus I heard
Language pronounc'd: "If thou canst not ascend
These steps, die on that marble where thou art.
Thy flesh, near cousin to the common dust,
Will parch for lack of nutriment,—thy bones
Will wither in few years, and vanish so
That not the quickest eye could find a grain
Of what thou now art on that pavement cold.
The sands of thy short life are spent this hour,
And no hand in the universe can turn
Thy hourglass, if these gummed leaves be burnt
Ere thou canst mount up these immortal steps."
I heard, I look'd: two senses both at once,
So fine, so subtle, felt the tyranny
Of that fierce threat and the hard task proposed.
Prodigious seem'd the toil; the leaves were yet
Burning,—when suddenly a palsied chill
Struck from the paved level up my limbs,
And was ascending quick to put cold grasp

Upon those streams that pulse beside the throat.
I shriek'd, and the sharp anguish of my shriek
Stung my own ears,—I strove hard to escape
The numbness, strove to gain the lowest step.
Slow, heavy, deadly was my pace: the cold
Grew stifling, suffocating, at the heart;
And when I clasp'd my hands I felt them not.
One minute before death, my iced foot touch'd
The lowest stair; and, as it touch'd, life seem'd
To pour in at the toes; I mounted up,
As once fair angels on a ladder flew
From the green turf to heaven. "Holy Power,"
Cried I, approaching near the horned shrine,
"What am I that should so be saved from death?
What am I that another death come not
To choke my utterance, sacrilegious, here?"
Then said the veiled Shadow: "Thou hast felt
What 'tis to die and live again before
Thy fated hour; that thou hadst power to do so
Is thy own safety; thou hast dated on
Thy doom." "High Prophetess," said I, "purge off,
Benign, if so it please thee, my mind's film."
"None can usurp this height," returned that shade,
"But those to whom the miseries of the world
Are misery, and will not let them rest.
All else who find a haven in the world,
Where they may thoughtless sleep away their days,
If by a chance into this fane they come,
Rot on the pavement where thou rotted'st half."
"Are there not thousands in the world," said I,
Encourag'd by the sooth voice of the shade,
"Who love their fellows even to the death,
Who feel the giant agony of the world,
And more, like slaves to poor humanity,
Labour for mortal good? I sure should see
Other men here, but I am here alone."
"Those whom thou spak'st of are no visionaries,"
Rejoin'd that voice,—"they are no dreamers weak;
They seek no wonder but the human face,
No music but a happy-noted voice—
They come not here, they have no thought to come—
And thou art here, for thou art less than they.
What benefit canst thou [do], or all thy tribe,
To the great world? Thou art a dreaming thing,
A fever of thyself; think of the earth;
What bliss, even in hope, is there for thee?
What haven? every creature hath its home,

Every sole man hath days of joy and pain,
Whether his labours be sublime or low—
The pain alone, the joy alone, distinct:
Only the dreamer venoms all his days,
Bearing more woe than all his sins deserve.
[illegible]

. . . . .

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. . .

Thou standest safe beneath this statue's knees."
"That I am favour'd for unworthiness,
By such propitious parley medicin'd
In sickness not ignoble, I rejoice,
Aye, and could weep for love of such award."
So answer'd I, continuing, "If it please,
[Majestic shadow, tell me · sure not all
Those melodies sung into the world's ear
Are useless: sure a poet is a sage;
A humanist, physician to all men.
That I am none I feel, as vultures feel
They are no birds when eagles are abroad.
What am I then: thou spakest of my tribe:
What tribe?" The tall shade veil'd in drooping white
Then spake, so much more earnest, that the breath
Moved the thin linen folds that drooping hung
About a golden censer from the hand
Pendent—"Art thou not of the dreamer tribe?
The poet and the dreamer are distinct
Diverse, sheer opposite, antipodes.
The one pours out a balm upon the world
The other vexes it." Then shouted I
Spite of myself, and with a Pythia's spleen
"Apollo! faded! O far-flown Apollo!
Where is thy misty pestilence to creep
Into the dwellings, through the door crannies
Of all mock lyrists, large self-worshippers
And careless Hectorers in proud bad verse?
Though I breathe death with them it will be life
To see them sprawl before me into graves.]
Majestic shadow, tell me where I am,
Whose altar this, for whom this incense curls;
What image this whose face I cannot see
For the broad marble knees; and who thou art,
Of accent feminine so courteous?"

Then the tall shade, in drooping linens veil'd,
Spake out, so much more earnest, that her breath

Stirr'd the thin folds of gauze that drooping hung
About a golden censer, from her hand
Pendent; and by her voice I knew she shed
Long-treasured tears. "This temple, sad and lone,
Is all spar'd from the thunder of a war
Foughten long since by giant hierarchy
Against rebellion: this old image here,
Whose carved features wrinkled as he fell,
Is Saturn's; I, Moneta, left supreme,
Sole priestess of his desolation."
I had no words to answer, for my tongue,
Useless, could find about its roofed home
No syllable of a fit majesty
To make rejoinder to Moneta's mourn:
There was a silence, while the altar's blaze
Was fainting for sweet food. I look'd thereon,
And on the paved floor, where nigh were piled
Faggots of cinnamon, and many heaps
Of other crisped spicewood: then again
I look'd upon the altar, and its horns
Whiten'd with ashes, and its lang'rous flame,
And then upon the offerings again;
And so by turns—till sad Moneta cried:
"The sacrifice is done, but not the less
Will I be kind to thee for thy good will.
My power, which to me is still a curse,
Shall be to thee a wonder; for the scenes
Still swooning vivid through my globed brain,
With an electral changing misery,
Thou shalt with these dull mortal eyes behold
Free from all pain, if wonder pain thee not."
As near as an immortal's sphered words
Could to a mother's soften, were these last:
And yet I had a terror of her robes,
And chiefly of the veils, that from her brow
Hung pale, and curtain'd her in mysteries,
That made my heart too small to hold its blood.
This saw that Goddess, and with sacred hand
Parted the veils. Then saw I a wan face,
Not pined by human sorrows, but bright-blanch'd
By an immortal sickness which kills not;
It works a constant change, which happy death
Can put no end to; deathwards progressing
To no death was that visage; it had past
The lily and the snow; and beyond these
I must not think now, though I saw that face.
But for her eyes I should have fled away.

They held me back with a benignant light,
Soft mitigated by divinest lids
Half closed, and visionless entire they seem'd
Of all external things—they saw me not,
But, in blank splendour, beam'd like the mild moon,
Who comforts those she sees not, who knows not
What eyes are upward cast. As I had found
A grain of gold upon a mountain's side,
And, twinged with avarice, strain'd out my eyes
To search its sullen entrails rich with ore,
So, at the view of sad Moneta's brow,
I ached to see what things the hollow brain
Behind enwombed: what high tragedy
In the dark secret chambers of her skull
Was acting, that could give so dread a stress
To her cold lips, and fill with such a light
Her planetary eyes, and touch her voice
With such a sorrow.—"Shade of Memory!"
Cried I, with act adorant at her feet,
"By all the gloom hung round thy fallen house,
By this last temple, by the golden age,
By great Apollo, thy dear foster-child,

What in thy brain so ferments to and fro!"
No sooner had this conjuration pass'd
My devout lips, than side by side we stood
(Like a stunt bramble by a solemn pine)
Deep in the shady sadness of a vale
Far sunken from the healthy breath of morn,
Far from the fiery noon and eve's one star.
Onward I look'd beneath the gloomy boughs,
And saw what first I thought an image huge,
Like to the image pedestall'd so high
In Saturn's temple; then Moneta's voice
Came brief upon mine ear.—"So Saturn sat
When he had lost his realms—" whereon there grew
A power within me of enormous ken,
To see as a god sees, and take the depth
Of things as nimbly as the outward eye
Can size and shape pervade. The lofty theme
Of those few words hung vast before my mind
With half-unravell'd web. I sat myself
Upon an eagle's watch, that I might see,
And seeing ne'er forget. No stir of life
Was in this shrouded vale, not so much air

As in the zoning of a summer's day
Robs not one light seed from the feather'd grass,
But where the dead leaf fell there did it rest:
A stream went voiceless by, still deaden'd more
By reason of the fallen divinity
Spreading more shade; the Naiad 'mid her reeds
Press'd her cold finger closer to her lips.

Along the margin sand large footmarks went
No farther than to where old Saturn's feet
Had rested, and there slept, how long a sleep!
Degraded, cold, upon the sodden ground
His old right hand lay nerveless, listless, dead,
Unsceptred, and his realmless eyes were clos'd;
While his bow'd head seem'd listening to the Earth,
His antient mother, for some comfort yet.

It seem'd no force could wake him from his place;
But there came one who, with a kindred hand,
Touch'd his wide shoulders, after bending low
With reverence, though to one who knew it not.
Then came the griev'd voice of Mnemosyne,
And griev'd I hearken'd. "That divinity
Whom thou saw'st step from yon forlornest wood,
And with slow pace approach our fallen king,
Is Thea, softest-natur'd of our brood."
I mark'd the Goddess, in fair statuary
Surpassing wan Moneta by the head,
And in her sorrow nearer woman's tears.
There was a list'ning fear in her regard,
As if calamity had but begun;
As if the vanward clouds of evil days
Had spent their malice, and the sullen rear
Was with its stored thunder labouring up.
One hand she press'd upon that aching spot
Where beats the human heart; as if just there,
Though an immortal, she felt cruel pain;
The other upon Saturn's bended neck
She laid, and to the level of his ear
Leaning with parted lips, some words she spoke
In solemn tenour and deep organ-tone;
Some mourning words, which in our feeble tongue
Would come in this like accenting; how frail
To that large utterance of the early Gods!

"Saturn, look up! and for what, poor lost king?
I have no comfort for thee; no—not one;

I cannot cry, *wherefore thus sleepest thou?*
For Heaven is parted from thee, and the Earth
Knows thee not, so afflicted, for a God
The Ocean, too, with all its solemn noise,
Has from thy sceptre pass'd; and all the air
Is emptied of thine hoary majesty.
Thy thunder, captious at the new command,
Rumbles reluctant o'er our fallen house;
And thy sharp lightning, in unpractised hands,
Scorches and burns our once serene domain.

"With such remorseless speed still come new woes,
That unbelief has not a space to breathe.
Saturn! sleep on:—me thoughtless, why should I
Thus violate thy slumbrous solitude?
Why should I ope thy melancholy eyes?
Saturn! sleep on, while at thy feet I weep."

[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
Long, long these two were postured motionless,
Like sculpture builded-up upon the grave
Of their own power. A long awful time
I look'd upon them: still they were the same;
The frozen God still bending to the earth,
And the sad Goddess weeping at his feet,
Moneta silent. Without stay or prop,
But my own weak mortality, I bore
The load of this eternal quietude,
The unchanging gloom and the three fixed shapes
Ponderous upon my senses, a whole moon;
For by my burning brain I measured sure
Her silver seasons shedded on the night,
And every day by day methought I grew
More gaunt and ghostly. Oftentimes I pray'd
Intense, that death would take me from the vale
And all its burthens; gasping with despair
Of change, hour after hour I curs'd myself;
Until old Saturn raised his faded eyes,

And look'd around, and saw his kingdom gone,
And all the gloom and sorrow of the place,
And that fair kneeling Goddess at his feet.

As the moist scent of flowers, and grass, and leaves
Fills forest-dells with a pervading air,
Known to the woodland nostril, so the words
Of Saturn fill'd the mossy glooms around,
Even to the hollows of time-eaten oaks,
And to the windings of the foxes' hole,
With sad, low tones, while thus he spake, and sent
Strange musings to the solitary Pan.
"Moan, brethren, moan, for we are swallow'd up
And buried from all godlike exercise
Of influence benign on planets pale,
And peaceful sway above man's harvesting,
And all those acts which Deity supreme
Doth ease its heart of love in. Moan and wail;
Moan, brethren, moan; for lo, the rebel spheres
Spin round; the stars their antient courses keep;
Clouds still with shadowy moisture haunt the earth,
Still suck their fill of light from sun and moon;
Still buds the tree, and still the seashores murmur;
There is no death in all the universe,
No smell of death.—There shall be death. Moan, moan;
Moan, Cybele, moan; for thy pernicious babes
Have changed a god into a shaking palsy.
Moan, brethren, moan, for I have no strength left;
Weak as the reed—weak—feeble as my voice—
Oh! Oh! the pain, the pain of feebleness.
Moan, moan, for still I thaw—or give me help;
Throw down those imps, and give me victory.
Let me hear other groans, and trumpets blown
Of triumph calm, and hymns of festival,
From the gold peaks of heaven's high-piled clouds;
Voices of soft proclaim, and silver stir
Of strings in hollow shells; and let there be
Beautiful things made new, for the surprise
Of the sky-children." So he feebly ceas'd,
With such a poor and sickly-sounding pause,
Methought I heard some old man of the earth
Bewailing earthly loss; nor could my eyes
And ears act with that unison of sense
Which marries sweet sound with the grace of form,
And dolorous accent from a tragic harp
With large-limb'd visions. More I scrutinized.
Still fixt he sat beneath the sable trees,

Whose arms spread straggling in wild serpent forms,
With leaves all hush'd; his awful presence there
(Now all was silent) gave a deadly lie
To what I erewhile heard: only his lips
Trembled amid the white curls of his beard;
They told the truth, though, round, the snowy locks
Hung nobly, as upon the face of heaven
A mid-day fleece of clouds. Thea arose,
And stretcht her white arm through the hollow dark,
Pointing some whither: whereat he too rose,
Like a vast giant, seen by men at sea
[illegible]
Are speeding to the families of grief,
Where, roof'd in by black rocks, they waste in pain
And darkness, for no hope." And she spake on,
As ye may read who can unwearied pass
Onward from the antechamber of this dream,
Where, even at the open doors, awhile
I must delay, and glean my memory
Of her high phrase:—perhaps no further dare.

End of Canto I.

CANTO II

"MORTAL, that thou mayst understand aright,
I humanize my sayings to thine ear,
Making comparisons of earthly things;
[illegible]
Too huge for mortal tongue, or pen of scribe.
The Titans fierce, self-hid or prison-bound,
Groan for the old allegiance once more,
Listening in their doom for Saturn's voice.
But one of the whole eagle-brood still keeps
His sovereignty, and rule, and majesty:
Blazing Hyperion on his orbed fire
Still sits, still snuffs the incense teeming up,
From Man to the Sun's God—yet unsecure.

For as upon the earth dire prodigies
Fright and perplex, so also shudders he;
Nor at dog's howl, or gloom-bird's Even screech,
Or the familiar visitings of one
Upon the first toll of his passing bell,
But horrors, portioned to a giant nerve,
Make great Hyperion ache. His palace bright,
Bastion'd with pyramids of glowing gold,
And touched with shade of bronzed obelisks,
Glares a blood-red thro' all the thousand courts,
Arches, and domes, and fiery galleries;
And all its curtains of Aurorian clouds
Flush angerly; when he would taste the wreaths
Of incense breathed aloft from sacred hills,
Instead of sweets, his ample palate takes
Savour of poisonous brass and metals sick;
Wherefore when harbour'd in the sleepy West,
After the full completion of fair day,
For rest divine upon exalted couch
And slumber in the arms of melody,
He paces through the pleasant hours of ease,
With strides colossal, on from hall to hall,
While far within each aisle and deep recess
His winged minions in close clusters stand
Amaz'd, and full of fear; like anxious men,
Who on a wide plain gather in sad troops,
When earthquakes jar their battlements and towers.
Even now where Saturn, roused from icy trance,
Goes, step for step, with Thea from yon woods,
Hyperion, leaving twilight in the rear,
Is sloping to the threshold of the West.
Thither we tend." Now in clear light I stood,
Reliev'd from the dusk vale. Mnemosyne
Was sitting on a square-edg'd polish'd stone,
That in its lucid depth reflected pure
Her priestess-garments. My quick eyes ran on
From stately nave to nave, from vault to vault,
Through bow'rs of fragrant and enwreathed light,
And diamond-paved lustrous long arcades.
Anon rush'd by the bright Hyperion;
His flaming robes stream'd out beyond his heels,
And gave a roar, as if of earthly fire,
That scared away the meek ethereal hours,
And made their dove-wings tremble. On he flared.

THE EVE OF SAINT MARK

UPON a Sabbath-day it fell;
Twice holy was the Sabbath bell,
That call'd the folk to evening prayer;
The city streets were clean and fair
From wholesome drench of April rains;
And, on the western window panes,
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
Of primroses by shelter'd rills,
And daisies on the aguish hills.
Twice holy was the Sabbath-bell:
The silent streets were crowded well
With staid and pious companies,
Warm from their fire-side orat'ries;
And moving, with demurest air,
To even-song, and vesper prayer.
Each arched porch, and entry low,
Was fill'd with patient folk and slow,
With whispers hush, and shuffling feet,
While play'd the organ loud and sweet.

The bells had ceas'd, the prayers begun,
And Bertha had not yet half done
A curious volume, patch'd and torn,
That all day long, from earliest morn,
Had taken captive her two eyes,
Among its golden broideries;
Perplex'd her with a thousand things,—
The stars of Heaven, and angels' wings,
Martyrs in a fiery blaze,
Azure saints in silver rays,
Moses' breastplate, and the seven
Candlesticks John saw in Heaven,
The winged Lion of Saint Mark,

And the Covenantal Ark,
With its many mysteries,
Cherubim and golden mice.
Bertha was a maiden fair,
Dwelling in th' old Minster-square;
From her fire-side she could see,
Sidelong, its rich antiquity,
Far as the Bishop's garden-wall;
Where sycamores and elm-trees tall,
Full-leav'd, the forest had outstript,
By no sharp north-wind ever nipt,
So shelter'd by the mighty pile.
Bertha arose, and read awhile,
With forehead 'gainst the window-pane.
Again she tried, and then again,
Until the dusk eve left her dark
Upon the legend of St. Mark.
From plaited lawn-frill, fine and thin,
She lifted up her soft warm chin,
With aching neck and swimming eyes,
And daz'd with saintly imageries.

All was gloom, and silent all,
Save now and then the still foot-fall
Of one returning homewards late,
Past the echoing minster-gate.
The clamorous daws, that all the day
Above tree-tops and towers play,
Pair by pair had gone to rest,
Each in its ancient belfry-nest,
Where asleep they fall betimes,
To music of the drowsy chimes.

All was silent, all was gloom,
Abroad and in the homely room:
Down she sat, poor cheated soul!
And struck a lamp from the dismal coal;
Lean'd forward, with bright drooping hair
And slant book, full against the glare.
Her shadow, in uneasy guise,
Hover'd about, a giant size,
On ceiling-beam and old oak chair,
The parrot's cage, and panel square;
And the warm angled winter screen,
On which were many monsters seen,
Call'd doves of Siam, Lima mice,
And legless birds of Paradise,

Macaw, and tender Avadavat,
And silken-furr'd Angora cat.
Untir'd she read, her shadow still
Glower'd about, as it would fill
The room with wildest forms and shades,
As though some ghostly queen of spades
Had come to mock behind her back,
And dance, and ruffle her garments black.
Untir'd she read the legend page,
Of holy Mark, from youth to age,
On land, on sea, in pagan chains,
Rejoicing for his many pains.
Sometimes the learned eremite,
With golden star, or dagger bright,
Referr'd to pious poesies
Written in smallest crow-quill size
Beneath the text; and thus the rhyme
Was parcell'd out from time to time:
——"Als writith he of swevenis,
Men han beforne they wake in bliss,
Whanne that hir friendes thinke hem bound
In crimped shroude farre under grounde;
And how a litling child mote be
A saint er its nativitie,
Gif that the modre (God her blesse!)
Kepen in solitarinesse,
And kissen devoute the holy croce.
Of Goddes love, and Sathan's force,—
He writith; and thinges many mo:
Of swiche thinges I may not show.
Bot I must tellen verilie
Somdel of Saintè Cicilie,
And chieflie what he auctorethe
Of Saintè Markis life and dethe:"

At length her constant eyelids come
Upon the fervent martyrdom;
Then lastly to his holy shrine,
Exalt amid the tapers' shine
At Venice,—

LA BELLE DAME SANS MERCI

(*First Version*)

1

O WHAT can ail thee Knight at arms
Alone and palely loitering?
The sedge has withered from the Lake
And no birds sing!

2

O what can ail thee Knight at arms
So haggard, and so woe begone?
The Squirrel's granary is full
And the harvest's done.

3

I see a lilly on thy brow
With anguish moist and fever dew,
And on thy cheeks a fading rose
Fast withereth too—

4

I met a Lady in the Meads
Full beautiful, a faery's child
Her hair was long, her foot was light
And her eyes were wild—

5

I made a Garland for her head,
And bracelets too, and fragrant Zone
She look'd at me as she did love
And made sweet moan—

LA BELLE DAME SANS MERCI

(Revised Version)

1

AH, what can ail thee, wretched wight,
Alone and palely loitering;
The sedge is wither'd from the lake,
And no birds sing.

2

Ah, what can ail thee, wretched wight,
So haggard and so woe-begone?
The squirrel's granary is full,
And the harvest's done.

3

I see a lily on thy brow,
With anguish moist and fever dew;
And on thy cheek a fading rose
Fast withereth too.

4

I met a Lady in the meads
Full beautiful, a fairy's child;
Her hair was long, her foot was light,
And her eyes were wild.

5

I set her on my pacing steed,
And nothing else saw all day long;
For sideways would she lean, and sing
A fairy's song.

6

I set her on my pacing steed
  And nothing else saw all day long
For sidelong would she bend and sing
  A faery's song—

7

She found me roots of relish sweet
  And honey wild and manna dew
And sure in language strange she said
  I love thee true—

8

She took me to her elfin grot
  And there she wept and sigh'd full sore,
And there I shut her wild wild eyes
  With kisses four.

9

And there she lulled me asleep
  And there I dream'd Ah Woe betide!
The latest dream I ever dreamt
  On the cold hill side

10

I saw pale Kings, and Princes too
  Pale warriors death pale were they all
They cried La belle dame sans merci
  Thee hath in thrall.

11

I saw their starv'd lips in the gloam
  With horrid warning gaped wide,
And I awoke, and found me here
  On the cold hill's side

12

And this is why I sojourn here
  Alone and palely loitering;
Though the sedge is withered from the Lake
  And no birds sing— . . .

6

I made a garland for her head,
  And bracelets too, and fragrant zone;
She look'd at me as she did love,
  And made sweet moan.

7

She found me roots of relish sweet,
  And honey wild, and manna dew;
And sure in language strange she said,
  I love thee true.

8

She took me to her elfin grot,
  And there she gaz'd and sighed deep,
And there I shut her wild sad eyes—
  So kiss'd to sleep.

9

And there we slumber'd on the moss,
  And there I dream'd, ah woe betide,
The latest dream I ever dream'd
  On the cold hill side.

10

I saw pale kings, and princes too,
  Pale warriors, death-pale were they all;
Who cried—"La belle Dame sans mercy
  Hath thee in thrall!"

11

I saw their starv'd lips in the gloom
  With horrid warning gaped wide,
And I awoke, and found me here
  On the cold hill side.

12

And this is why I sojourn here
  Alone and palely loitering,
Though the sedge is wither'd from the lake,
  And no birds sing

6

I set her on my pacing steed
  And nothing else saw all day long
For sidelong would she bend and sing
  A faery's song—

7

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  And honey wild and manna dew
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  With horrid warning gaped
And I awoke, and found me
  On the cold hill's side

12

And this is why I sojourn
  Alone and palely loiter
Though the sedge is with
  And no birds sing—

ON INDOLENCE

"They toil not, neither do they spin."

1

ONE morn before me were three figures seen,
With bowed necks, and joined hands, side-faced;
And one behind the other stepp'd serene,
In placid sandals, and in white robes graced;
They pass'd, like figures on a marble urn,
When shifted round to see the other side;
They came again; as when the urn once more
Is shifted round, the first seen shades return;
And they were strange to me, as may betide
With vases, to one deep in Phidian lore.

2

How is it, Shadows! that I knew ye not?
How came ye muffled in so hush a mask?
Was it a silent deep-disguised plot
To steal away, and leave without a task
My idle days? Ripe was the drowsy hour;
The blissful cloud of summer-indolence
Benumb'd my eyes; my pulse grew less and less;
Pain had no sting, and pleasure's wreath no flower:
O, why did ye not melt, and leave my sense
Unhaunted quite of all but—nothingness?

3

A third time pass'd they by, and, passing, turn'd
Each one the face a moment whiles to me;
Then faded, and to follow them I burn'd
And ached for wings, because I knew the three;
The first was a fair Maid, and Love her name;
The second was Ambition, pale of cheek,
And ever watchful with fatigued eye;
The last, whom I love more, the more of blame
Is heap'd upon her, maiden most unmeek,—
I knew to be my demon Poesy.

4

They faded, and, forsooth! I wanted wings:
O folly! What is Love? and where is it?
And for that poor Ambition! it springs
From a man's little heart's short fever-fit;
For Poesy!—no,—she has not a joy,—
At least for me,—so sweet as drowsy noons,
And evenings steep'd in honied indolence;
O, for an age so shelter'd from annoy,
That I may never know how change the moons,
Or hear the voice of busy common-sense!

5

And once more came they by;—alas! wherefore?
My sleep had been embroider'd with dim dreams;
My soul had been a lawn besprinkled o'er
With flowers, and stirring shades, and baffled beams:
The morn was clouded, but no shower fell,
Tho' in her lids hung the sweet tears of May;
The open casement press'd a new-leaved vine,
Let in the budding warmth and throstle's lay;
O Shadows! 'twas a time to bid farewell!
Upon your skirts had fallen no tears of mine.

6

So, ye three Ghosts, adieu! Ye cannot raise
My head cool-bedded in the flowery grass;
For I would not be dieted with praise,
A pet-lamb in a sentimental farce!
Fade softly from my eyes, and be once more
In masque-like figures on the dreamy urn;
Farewell! I yet have visions for the night,
And for the day faint visions there is store;
Vanish, ye Phantoms! from my idle spright,
Into the clouds, and never more return!

TO FANNY

1

PHYSICIAN Nature! let my spirit blood!
O ease my heart of verse and let me rest;
Throw me upon thy Tripod, till the flood
Of stifling numbers ebbs from my full breast.
A theme! a theme! great nature! give a theme;
Let me begin my dream.
I come—I see thee, as thou standest there,
Beckon me not into the wintry air.

2

Ah! dearest love, sweet home of all my fears,
And hopes, and joys, and panting miseries,—
To-night, if I may guess, thy beauty wears
A smile of such delight,
As brilliant and as bright,
As when with ravish'd, aching, vassal eyes,
Lost in soft amaze,
I gaze, I gaze!

3

Who now, with greedy looks, eats up my feast?
What stare outfaces now my silver moon?
Ah! keep that hand unravish'd at the least;
Let, let, the amorous burn—
But, pr'ythee, do not turn
The current of your heart from me so soon.
O! save, in charity,
The quickest pulse for me.

4

Save it for me, sweet love! though music breathe
Voluptuous visions into the warm air,
Though swimming through the dance's dangerous wreath;
Be like an April day,
Smiling and cold and gay,
A temperate lily, temperate as fair;
Then, Heaven! there will be
A warmer June for me.

5

Why, this—you'll say, my Fanny! is not true:
Put your soft hand upon your snowy side,
Where the heart beats: confess—'tis nothing new—
Must not a woman be
A feather on the sea,
Sway'd to and fro by every wind and tide?
Of as uncertain speed
As blow-ball from the mead?

6

I know it—and to know it is despair
To one who loves you as I love, sweet Fanny!
Whose heart goes flutt'ring for you every where,
Nor, when away you roam,
Dare keep its wretched home.
Love, Love alone, has pains severe and many:
When loneliest keep me free,
From torturing jealousy.

7

Ah! if you prize my subdued soul above
The poor, the fading, brief pride of an hour;
Let none profane my Holy See of love,
Or with a rude hand break
The sacramental cake:
Let none else touch the just new-budded flower;
If not—may my eyes close,
Love! on their last repose.

TO ——

WHAT can I do to drive away
 Remembrance from my eyes? for they have seen,
Aye, an hour ago, my brilliant Queen!
Touch has a memory. O say, love, say,
What can I do to kill it and be free
In my old liberty?
When every fair one that I saw was fair
Enough to catch me in but half a snare,
Not keep me there:
When, howe'er poor or particolour'd things,
My muse had wings,
And ever ready was to take her course
Whither I bent her force,
Unintellectual, yet divine to me;—
Divine, I say!—What sea-bird o'er the sea
Is a philosopher the while he goes
Winging along where the great water throes?
How shall I do
To get anew
Those moulted feathers, and so mount once more
Above, above
The reach of fluttering Love

Foisted into the canon-law of love;—
No,—wine is only sweet to happy men;
More dismal cares
Seize on me unawares,—
Where shall I learn to get my peace again?
To banish thoughts of that most hateful land,
Dungeoner of my friends, that wicked strand
Where they were wreck'd and live a wrecked life

5

Why, this—you'll say, my Fanny! is not true:
Put your soft hand upon your snowy side,
Where the heart beats: confess—'tis nothing new—
Must not a woman be
A feather on the sea,
Sway'd to and fro by every wind and tide?
Of as uncertain speed
As blow-ball from the mead?

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I know it—and to know it is despair
To one who loves you as I love, sweet Fanny!
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And ever ready was to take her course
Whither I bent her force,
Unintellectual, yet divine to me;—
Divine, I say!—What sea-bird o'er the sea
Is a philosopher the while he goes
Winging along where the great water throes?
How shall I do
To get anew
Those moulted feathers, and so mount once more
Above, above
The reach of fluttering Love,
And make him cower lowly while I soar?
Shall I gulp wine? No, that is vulgarism,
A heresy and schism,
Foisted into the canon-law of love;—
No,—wine is only sweet to happy men;
More dismal cares
Seize on me unawares,—
Where shall I learn to get my peace again?
To banish thoughts of that most hateful land,
Dungeoner of my friends, that wicked strand
Where they were wreck'd and live a wrecked life;
That monstrous region, whose dull rivers pour,
Ever from their sordid urns unto the shore,
Unown'd of any weedy-haired gods;

Whose winds, all zephyrless, hold scourging rods,
Iced in the great lakes, to afflict mankind;
Whose rank-grown forests, frosted, black, and blind,
Would fright a Dryad; whose harsh herbaged meads
Make lean and lank the starv'd ox while he feeds;
There bad flowers have no scent, birds no sweet song,
And great unerring Nature once seems wrong.

O, for some sunny spell
To dissipate the shadows of this hell!
Say they are gone,—with the new dawning light
Steps forth my lady bright!
O, let me once more rest
My soul upon that dazzling breast!
Let once again these aching arms be placed,
The tender gaolers of thy waist!
And let me feel that warm breath here and there
To spread a rapture in my very hair,—
O, the sweetness of the pain!
Give me those lips again!
Enough! Enough! it is enough for me
To dream of thee!

Lines supposed to have been addressed to Fanny Brawne

THIS living hand, now warm and capable
Of earnest grasping, would, if it were cold
And in the icy silence of the tomb,
So haunt thy days and chill thy dreaming nights
That thou would[st] wish thine own heart dry of blood
So in my veins red life might stream again,
And thou be conscience-calm'd—see here it is—
I hold it towards you.

ON . . .

THINK not of it, sweet one, so;—
Give it not a tear;
Sigh thou mayst, and bid it go
Any—any where.

Do not look so sad, sweet one,—
Sad and fadingly;
Shed one drop then,—it is gone—
O 'twas born to die!

Still so pale? then, dearest, weep;
Weep, I'll count the tears,
And each one shall be a bliss
For thee in after years.

Brighter has it left thine eyes
Than a sunny rill;
And thy whispering melodies
Are tenderer still.

Yet—as all things mourn awhile
At fleeting blisses;
Let us too; but be our dirge
A dirge of kisses.

LINES

UNFELT, unheard, unseen,
I've left my little queen,
Her languid arms in silver slumber lying:
Ah! through their nestling touch,
Who—who could tell how much
There is for madness—cruel, or complying?

Those faery lids how sleek!
Those lips how moist!—they speak,
In ripest quiet, shadows of sweet sounds:
Into my fancy's ear
Melting a burden dear,
How "Love doth know no fullness, nor no bounds."

True!—tender monitors!
I bend unto your laws:
This sweetest day for dalliance was born!
So, without more ado,
I'll feel my heaven anew,
For all the blushing of the hasty morn.

Where's the Poet?

WHERE'S the Poet? show him! show him,
Muses nine! that I may know him.
'Tis the man who with a man
Is an equal, be he King,
Or poorest of the beggar-clan,
Or any other wondrous thing
A man may be 'twixt ape and Plato;
'Tis the man who with a bird,
Wren, or Eagle, finds his way to
All its instincts; he hath heard
The Lion's roaring, and can tell
What his horny throat expresseth,
And to him the Tiger's yell
Comes articulate and presseth
On his ear like mother-tongue.

* * * * *

"Under the flag
Of each his faction, they to battle bring
Their embryo atoms."—MILTON.

WELCOME joy, and welcome sorrow,
Lethe's weed and Hermes' feather;
Come to-day and come to-morrow,
I do love you both together!

I love to mark sad faces in fair weather;
And hear a merry laugh amid the thunder;
Fair and foul I love together:
Meadows sweet where flames are under,
And a giggle at a wonder;
Visage sage at pantomime;

Funeral, and steeple-chime;
Infant playing with a skull;

. . . .

Dancing music, music sad,
Both together, sane and mad;
Muses bright and muses pale;
Sombre Saturn, Momus hale;—
Laugh and sigh, and laugh again;
Oh! the sweetness of the pain!
Muses bright and muses pale,
  Bare your faces of the veil;
Let me see; and let me write
  Of the day and of the night—
Both together:—let me slake
  All my thirst for sweet heart-ache;
Let my bower be of yew,
  Interwreath'd with myrtles new;
  Pines and lime trees full in bloom,
And my couch a low grass-tomb.

On a Lock of Milton's Hair

CHIEF of organic numbers!
  Old Scholar of the Spheres!
Thy spirit never slumbers,
But rolls about our ears
For ever and for ever!
O what a mad endeavour
      Worketh He,
Who to thy sacred and ennobled hearse
Would offer a burnt sacrifice of verse
      And melody.

How heavenward thou soundest!
Live Temple of sweet noise,
And Discord unconfoundest,
Giving Delight new joys,
And Pleasure nobler pinions
O where are thy dominions?

Lend thine ear
To a young Delian oath—ay, by thy soul,
By all that from thy mortal lips did roll,
And by the kernel of thy earthly love,
Beauty in things on earth and things above.
I swear!

When every childish fashion
Has vanished from my rhyme,
Will I, grey gone in passion,
Leave to an after-time
Hymning and Harmony
Of thee and of thy works, and of thy life;
But vain is now the burning and the strife;
Pangs are in vain, until I grow high-rife
With old Philosophy,
And mad with glimpses of futurity.

For many years my offerings must be hush'd;
When I do speak, I'll think upon this hour,
Because I feel my forehead hot and flushed,
Even at the simplest vassal of thy power.
A lock of thy bright hair,—
Sudden it came,
And I was startled when I caught thy name
Coupled so unaware;
Yet at the moment temperate was my blood—
I thought I had beheld it from the flood!

WHAT THE THRUSH SAID

To Reynolds

O THOU whose face hath felt the Winter's wind,
Whose eye has seen the snow-clouds hung in mist
And the black elm tops 'mong the freezing stars!
To thee the spring will be a harvest time.
O thou whose only book has been the light
Of supreme darkness, which thou feddest on
Night after night, when Phœbus was away!
To thee the Spring shall be a triple morn.
O fret not after knowledge. I have none,
And yet my song comes native with the warmth.
O fret not after knowledge! I have none,
And yet the evening listens. He who saddens
At thought of idleness cannot be idle,
And he's awake who thinks himself asleep.

I

SHED no tear! oh shed no tear!
The flower will bloom another year
Weep no more! oh weep no more!
Young buds sleep in the root's white core.
Dry your eyes! oh dry your eyes!
For I was taught in Paradise
To ease my breast of melodies—
Shed no tear.

Overhead! look overhead!
'Mong the blossoms white and red—
Look up, look up. I flutter now
On this flush pomegranate bough.
See me! 'tis this silvery bill
Ever cures the good man's ill.
Shed no tear! Oh shed no tear!
The flower will bloom another year.
Adieu, adieu!—I fly, adieu!
I vanish in the heaven's blue—
Adieu! Adieu!

II

Ah! woe is me! poor silver-wing!
That I must chant thy lady's dirge,
And death to this fair haunt of spring,
Of melody, and streams of flowery verge,—
Poor silver-wing! ah! woe is me!
That I must see
These blossoms snow upon thy lady's pall!
Go, pretty page! and in her ear
Whisper that the hour is near!
Softly tell her not to fear
Such calm favonian burial!
Go, pretty page! and soothly tell,—
The blossoms hang by a melting spell,
And fall they must, ere a star wink thrice
Upon her closed eyes,
That now in vain are weeping their last tears,
At sweet life leaving, and these arbours green,—
Rich dowry from the Spirit of the Spheres,—
Alas! poor Queen!

DAISY'S SONG

1

THE sun, with his great eye,
Sees not so much as I;
And the moon, all silver-proud,
Might as well be in a cloud.

2

And O the spring—the spring
I lead the life of a king!
Couch'd in the teeming grass,
I spy each pretty lass.

3

I look where no one dares,
And I stare where no one stares,
And when the night is nigh,
Lambs bleat my lullaby.

SONG

1

THE stranger lighted from his steed
And ere he spake a word
He seized my lady's lily hand,
And kiss'd it all unheard.

2

The stranger walk'd into the hall,
And ere he spake a word
He kiss'd my lady's cherry lips,
And kiss'd 'em all unheard.

3

The stranger walk'd into the bower,—
But my lady first did go,—
Aye hand in hand into the bower
Where my lord's roses blow.

4

My lady's maid had a silken scarf
And a golden ring had she,
And a kiss from the stranger, as off he wei
Again on his fair palfrey.

Asleep! O sleep a little while

ASLEEP! O sleep a little while, white pearl
And let me kneel, and let me pray to thee,
And let me call Heaven's blessing on thine eyes,
And let me breathe into the happy air
That doth enfold and touch thee all about,
Vows of my slavery, my giving up,
My sudden adoration, my great love!

Where be ye going, you Devon Maid?

1

WHERE be ye going, you Devon maid?
And what have ye there in the basket?
Ye tight little fairy, just fresh from the dairy,
Will ye give me some cream if I ask it?

2

I love your Meads, and I love your flowers,
And I love your junkets mainly,
But 'hind the door I love kissing more,
O look not so disdainly.

3

I love your hills and I love your dales,
And I love your flocks a-bleating
[illegible]
[illegible]

4

I'll put your basket all safe in a nook;
Your shawl I'll hang on the [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

MEG MERRILIES

1

OLD MEG she was a Gipsy,
And liv'd upon the Moors:
Her bed it was the brown heath turf,
And her house was out of doors.

2

Her apples were swart blackberries,
  Her currants pods o' broom;
Her wine was dew of the wild white rose,
  Her book a churchyard tomb.

3

Her Brothers were the craggy hills,
  Her Sisters larchen trees—
Alone with her great family
  She liv'd as she did please.

4

No breakfast had she many a morn,
  No dinner many a noon,
And 'stead of supper she would stare
  Full hard against the Moon.

5

But every morn of woodbine fresh
  She made her garlanding,
And every night the dark glen Yew
  She wove, and she would sing.

6

And with her fingers old and brown
  She plaited Mats o' Rushes,
And gave them to the Cottagers
  She met among the Bushes.

7

Old Meg was brave as Margaret Queen
  And tall as Amazon:
An old red blanket cloak she wore;
  A chip hat had she on.
God rest her aged bones somewhere—
  She died full long agone!

STAFFA

NOT Aladdin magian
  Ever such a work began
Not the wizard of the Dee
Ever such a dream could see;
Not St. John, in Patmos' Isle,
In the passion of his toil,

When he saw the churches seven,
Golden aisled, built up in heaven,
Gaz'd at such a rugged wonder.
As I stood its roofing under,
Lo! I saw one sleeping there,
On the marble cold and bare.
While the surges wash'd his feet,
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
Lifted dry above the main,
Were upon the curl again.
"What is this? and what art thou?"
Whisper'd I, and touch'd his brow;
"What art thou? and what is this?"
Whisper'd I, and strove to kiss
The spirit's hand, to wake his eyes;
Up he started in a trice:
"I am Lycidas," said he,
"Fam'd in funeral minstrelsy!
This was architectur'd thus
By the great Oceanus!—
Here his mighty waters play
Hollow organs all the day;
Here by turns his dolphins all,
Finny palmers great and small,
Come to pay devotion due—
Each a mouth of pearls must strew.
Many a mortal of these days,
Dares to pass our sacred ways,
Dares to touch audaciously
This Cathedral of the Sea!
I have been the pontiff-priest
Where the waters never rest,
Where a fledgy sea-bird choir
Soars for ever; holy fire
I have hid from mortal man;
Proteus is my Sacristan.
But the dulled eye of mortal
Hath pass'd beyond the rocky portal;
So for ever will I leave
Such a taint, and soon unweave
All the magic of the place."
So saying, with a Spirit's glance
He dived!

A PROPHECY

To his brother George in America

'TIS the witching hour of night,
Orbed is the moon and bright,
And the stars they glisten, glisten,
Seeming with bright eyes to listen—
For what listen they?
For a song and for a charm,
See they glisten in alarm,
And the moon is waxing warm
To hear what I shall say.
Moon! keep wide thy golden ears—
Hearken, stars! and hearken, spheres!—
Hearken, thou eternal sky!
I sing an infant's lullaby,
A pretty lullaby.
Listen, listen, listen, listen,
Glisten, glisten, glisten, glisten,
And hear my lullaby!
Though the rushes that will make
Its cradle still are in the lake—
Though the linen that will be
Its swathe, is on the cotton tree—
Though the woollen that will keep
It warm, is on the silly sheep—
Listen, starlight, listen, listen,
Glisten, glisten, glisten, glisten,
And hear my lullaby!
Child, I see thee! Child, I've found thee
Midst of the quiet all around thee!
Child, I see thee! Child, I spy thee!
And thy mother sweet is nigh thee!
Child, I know thee! Child no more,
But a Poet evermore!
See, see, the lyre, the lyre,
In a flame of fire,
Upon the little cradle's top
Flaring, flaring, flaring,
Past the eyesight's bearing.
Awake it from its sleep,
And see if it can keep
Its eyes upon the blaze—
Amaze, amaze!
It stares, it stares, it stares,
It dares what no one dares!

It lifts its little hand into the flame
Unharm'd, and on the strings
Paddles a little tune, and sings,
With dumb endeavour sweetly—
Bard art thou completely!
Little child
O' th' western wild,
Bard art thou completely!
Sweetly with dumb endeavour,
A Poet now or never,
Little child
O' th' western wild,
A Poet now or never!

SONG

IN A DREAR-NIGHTED DECEMBER

1

In a drear-nighted December,
Too happy, happy tree,
Thy branches ne'er remember
Their green felicity:
The north cannot undo them
With a sleety whistle through them
Nor frozen thawings glue them
From budding at the prime.

2

In a drear-nighted December,
Too happy, happy brook,
Thy bubblings ne'er remember
Apollo's summer look;
But with a sweet forgetting,
They stay their crystal fretting,
Never, never petting
About the frozen time.

3

Ah! would 'twere so with many
A gentle girl and boy!
But were there ever any
Writhed not at passed joy?
To know the change and feel it,
When there is none to heal it
Nor numbed sense to steel it,
Was never said in rhyme.

SONG

1

HUSH, hush! tread softly! hush, hush my dear!
All the house is asleep, but we know very well
That the jealous, the jealous old bald-pate may hear,
Tho' you've padded his night-cap—O sweet Isabel!
Tho' your feet are more light than a Faery's feet,
Who dances on bubbles where brooklets meet,—
Hush, hush! soft tiptoe! hush, hush my dear!
For less than a nothing the jealous can hear.

2

No leaf doth tremble, no ripple is there
On the river,—all's still, and the night's sleepy eye
Closes up, and forgets all its Lethean care,
Charm'd to death by the drone of the humming May-fly;
And the Moon, whether prudish or complaisant,
Has fled to her bower, well knowing I want
No light in the dusk, no torch in the gloom,
But my Isabel's eyes, and her lips pulp'd with bloom.

3

Lift the latch! ah gently! ah tenderly—sweet!
We are dead if that latchet gives one little clink!
Well done—now those lips, and a flowery seat—
The old man may sleep, and the planets may wink;
The shut rose shall dream of our loves, and awake
Full blown, and such warmth for the morning take,
The stock-dove shall hatch her soft brace and shall coo,
While I kiss to the melody, aching all through!

SONG

I HAD a dove and the sweet dove died,
And I have thought it died of grieving:
O, what could it grieve for? Its feet were tied,
With a silken thread of my own hand's weaving;
Sweet little red feet! why should you die—
Why should you leave me, sweet bird! why?
You liv'd alone in the forest-tree,
Why, pretty thing! would you not live with me?
I kiss'd you oft and gave you white peas;
Why not live sweetly, as in the green trees?

SONG OF FOUR FAIRIES

FIRE, AIR, EARTH, AND WATER,

SALAMANDER, ZEPHYR, DUSKETHA, AND BREAMA

Salamander

HAPPY, happy glowing fire!
Zeph. Fragrant air! delicious light!
Dus. Let me to my glooms retire!
Bre. I to green-weed rivers bright!
Sal. Happy, happy glowing fire!
Dazzling bowers of soft retire,
Ever let my nourish'd wing,
Like a bat's, still wandering,
Faintless fan your fiery spaces,
Spirit sole in deadly places.
In unhaunted roar and blaze,
Open eyes that never daze,
Let me see the myriad shapes
Of men, and beasts, and fish, and apes,
Portray'd in many a fiery den,
And wrought by spumy bitumen
On the deep intenser roof,
Arched every way aloof.
Let me breathe upon their skies,
And anger their live tapestries;
Free from cold, and every care
Of chilly rain and shivering air.
Zeph. Spirit of Fire! away! away!
Or your very roundelay
Will sear my plumage newly budded
From its quilled sheath, all studded
With the self-same dews that fell
On the May-grown Asphodel.
Spirit of Fire—away! away!
Bre. Spirit of Fire—away! away!
Zephyr, blue-eyed fairy, turn,
And see my cool sedge-buried urn,
Where it rests its mossy brim
'Mid water-mint and cresses dim;
And the flowers, in sweet troubles,
Lift their eyes above the bubbles,
Like our Queen, when she would please

To sleep and Oberon *will* tease—
Love me, blue-eyed Fairy! true.
Soothly I am sick for you.
Zeph. Gentle Breama! by the first
Violet young nature nurst,
I will bathe myself with thee,
So you sometimes follow me
To my home, far, far in west,
Beyond the nimble-wheeled quest
Of the golden-browed sun.
Come with me, o'er tops of trees,
To my fragrant palaces,
Where they ever floating are
Beneath the cherish of a star
Call'd Vesper, who with silver veil
Ever hides his brilliance pale,
Ever gently-drows'd doth keep
Twilight for the Fayes to sleep.
Fear not that your watery hair
Will thirst in drouthy ringlets there;
Clouds of stored summer rains
Thou shalt taste, before the stains
Of the mountain soil they take,
And too unlucent for thee make.
I love thee, crystal Fairy, true!
Sooth I am as sick for you!
Sal. Out, ye aguish Fairies, out!
Chilly lovers, what a rout
Keep ye with your frozen breath,
Colder than the mortal death!
Adder-eyed Dusketha, speak!
Shall we leave these, and go seek
In the earth's wide entrails old
Couches warm as theirs are cold?
O for a fiery gloom and thee,
Dusketha, so enchantingly
Freckle-wing'd and lizard-sided!
Dus. By thee, Sprite, will I be guided!
I care not for cold or heat;
Frost and flame, or sparks, or sleet,
To my essence are the same;—
But I honour more the flame.
Sprite of Fire, I follow thee
Wheresoever it may be,—
To the torrid spouts and fountains,
Underneath earth-quaked mountains
Or, at thy supreme desire,

Touch the very pulse of fire
With my bare unlidded eyes.
Sal. Sweet Dusketha! paradise!
Off, ye icy Spirits, fly!
Frosty creatures of the sky!
Dus. Breathe upon them, fiery sprite!
Zeph. } *Bre.* } Away! away to our delight!
Sal. Go, feed on icicles, while we
Bedded in tongue-flames will be.
Dus. Lead me to those feverish glooms,
Sprite of Fire!
Bre. Me to the blooms,
Blue-eyed Zephyr, of those flowers
Far in the west where the May-cloud lowers;
And the beams of still Vesper, when winds are all wist,
Are shed through the rain and the milder mist,
And twilight your floating bowers.

EPISTLE

TO

JOHN HAMILTON REYNOLDS

DEAR Reynolds! as last night I lay in bed,
There came before my eyes that wonted thread
Of shapes, and shadows, and remembrances,
That every other minute vex and please:
Things all disjointed come from north and south,—
Two Witch's eyes above a Cherub's mouth,
Voltaire with casque and shield and habergeon,
And Alexander with his nightcap on;
Old Socrates a-tying his cravat,
And Hazlitt playing with Miss Edgeworth's Cat;
And Junius Brutus, pretty well so so,
Making the best of 's way towards Soho.

Few are there who escape these visitings,—
Perhaps one or two whose lives have patent wings,
And thro' whose curtains peeps no hellish nose,
No wild-boar tushes, and no Mermaid's toes;
But flowers bursting out with lusty pride,
And young Æolian harps personified;
Some Titian colours touch'd into real life,—
The sacrifice goes on; the pontiff knife
Gleams in the Sun, the milk-white heifer lows,
The pipes go shrilly, the libation flows:
A white sail shows above the green-head cliff,
Moves round the point, and throws her anchor stiff;
The mariners join hymn with those on land.

You know the Enchanted Castle,—it doth stand
Upon a rock, on the border of a Lake,
Nested in trees, which all do seem to shake
From some old magic-like Urganda's Sword.

O Phœbus! that I had thy sacred word
To show this Castle, in fair dreaming wise,
Unto my friend, while sick and ill he lies!

You know it well enough, where it doth seem
A mossy place, a Merlin's Hall, a dream;
You know the clear Lake, and the little Isles,
The mountains blue, and cold near neighbour rills,
All which elsewhere are but half animate;
There do they look alive to love and hate,
To smiles and frowns; they seem a lifted mound
Above some giant, pulsing underground.

Part of the Building was a chosen See,
Built by a banished Santon of Chaldee;
The other part, two thousand years f[illegible]
V[illegible]
I[illegible]
I[illegible]
And many other juts of aged stone
Founded with many a mason-devil's groan.

The doors all look as if they oped themselves,
The windows as if latched by Fays and Elves,
And from them comes a silver flash of light,
As from the westward of a Summer's night;
Or like a beauteous woman's large blue eyes
Gone mad thro' olden songs and poesies.

See! what is coming from the distance dim!
A golden Galley all in silken trim!
Three rows of oars are lightening, moment whiles,
Into the verd'rous bosoms of those isles;
Towards the shade, under the Castle wall,
It comes in silence,—now 'tis hidden all.
The Clarion sounds, and from a Post rn-gate
An echo of sweet music doth create
A fear in the poor Herdsman, who doth bring
His beasts to trouble the enchanted spring,—
He tells of the sweet music, and the spot,
To all his friends, and they believe him not.

O that our dreamings all, of sleep or wake,
Would all their colours from the sunset take:
From something of material sublime,
Rather than shadow our own soul's day-time
In the dark void of night. For in the world

We jostle,—but my flag is not unfurl'd
On the Admiral-staff,—and so philosophize
I dare not yet! Oh, never will the prize,
High reason, and the love of good and ill,
Be my award! Things cannot to the will
Be settled, but they tease us out of thought;
Or is it that imagination brought
Beyond its proper bound, yet still confin'd,
Lost in a sort of Purgatory blind,
Cannot refer to any standard law
Of either earth or heaven? It is a flaw
In happiness, to see beyond our bourn,—
It forces us in summer skies to mourn,
It spoils the singing of the Nightingale.

Dear Reynolds! I have a mysterious tale,
And cannot speak it: the first page I read
Upon a Lampit rock of green sea-weed
Among the breakers; 'twas a quiet eve,
The rocks were silent, the wide sea did weave
An untumultous fringe of silver foam
Along the flat brown sand; I was at home
And should have been most happy,—but I saw
Too far into the sea, where every maw
The greater on the less feeds evermore.—
But I saw too distinct into the core
Of an eternal fierce destruction,
And so from happiness I far was gone.
Still am I sick of it, and tho', to-day,
I've gather'd young spring-leaves, and flowers gay
Of periwinkle and wild strawberry,
Still do I that most fierce destruction see,—
The Shark at savage prey,—the Hawk at pounce,—
The gentle Robin, like a Pard or Ounce,
Ravening a worm,—Away, ye horrid moods!
Moods of one's mind! You know I hate them well
You know I'd sooner be a clapping Bell
To some Kamtschatcan Missionary Church,
Than with these horrid moods be left i' the lurch.

SONNETS

I

OH! how I love, on a fair summer's eve,
  When streams of light pour down the golden west,
And on the balmy zephyrs tranquil rest
The silver clouds, far—far away to leave
All meaner thoughts, and take a sweet reprieve
  From little cares; to find, with easy quest,
  A fragrant wild, with Nature's beauty drest,
And there into delight my soul deceive.
There warm my breast with patriotic lore,
  Musing on Milton's fate—on Sydney's bier—
Till their stern forms before my mind arise:
Perhaps on wing of Poesy upsoar,
  Full often dropping a delicious tear,
When some melodious sorrow spells mine eyes.

II

AFTER *dark vapours have oppress'd our plains*
  For a long dreary season, comes a day
  Born of the gentle South, and clears away
From the sick heavens all unseemly stains
The anxious month, relieved of its pains,
  Takes as a long-lost right the feel of May,
  The eye-lids with the passing coolness play,
Like rose-leaves with the drip of summer rains
[illegible] of leaves

III

Written on the blank space of a leaf at the end of Chaucer's tale of The Flowre and the Lefe

THIS pleasant tale is like a little copse:
  The honied lines so freshly interlace,
  To keep the reader in so sweet a place,
So that he here and there full-hearted stops;
And oftentimes he feels the dewy drops
  Come cool and suddenly against his face,
  And, by the wandering melody, may trace
Which way the tender-leggèd linnet hops.
Oh! what a power has white simplicity!
  What mighty power has this gentle story!
  I, that do ever feel athirst for glory,
Could at this moment be content to lie
  Meekly upon the grass, as those whose sobbings
  Were heard of none beside the mournful robins.

IV

TO HAYDON

With a Sonnet on seeing the Elgin Marbles

HAYDON! forgive me that I cannot speak
  Definitively of these mighty things;
  Forgive me, that I have not eagle's wings,
That what I want I know not where to seek.
And think that I would not be over-meek,
  In rolling out upfollow'd thunderings,
  Even to the steep of Heliconian springs,
Were I of ample strength for such a freak.
Think, too, that all these numbers should be thine;
  Whose else? In this who touch thy vesture's hem?
For, when men stared at what was most divine
  With brainless idiotism and o'erwise phlegm,
Thou hadst beheld the full Hesperian shrine
  Of their star in the east, and gone to worship them!

V

On seeing the Elgin Marbles for the first time

MY spirit is too weak; mortality
 Weighs heavily on me like unwilling sleep,
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
Fresh for the opening of the morning's eye.
Such dim-conceived glories of the brain
 Bring round the heart an indescribable feud;
So do these wonders a most dizzy pain,
[illegible] with the rude
[illegible] main
[illegible]

VI

On a Picture of Leander

COME hither all sweet maidens soberly,
 Down-looking aye, and with a chasten'd light
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
 O horrid dream! see how his body dips,
Dead-heavy; arms and shoulders gleam awhile:
He's gone; up bubbles all his amorous breath!

VII

On the Sea

IT keeps eternal whisperings around
  Desolate shores, and with its mighty swell
 Gluts twice ten thousand caverns, till the spell
Of Hecate leaves them their old shadowy sound.
Often 'tis in such gentle temper found,
 That scarcely will the very smallest shell
 Be moved for days from where it sometime fell,
When last the winds of heaven were unbound.
O ye! who have your eye-balls vex'd and tired,
 Feast them upon the wideness of the Sea;
O ye! whose ears are dinn'd with uproar rude,
 Or fed too much with cloying melody,—
Sit ye near some old cavern's mouth, and brood
Until ye start, as if the sea-nymphs quired!

VIII

On Leigh Hunt's Poem, The Story of Rimini

WHO loves to peer up at the morning sun,
  With half-shut eyes and comfortable cheek,
 Let him, with this sweet tale, full often seek
For meadows where the little rivers run;
Who loves to linger with that brightest one
 Of Heaven—Hesperus—let him lowly speak
 These numbers to the night, and starlight meek,
Or moon, if that her hunting be begun.
He who knows these delights, and too is prone
 To moralise upon a smile or tear,
Will find at once a region of his own,
 A bower for his spirit, and will steer
To alleys, where the fir-tree drops its cone,
 Where robins hop, and fallen leaves are sear.

IX

On sitting down to read King Lear once again

O GOLDEN-TONGUED Romance with serene lute!
  Fair plumed Syren! Queen of far away!
  [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
  [illegible]
  [illegible] away
  [illegible]
Chief Poet! and ye clouds of Albion,
  Begetters of our deep eternal theme,
When through the old oak forest I am gone,
  Let me not wander in a barren dream,
But when I am consumed in the fire,
Give me new Phœnix wings to fly at my desire.

X

WHEN I have fears that I may cease to be
  Before my pen has glean'd my teeming brain,
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
And when I feel, fair creature of an hour!
  That I shall never look upon thee more,
Never have relish in the faery power
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

XI

TO THE NILE

SON of the old moon-mountains African!
Stream of the Pyramid and Crocodile!
We call thee fruitful, and, that very while
A desert fills our seeing's inward span.
Nurse of swart nations since the world began,
Art thou so fruitful? or dost thou beguile
Those men to honour thee, who, worn with toil,
Rest them a space 'twixt Cairo and Decan?
O may dark fancies err! They surely do;
'Tis ignorance that makes a barren waste
Of all beyond itself. Thou dost bedew
Green rushes like our rivers, and dost taste
The pleasant sun-rise. Green isles hast thou too,
And to the sea as happily dost haste.

XII

TO SPENSER

SPENSER! a jealous honourer of thine,
A forester deep in thy midmost trees,
Did, last eve, ask my promise to refine
Some English, that might strive thine ear to please.
But, Elfin-poet! 'tis impossible
For an inhabitant of wintry earth
To rise, like Phœbus, with a golden quell,
Fire-wing'd, and make a morning in his mirth.
It is impossible to 'scape from toil
O' the sudden, and receive thy spiriting:
The flower must drink the nature of the soil
Before it can put forth its blossoming:
Be with me in the summer days, and I
Will for thine honour and his pleasure try.

XIII

TO——

TIME'S sea hath been five years at its slow ebb;
  Long hours have to and fro let creep the sand;
Since I was tangled in thy beauty's web,
  And snared by the ungloving of thine hand.
And yet I never look on midnight sky,
  But I behold thine eyes' well memoried light;
I cannot look upon the rose's dye,
  But to thy cheek my soul doth take its flight;
I cannot look on any budding flower,
  But my fond ear, in fancy at thy lips,
And hearkening for a love-sound, doth devour
  Its sweets in the wrong sense:—Thou dost eclipse
Every delight with sweet remembering,
And grief unto my darling joys dost bring.

XIV

Answer to a Sonnet by J. H. Reynolds, ending—

"Dark eyes are dearer far
Than those that mock the hyacinthine bell."

BLUE! 'Tis the life of heaven,—the domain
  Of Cynthia,—the wide palace of the sun,—
The tent of Hesperus, and all his train,—
  The bosomer of clouds, gold, grey, and dun.
Blue! 'Tis the life of waters—ocean
  And all its vassal streams: pools numberless,
May rage, and foam, and fret, but never can
  Subside, if not to dark blue nativeness.
Blue! Gentle cousin of the forest-green,
  [illegible]
[illegible]
  [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

XV

O THAT a week could be an age, and we
  Felt parting and warm meeting every week,
Then one poor year a thousand years would be,
  The flush of welcome ever on the cheek:
So could we live long life in little space,
  So time itself would be annihilate,
So a day's journey in oblivious haze
  To serve our joys would lengthen and dilate.
O to arrive each Monday morn from Ind!
  To land each Tuesday from the rich Levant!
In little time a host of joys to bind,
  And keep our souls in one eternal pant!
This morn, my friend, and yester-evening taught
Me how to harbour such a happy thought.

XVI

THE HUMAN SEASONS

FOUR Seasons fill the measure of the year;
  There are four seasons in the mind of man:
He has his lusty Spring, when fancy clear
  Takes in all beauty with an easy span:
He has his Summer, when luxuriously
  Spring's honied cud of youthful thought he loves
To ruminate, and by such dreaming high
  Is nearest unto Heaven: quiet coves
His soul has in its Autumn, when his wings
  He furleth close; contented so to look
On mists in idleness—to let fair things
  Pass by unheeded as a threshold brook.
He has his Winter too of pale misfeature,
Or else he would forego his mortal nature.

XVII

TO HOMER

STANDING aloof in giant ignorance,
Of thee I hear and of the Cyclades,
As one who sits ashore and longs perchance
To visit dolphin-coral in deep seas.
So thou wast blind!—but then the veil was rent;
For Jove uncurtain'd Heaven to let thee live,
And Neptune made for thee a spermy tent,

. . . .

XVIII

On visiting the Tomb of Burns

THE town, the churchyard, and the setting sun,
The clouds, the trees, the rounded hills all seem,
Though beautiful, cold—strange—as in a dream,
I dreamed long ago, now new begun.
The short-lived paly Summer is but won
From Winter's ague, for one hour's gleam;
Though sapphire-warm, their stars do never beam:
All is cold Beauty; pain is never done:
For who has mind to relish, Minos-wise,
The Real of Beauty, free from that dead hue
Sickly imagination and sick pride
Cast wan upon it! Burns! with honour due
I oft have honour'd thee. Great shadow! hide
Thy face; I sin against thy native skies.

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  For Jove uncurtain'd Heaven to let thee live,
And Neptune made for thee a spermy tent,
  And Pan made sing for thee his forest-hive;
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
Such seeing hadst thou, as it once befel
To Dian, Queen of Earth, and Heaven, and Hell.

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  The clouds, the trees, the rounded hills all seem,
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Thy face; I sin against thy native skies.

XIX

TO AILSA ROCK

HEARKEN, thou craggy ocean-pyramid,
  Give answer by thy voice—the sea-fowls' screams!
  When were thy shoulders mantled in huge streams?
When from the sun was thy broad forehead hid?
How long is't since the mighty Power bid
  Thee heave to airy sleep from fathom dreams—
  Sleep in the lap of thunder or sunbeams—
Or when grey clouds are thy cold coverlid!
Thou answer'st not; for thou art dead asleep.
  Thy life is but two dead eternities,
The last in air, the former in the deep!
  First with the whales, last with the eagle-skies!
Drown'd wast thou till an earthquake made thee steep,
  Another cannot wake thy giant size!

XX

Written upon Ben Nevis

READ me a lesson, Muse, and speak it loud
  Upon the top of Nevis, blind in mist!
I look into the chasms, and a shroud
Vapourous doth hide them,—just so much I wist
Mankind do know of hell; I look o'erhead,
And there is sullen mist,—even so much
Mankind can tell of heaven; mist is spread
Before the earth, beneath me,—even such,
Even so vague is man's sight of himself!
Here are the craggy stones beneath my feet,—
Thus much I know that, a poor witless elf,
I tread on them,—that all my eye doth meet
Is mist and crag, not only on this height,
But in the world of thought and mental might!

XXI

Written in the Cottage where Burns was born

THIS mortal body of a thousand days
Now fills, O Burns, a space in thine own room,
Where thou didst dream alone on budded bays,
Happy and thoughtless of thy day of doom!
My pulse is warm with thine own Barley-bree,
My head is light with pledging a great soul,
My eyes are wandering, and I cannot see,
Fancy is dead and drunken at its goal;
Yet can I stamp my foot upon thy floor,
Yet can I ope thy window-sash to find
The meadow thou hast tramped o'er and o'er,—
Yet can I think of thee till thought is blind,—
Yet can I gulp a bumper to thy name,—
O smile among the shades, for this is fame!

XXII

Fragment of a sonnet (translated from Ronsard)

NATURE withheld Cassandra in the skies
For more adornment, a full thousand years;
She took their cream of Beauty's fairest dyes,
And shaped and tinted her above all peers:
Meanwhile Love kept her dearly with his wings,
And underneath their shadow fill'd her eyes
With such a richness that the cloudy Kings
Of high Olympus utter'd slavish sighs.
When from the Heavens I saw her first descend,
My heart took fire, and only burning pains—
They were my pleasures—they my Life's sad end;
Love pour'd her beauty into my warm veins.

* * * * * * * *
* * * * * * * *

XXIII

TO SLEEP

O SOFT embalmer of the still midnight!
  Shutting, with careful fingers and benign,
Our gloom-pleased eyes, embower'd from the light,
  Enshaded in forgetfulness divine;
O soothest Sleep! if so it please thee, close,
  In midst of this thine hymn, my willing eyes,
Or wait the amen, ere thy poppy throws
  Around my bed its lulling charities;
  Then save me, or the passed day will shine
Upon my pillow, breeding many woes;
  Save me from curious conscience, that still lords
Its strength for darkness, burrowing like a mole;
  Turn the key deftly in the oiled wards,
And seal the hushed casket of my soul.

XXIV

WHY did I laugh to-night? No voice will tell:
  No God, no Demon of severe response,
Deigns to reply from Heaven or from Hell.
  Then to my human heart I turn at once.
Heart! Thou and I are here, sad and alone;
  Say, wherefore did I laugh? O mortal pain!
O Darkness! Darkness! ever must I moan,
  To question Heaven and Hell and Heart in vain.
Why did I laugh? I know this Being's lease,
  My fancy to its utmost blisses spreads;
Yet would I on this very midnight cease,
  And the world's gaudy ensigns see in shreds;
Verse, Fame, and Beauty are intense indeed,
But Death intenser—Death is Life's high meed.

XXV

On a Dream

As Hermes once took to his feathers light,
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
The dragon-world of all its hundred eyes;
[illegible]
[illegible]
Nor unto Tempe, where Jove grieved a day;
But to that second circle of sad Hell,
Where in the gust, the whirlwind, and the flaw
Of rain and hail-stones, lovers need not tell
Their sorrows,—pale were the sweet lips I saw,
Pale were the lips I kiss'd, and fair the form
I floated with, about that melancholy storm.

XXVI

On Fame

FAME, like a wayward girl, will still be coy
To those who woo her with too slavish knees,
But makes surrender to some thoughtless boy,
And dotes the more upon a heart at ease;
She is a Gipsy will not speak to those
Who have not learnt to be content without her;
A Jilt, whose ear was never whisper'd close,
Who thinks they scandal her who talk about her;
A very Gipsy is she, Nilus-born,
Sister-in-law to jealous Potiphar;
Ye love-sick Bards! repay her scorn for scorn;
Ye Artists lovelorn! madmen that ye are!
Make your best bow to her and bid adieu,
Then, if she likes it, she will follow you.

XXVII

On Fame

"You cannot eat your cake and have it too."—*Proverb.*

HOW fever'd is the man, who cannot look
  Upon his mortal days with temperate blood,
Who vexes all the leaves of his life's book,
  And robs his fair name of its maidenhood;
It is as if the rose should pluck herself,
  Or the ripe plum finger its misty bloom,
As if a Naiad, like a meddling elf,
  Should darken her pure grot with muddy gloom;
But the rose leaves herself upon the briar,
  For winds to kiss and grateful bees to feed,
And the ripe plum still wears its dim attire;
  The undisturbed lake has crystal space;
  Why then should man, teasing the world for grace,
Spoil his salvation for a fierce miscreed?

XXVIII

IF by dull rhymes our English must be chain'd,
  And, like Andromeda, the Sonnet sweet
Fetter'd, in spite of pained loveliness;
Let us find out, if we must be constrain'd,
  Sandals more interwoven and complete
To fit the naked foot of poesy;
Let us inspect the lyre, and weigh the stress
Of every chord, and see what may be gain'd
  By ear industrious, and attention meet;
Misers of sound and syllable, no less
Than Midas of his coinage, let us be
  Jealous of dead leaves in the bay wreath crown;
So, if we may not let the Muse be free,
  She will be bound with garlands of her own.

XXIX

THE day is gone, and all its sweets are gone!
Sweet voice, sweet lips, soft hand, and softer breast
Warm breath, tranced whisper, tender semi-tone,
Bright eyes, accomplish'd shape, and lang'rous waist!
Vanish'd unseasonably at shut of eve,
When the dusk holiday—or holinight
Of fragrant-curtain'd love begins to weave
The woof of darkness thick, for hid delight;
Faded the flower and all its budded charms,
Faded the sight of beauty from my eyes,
Faded the shape of beauty from my arms,
Faded the voice, warmth, whiteness, paradise—
But, as I've read love's missal through to-day,
He'll let me sleep, seeing I fast and pray.

XXX

I CRY your mercy—pity—love!—aye, love!
Merciful love that tantalises not,
One-thoughted, never-wandering, guileless love,
Unmask'd, and being seen—without a blot!
O! let me have thee whole,—all—all—be mine!
That shape, that fairness, that sweet minor zest
Of love, your kiss,—those hands, those eyes divine,
That warm, white, lucent, million-pleasured breast,—
Yourself—your soul—in pity give me all,
Withhold no atom's atom or I die,
Or living on, perhaps, your wretched thrall,
Forget, in the mist of idle misery,
Life's purposes,—the palate of my mind
Losing its gust, and my ambition blind!

XXXI

Written on a Blank Page in Shakespeare's Poems, facing A Lover's Complaint

BRIGHT star! would I were steadfast as thou art—
  Not in lone splendour hung aloft the night,
And watching, with eternal lids apart,
  Like Nature's patient, sleepless Eremite,
The moving waters at their priestlike task
  Of pure ablution round earth's human shores,
Or gazing on the new soft fallen mask
  Of snow upon the mountains and the moors—
No—yet still steadfast, still unchangeable,
  Pillow'd upon my fair love's ripening breast,
To feel for ever its soft fall and swell,
  Awake for ever in a sweet unrest,
Still, still to hear her tender-taken breath,
And so live ever—or else swoon to death.

OTHO THE GREAT

A TRAGEDY IN FIVE ACTS

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

OTHO THE GREAT, *Emperor of Germany*
LUDOLPH, *his Son.*
CONRAD, *Duke of Franconia.*
ALBERT, *a Knight, favoured by Otho.*
SIGIFRED, *an Officer, friend of Ludolph.*
THEODORE, } *Officers.*
GONFRID, }
ETHELBERT, *an Abbot.*
GERSA, *Prince of Hungary.*
An Hungarian Captain.
Physician.
Page.
Nobles, Knights, Attendants, and Soldiers

ERMINIA, *Niece of Otho.*
AURANTHE, *Conrad's Sister.*
Ladies and Attendants.

SCENE. *The Castle of Friedburg, its vicinity, and the Hungarian Camp.*

TIME. *One Day.*

OTHO THE GREAT

ACT I

Scene I.—*An Apartment in the Castle.*

Enter Conrad.

SO, I am safe emerged from these broils!
  Amid the wreck of thousands I am whole;
For every crime I have a laurel-wreath,
For every lie a lordship. Nor yet has
My ship of fortune furl'd her silken sails,—
Let her glide on! This danger'd neck is saved,
By dexterous policy, from the rebel's axe;
And of my ducal palace not one stone
Is bruised by the Hungarian petards.
Toil hard, ye slaves, and from the miser-earth
[illegible] [illegible]eep,
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
Where is Auranthe? I have news for her
Shall—

Enter Auranthe.

Auranthe. Conrad! what tidings? Good, if I may guess
[illegible]
[illegible] [illegible]lolph? Otho?
[illegible] [illegible]durring o'er
Our by-gone quarrels, I confess my heart
Is beating with a child's anxiety,
To make our golden fortune known to you.
  Auranthe. So serious?
  Conrad. Yes, so serious, that before
I utter even the shadow of a hint

Concerning what will make that sin-worn cheek
Blush joyous blood through every lineament,
You must make here a solemn vow to me.
Auranthe. I pr'ythee, Conrad, do not overact
The hypocrite. What vow would you impose?
Conrad. Trust me for once. That you may be assured
'Tis not confiding in a broken reed,
A poor court-bankrupt, outwitted and lost,
Revolve these facts in your acutest mood,
In such a mood as now you listen to me:
A few days since, I was an open rebel,—
Against the Emperor had suborn'd his son,—
Drawn off his nobles to revolt,—and shown
Contented fools causes for discontent,
Fresh hatch'd in my ambition's eagle-nest;
So thrived I as a rebel,—and, behold!
Now I am Otho's favourite, his dear friend,
His right hand, his brave Conrad!
Auranthe. I confess
You have intrigued with these unsteady times
To admiration. But to be a favourite!
Conrad. I saw my moment. The Hungarians,
Collected silently in holes and corners,
Appear'd, a sudden host, in the open day.
I should have perish'd in our empire's wreck,
But, calling interest loyalty, swore faith
To most believing Otho; and so help'd
His blood-stain'd ensigns to the victory
In yesterday's hard fight, that it has turn'd
The edge of his sharp wrath to eager kindness.
Auranthe. So far yourself. But what is this to me
More than that I am glad? I gratulate you.
Conrad. Yes, sister, but it does regard you greatly,
Nearly, momentously,—aye, painfully!
Make me this vow—
Auranthe. Concerning whom or what?
Conrad. Albert!
Auranthe. I would inquire somewhat of him.
You had a letter from me touching him?
No treason 'gainst his head in deed or word!
Surely you spared him at my earnest prayer?
Give me the letter—it should not exist!
Conrad. At one pernicious charge of the enemy
I, for a moment-whiles, was prisoner ta'en
And rifled,—stuff! the horses' hoofs have minced it!
Auranthe. He is alive?
Conrad. He is! but here make oath

To alienate him from your scheming brain,
Divorce him from your solitary thoughts,
And cloud him in such utter banishment,
That when his person meets again your eye
Your vision shall quite lose its memory,
And wander past him as through vacancy.
Auranthe. I'll not be perjured.
Conrad. No, nor great, nor mighty;
You would not wear a crown, or rule a kingdom.
To you it is indifferent?
Auranthe What means this?
Conrad. You'll not be perjured! Go to Albert then,
That camp mushroom—dishonour of our house.
Go, page his dusty heels upon a march,
Furbish his jingling baldric while he sleeps,
And share his mouldy ration in a siege.
Yet stay,—perhaps a charm may call you back,
And make the widening circlets of your eyes
Sparkle with healthy fevers—The Emperor
Hath given consent that you should marry Ludolph!
Auranthe. Can it be, brother? For a golden crown
With a queen's awful lips I doubly thank you!
This is to wake in Paradise! Farewell,
Thou clod of yesterday!—'twas not myself
Not till this moment did I ever feel
My spirit's faculties! I'll flatter you
For this, and be you ever proud of it;
Thou, Jove-like, struck'dst thy forehead,
And from the teeming marrow of thy brain
I spring complete Minerva! But the prince—
His highness Ludolph—where is he?
Conrad. I know not:
When, lackeying my counsel at a beck,
The rebel lords, on bended knees, received
The Emperor's pardon, Ludolph kept aloof,
Sole, in a stiff, fool-hardy, sulky pride;
Yet, for all this, I never saw a father
In such a sickly longing for his son.
We shall soon see him; for the Emperor
He will be here this morning.
Auranthe. That I heard
Among the midnight rumours from the camp.
Conrad. You give up Albert to me?
Auranthe. Harm him not!
E'en for his highness Ludolph's sceptry hand,
I would not Albert suffer any wrong.
Conrad. Have I not laboured, plotted—?

Auranthe. See you spare him:
Nor be pathetic, my kind benefactor!
On all the many bounties of your hand,
'Twas for yourself you laboured—not for me!
Do you not count, when I am queen, to take
Advantage of your chance discoveries
Of my poor secrets, and so hold a rod
Over my life?
Conrad. Let not this slave—this villain—
Be cause of feud between us. See! he comes!
Look, woman, look, your Albert is quite safe!
In haste it seems. Now shall I be in the way,
And wish'd with silent curses in my grave,
Or side by side with 'whelmed mariners.

Enter ALBERT.

Albert. Fair on your graces fall this early morrow!
So it is like to do, without my prayers,
For your right noble names, like favourite tunes,
Have fallen full frequent from our Emperor's lips,
High commented with smiles.
Auranthe. Noble Albert!
Conrad (*aside*). Noble!
Auranthe. Such salutation argues a glad heart
In our prosperity. We thank you, sir.
Albert. Lady! O, would to Heaven your poor servant
Could do you better service than mere words!
But I have other greeting than mine own,—
From no less man than Otho, who has sent
This ring as pledge of dearest amity;
'Tis chosen, I hear, from Hymen's jewel'ry,
And you will prize it, lady, I doubt not,
Beyond all pleasures past, and all to come.
To you, great duke—
Conrad. To me! What of me, ha?
Albert. What pleased your grace to say?
Conrad. Your message, sir!
Albert. You mean not this to me?
Conrad. Sister, this way;
For there shall be no "gentle Alberts" now, [*Aside.*
No "sweet Auranthes!"

[*Exeunt* CONRAD *and* AURANTHE.

Albert (*solus*). The duke is out of temper; if he knows
More than a brother of a sister ought
I should not quarrel with his peevishness.
Auranthe—Heaven preserve her always fair!—
Is in the heady, proud, ambitious vein;

I bicker not with her,—bid her farewell;
She has taken flight from me, then let her soar,—
He is a fool who stands at pining gaze!
But for poor Ludolph, he is food for sorrow:
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
Without design, indeed,—yet it is so,—
And opiate for the conscience have I none!

[*Exit.*

Scene II.—*The Court-yard of the Castle.*

Martial Music. Enter, from the outer gate, Otho, *Nobles, Knights, and Attendants. The Soldiers halt at the gate, with Banners in sight.*

Otho. Where is my noble herald?

Enter Conrad *from the Castle, attended by two Knights and Servants.* Albert *following.*

Well, hast told
Auranthe our intent imperial?
Lest our rent banners, too o' the sudden shown,
Should fright her silken casements, and dismay
Her household to our lack of entertainment.
A victory!
Conrad. God save illustrious Otho!
Otho. Aye, Conrad, it will pluck out all grey hairs;
It is the best physician for the spleen;
The courtliest inviter to a feast;
The subtlest excuser of small faults;
And a nice judge in the age and smack of wine.

Enter, from the Castle, Auranthe, *followed by Pages holding up her robes, and a train of Women. She kneels*

Hail my sweet hostess! I do thank the stars,
Or my good soldiers, or their ladies' eyes,
That, after such a merry battle fought,
I can, all safe in body and in soul,
Kiss your fair hand and lady fortune's too.
My ring! now, on my life, it doth rejoice
These lips to feel 't on this soft ivory!
Keep it, my brightest daughter; it may prove
The little prologue to a line of kings.
I strove against thee and my hot-blood son,

Dull blockhead that I was to be so blind;
But now my sight is clear; forgive me, lady.
Auranthe. My lord, I was a vassal to your frown,
And now your favour makes me but more humble;
In wintry winds the simple snow is safe,
But fadeth at the greeting of the sun:
Unto thine anger I might well have spoken,
Taking on me a woman's privilege,
But this so sudden kindness makes me dumb.
Otho. What need of this? Enough, if you will be
A potent tutoress to my wayward boy,
And teach him, what it seems his nurse could not,
To say, for once, I thank you. Sigifred!
Albert. He has not yet returned, my gracious liege.
Otho. What then! No tidings of my friendly Arab?
Conrad. None, mighty Otho. [*To one of his Knights, who goes out.*
Send forth instantly
An hundred horsemen from my honoured gates,
To scour the plains and search the cottages.
Cry a reward to him who shall first bring
News of that vanished Arabian,—
A full-heaped helmet of the purest gold.
Otho. More thanks, good Conrad; for, except my son's,
There is no face I rather would behold
Than that same quick-eyed pagan's. By the saints,
This coming night of banquets must not light
Her dazzling torches; nor the music breathe
Smooth, without clashing cymbal, tones of peace
And indoor melodies; nor the ruddy wine
Ebb spouting to the lees; if I pledge not,
In my first cup, that Arab!
Albert. Mighty monarch,
I wonder not this stranger's victor-deeds
So hang upon your spirit. Twice in the fight
It was my chance to meet his olive brow,
Triumphant in the enemy's shatter'd rhomb;
And, to say truth, in any Christian arm
I never saw such prowess.
Otho. Did you ever?
O, 'tis a noble boy!—tut!—what do I say?
I mean a triple Saladin, whose eyes,
When in the glorious scuffle they met mine,
Seem'd to say, "Sleep, old man, in safety sleep;
I am the victory!"
Conrad. Pity he's not here.
Otho. And my son too, pity he is not here.
Lady Auranthe, I would not make you blush,

But can you give a guess where Ludolph is?
Know you not of him?
Auranthe. Indeed, my liege, no secret—
Otho. Nay, nay, without more words, dost know of him?
Auranthe. I would I were so over-fortunate,
[illegible]
[illegible]
Were Theodore and Gonfrid and the rest
Sent forth with my commands?
Albert. Aye, my lord.
Otho. And no news! No news! 'Faith! 'tis very strange
He thus avoids us. Lady, is 't not strange?
Will he be truant to you too? It is a shame.
Conrad. Wilt please your highness enter, and accept
The unworthy welcome of your servant's house?
Leaving your cares to one whose diligence
May in few hours make pleasures of them all.
Otho. Not so tedious, Conrad. No, no, no,—
I must see Ludolph or the—what's that shout?
Voices without. Huzza! huzza! Long live the Emperor!
Other voices. Fall back! Away there!
Otho. Say, what noise is that?

[ALBERT *advancing from the back of the Stage, whither he had hastened on hearing the cheers of the soldiery.*

Albert. It is young Gersa, the Hungarian prince,
Pick'd like a red stag from the fallow herd
Of prisoners. Poor prince, forlorn he steps,
Slow, and demure, and proud in his despair.
If I may judge by his so tragic bearing,
His eye not downcast, and his folded arm,
He doth this moment wish himself asleep
Among his fallen captains on yon plains.

Enter GERSA, *in chains, and guarded.*

Otho. Well said, Sir Albert.
Gersa. Not a word of greeting?
No welcome to a princely visitor,
[illegible] host
[illegible]
[illegible] ne touch'd thy brain
Gersa. O kings and princes of this fev'rous world,

What abject things, what mockeries must ye be,
What nerveless minions of safe palaces,
When here, a monarch, whose proud foot is used
To fallen princes' necks as to his stirrup,
Must needs exclaim that I am mad forsooth,
Because I cannot flatter with bent knees
My conqueror!
Otho. Gersa, I think you wrong me:
I think I have a better fame abroad.
Gersa. I prythee mock me not with gentle speech,
But, as a favour, bid me from thy presence;
Let me no longer be the wondering food
Of all these eyes; prythee command me hence!
Otho. Do not mistake me, Gersa. That you may not,
Come, fair Auranthe, try if your soft hands
Can manage those hard rivets, to set free
So brave a prince and soldier.
Auranthe (sets him free). Welcome task!
Gersa. I am wound up in deep astonishment!
Thank you, fair lady. Otho! emperor!
You rob me of myself; my dignity
Is now your infant; I am a weak child.
Otho. Give me your hand, and let this kindly grasp
Live in our memories.
Gersa. In mine it will.
I blush to think of my unchasten'd tongue;
But I was haunted by the monstrous ghost
Of all our slain battalions. Sire, reflect,
And pardon you will grant, that, at this hour,
The bruised remnants of our stricken camp
Are huddling undistinguished my dear friends,
With common thousands, into shallow graves.
Otho. Enough, most noble Gersa. You are free
To cheer the brave remainder of your host
By your own healing presence, and that too,
Not as their leader merely, but their king;
For, as I hear, the wily enemy
Who eas'd the crownet from your infant brows,
Bloody Taraxa, is among the dead.
Gersa. Then I retire, so generous Otho please,
Bearing with me a weight of benefits
Too heavy to be borne.
Otho. It is not so;
Still understand me, King of Hungary,
Nor judge my open purposes awry.
Though I did hold you high in my esteem
For your self's sake, I do not personate

The stage-play emperor to entrap applause,
To set the silly sort o' the world agape,
And make the politic smile; no, I have heard
How in the Council you condemn'd this war,
Urging the perfidy of broken faith,—
For that I am your friend.
Gersa. If ever, sire,
You are my enemy, I dare here swear
'Twill not be Gersa's fault. Otho, farewell!
Otho. Will you return, Prince, to our banqueting?
Gersa. As to my father's board I will return.
[illegible]
Gersa, farewell!
Gersa. All happiness attend you!
Otho. Return with what good speed you may; for soon
We must consult upon our terms of peace.
[*Exeunt* GERSA *and* ALBERT *with others.*
And thus a marble column do I build
To prop my empire's dome. Conrad, in thee
I have another steadfast one, to uphold
The portals of my state; and, for my own
Pre-eminence and safety, I will strive
To keep thy strength upon its pedestal.
For, without thee, this day I might have been
A show-monster about the streets of Prague,
In chains, as just now stood that noble prince:
And then to me no mercy had been shown,
For when the conquer'd lion is once dungeoned,
Who lets him forth again, or dares to give
An old lion sugar-cates of mild reprieve?
Not to thine ear alone I make confession,
But to all here, as, by experience,
I know how the great basement of all power
Is frankness, and a true tongue to the world;
And how intriguing secrecy is proof
Of fear and weakness, and a hollow state.
Conrad, I owe thee much.
Conrad. To kiss that hand,
My Emperor, is ample recompense,
For a mere act of duty.
Otho. Thou art wrong;
For what can any man on earth do more?
We will make trial of your house's welcome,
My bright Auranthe!
Conrad. How is Friedburg honoured!

Enter ETHELBERT *and six Monks.*

Ethelbert. The benison of heaven on your head,
Imperial Otho!
Otho. Who stays me? Speak! Quick!
Ethelbert. Pause but one moment, mighty conqueror!
Upon the threshold of this house of joy.
Otho. Pray, do not prose, good Ethelbert, but speak
What is your purpose.
Ethelbert. The restoration of some captive maids,
Devoted to Heaven's pious ministries,
Who, driven forth from their religious cells
And kept in thraldom by our enemy,
When late this province was a lawless spoil,
Still weep amid the wild Hungarian camp,
Though hemm'd around by thy victorious arms.
Otho. Demand the holy sisterhood in our name
From Gersa's tents. Farewell, old Ethelbert.
Ethelbert. The saints will bless you for this pious care.
Otho. Daughter, your hand; Ludolph's would fit it best.
Conrad. Ho! let the music sound!
[*Music.* ETHELBERT *raises his hands, as in benediction of* OTHO.
Exeunt severally. The scene closes on them.

SCENE III.—*The Country, with the Castle in the distance.*

Enter LUDOLPH *and* SIGIFRED.

Ludolph. You have my secret; let it not be breath'd.
Sigifred. Still give me leave to wonder that the Prince
Ludolph and the swift Arab are the same;
Still to rejoice that 'twas a German arm
Death doing in a turban'd masquerade.
Ludolph. The Emperor must not know it, Sigifred.
Sigifred. I prythee, why? What happier hour of time
Could thy pleased star point down upon from heaven
With silver index, bidding thee make peace?
Ludolph. Still it must not be known, good Sigifred;
The star may point oblique.
Sigifred. If Otho knew
His son to be that unknown Mussulman
After whose spurring heels he sent me forth,
With one of his well-pleased Olympian oaths,
The charters of man's greatness, at this hour
He would be watching round the castle walls,

And, like an anxious warder, strain his sight

And left him space for wonder.
Ludolph. Say no more.
Not as a swordsman would I pardon claim,
But as a son. The bronzed centurion,
Long toil'd in foreign wars, and whose high deeds
Are shaded in a forest of tall spears,
Known only to his troop, hath greater plea
Of favour with my sire than I can have.
Sigifred. My lord, forgive me that I cannot see
How this proud temper with clear reason squares.
What made you then, with such an anxious love,
Hover around that life, whose bitter days
You vext with bad revolt? Was't opium,
Or the mad-fumed wine? Nay, do not frown,
I rather would grieve with you than upbraid.
Ludolph. I do believe you. No, 'twas not to make
A father his son's debtor, or to heal
His deep heart-sickness for a rebel child.
'Twas done in memory of my boyish days,
Poor cancel for his kindness to my youth,
For all his calming of my childish griefs,
And all his smiles upon my merriment.
No, not a thousand foughten fields could sponge
Those days paternal from my memory,
Though now upon my head he heaps disgrace.
Sigifred. My Prince, you think too harshly—
Ludolph. Can I so?
Hath he not gall'd my spirit to the quick?
And with a sullen rigour obstinate
Pour'd out a phial of wrath upon my faults,
Hunted me as the Tartar does the boar,
Driven me to the very edge o' the world,
And almost put a price upon my head?
Sigifred. Remember how he spared the rebel lords.
Ludolph. Yes, yes, I know he hath a

Yet, for all this,

I would you had appear'd among those lords,
And ta'en his favour.
Ludolph. Ha! Till now I thought
My friend had held poor Ludolph's honour dear.
What! Would you have me sue before his throne
And kiss the courtier's missal, its silk steps?
Or hug the golden housings of his steed,
Amid a camp whose steeled swarms I dared
But yesterday? and, at the trumpet sound,
Bow, like some unknown mercenary's flag,
And lick the soiled grass? No, no, my friend,
I would not, I, be pardon'd in the heap,
And bless indemnity with all that scum,—
Those men I mean, who on my shoulders propp'd
Their weak rebellion, winning me with lies,
And pitying forsooth my many wrongs;
Poor self-deceived wretches, who must think
Each one himself a king in embryo,
Because some dozen vassals cry'd, My lord!
Cowards, who never knew their little hearts
Till flurried danger held the mirror up,
And then they own'd themselves without a blush,
Curling, like spaniels, round my father's feet.
Such things deserted me and are forgiven,
While I, least guilty, am an outcast still,—
And will be, for I love such fair disgrace.
Sigifred. I know the clear truth; so would Otho see,
For he is just and noble. Fain would I
Be pleader for you—
Ludolph. He'll hear none of it;
You know his temper, hot, proud, obstinate;
Endanger not yourself so uselessly.
I will encounter his thwart spleen myself,
To-day, at the Duke Conrad's, where he keeps
His crowded state after the victory.
There will I be, a most unwelcome guest,
And parley with him, as a son should do
Who doubly loathes a father's tyranny;
Tell him how feeble is that tyranny;
How the relationship of father and son
Is no more valid than a silken leash
Where lions tug adverse, if love grow not
From interchanged love through many years.
Ay, and those turreted Franconian walls,
Like to a jealous casket, hold my pearl—
My fair Auranthe! Yes, I will be there.
Sigifred. Be not so rash; wait till his wrath shall pass,

[illegible]

Ludolph. Yes, to-day
I must be there, while her young pulses beat
Among the new-plumed minions of the war.
Have you seen her of late? No? Auranthe,
Franconia's fair sister, 'tis I mean.
She should be paler for my troublous days—
And there it is—my father's iron lips
Have sworn divorcement 'twixt me and my right.

Sigifred (aside). Auranthe! I had hoped this whim had pass'd.

Ludolph. And, Sigifred, with all his love of justice,
When will he take that grandchild in his arms,
That, by my love I swear, shall soon be his?
This reconcilement is impossible,
For see—but who are these?

Sigifred. They are messengers
From our great emperor; to you, I doubt not,
For couriers are abroad to seek you out.

Enter THEODORE *and* GONFRED.

Theodore. Seeing so many vigilant eyes explore
The province to invite your highness back
To your high dignities, we are too happy

Gonfred. We have no eloquence to colour justly
The emperor's anxious wishes.

Ludolph. Go. I follow you.
[*Exeunt* THEODORE *and* GONFRED.
I play the prude: it is but venturing—
Why should he be so earnest? Come, my friend,
Let us to Friedburg castle.

ACT II

SCENE I.—*An Ante-chamber in the Castle.*

Enter LUDOLPH *and* SIGIFRED.

Ludolph.

NO more advices, no more cautioning;
I leave it all to fate—to any thing!
I cannot square my conduct to time, place,
Or circumstance; to me 'tis all a mist!

Sigifred. I say no more.
Ludolph. It seems I am to wait
Here in the ante-room;—that may be a trifle.
You see now how I dance attendance here,
Without that tyrant temper, you so blame,
Snapping the rein. You have medicin'd me
With good advices; and I here remain,
In this most honourable anteroom,
Your patient scholar.
Sigifred. Do not wrong me, Prince.
By heavens, I'd rather kiss Duke Conrad's slipper,
When in the morning he doth yawn with pride,
Than see you humbled but a half-degree!
Truth is, the Emperor would fain dismiss
The nobles ere he sees you.

Enter GONFRED, *from the Council-room.*

Ludolph. Well, sir! what?
Gonfred. Great honour to the Prince! The Emperor,
Hearing that his brave son had re-appeared,
Instant dismiss'd the Council from his sight,
As Jove fans off the clouds. Even now they pass.
[*Exit.*

[*Enter the Nobles from the Council-room. They cross the stage, bowing with respect to* LUDOLPH, *he frowning on them.* CONRAD *follows. Exeunt Nobles.*

Ludolph. Not the discoloured poisons of a fen,
Which he who breathes feels warning of his death,
Could taste so nauseous to the bodily sense,
As these prodigious sycophants disgust
The soul's fine palate.
Conrad. Princely Ludolph, hail!
Welcome, thou younger sceptre to the realm!
Strength to thy virgin crownet's golden buds,
That they, against the winter of thy sire,
May burst, and swell, and flourish round thy brows,
Maturing to a weighty diadem!
Yet be that hour far off; and may he live,
Who waits for thee, as the chapp'd earth for rain.
Set my life's star! I have lived long enough,
Since under my glad roof, propitiously,
Father and son each other repossess.
Ludolph. Fine wording, Duke! but words could never yet
Forestall the fates; have you not learnt that yet?

Let me look well: your features are the same;
Your gait the same; your hair of the same shade;
As one I knew some passed weeks ago,
Who sung far different notes into mine ears.
I have mine own particular comments on 't;
You have your own, perhaps.
Conrad. My gracious Prince,
All men may err. In truth I was deceived
In your great father's nature, as you were.
Had I known that of him I have since known,
And what you soon will learn, I would have turn'd
My sword to my own throat, rather than held
Its threatening edge against a good King's quiet:
Or with one word fever'd you, gentle Prince,
Who seem'd to me, as rugged times then went,
Indeed too much oppress'd. May I be bold
To tell the Emperor you will haste to him?
Ludolph. Your Dukedom's privilege will grant so much
[*Exit* CONRAD.
He's very close to Otho,—a tight leech!
Your hand—I go. Ha! here the thunder comes
Sullen against the wind! If in two angry brows
My safety lies, then Sigifred, I'm safe.

Enter OTHO *and* CONRAD.

Otho. Will you make Titan play the lackey-page
To chattering pigmies? I would have you know
That such neglect of our high Majesty
Annuls all feel of kindred. What is son,—
Or friend,—or brother,—or all ties of blood,—
When the whole kingdom, centred in ourself,
Is rudely slighted? Who am I to wait?
By Peter's chair! I have upon my tongue
A word to fright the proudest spirit here!—
Death!—and slow tortures to the hardy fool
Who dares take such large charter from our smiles!
Conrad, we would be private. Sigifred,
Off! And none pass this way on pain of death!
[*Exeunt* CONRAD *and* SIGIFRED
Ludolph. This was but half expected, my good sire,
Yet I am grieved at it, to the full height,
As though my hopes of favour had been whole.
Otho. How you indulge yourself! What can you hope for?
Ludolph. Nothing, my liege; I have to hope for nothing.
I come to greet you as a loving son,
And then depart, if I may be so free,

Seeing that blood of yours in my warm veins
Has not yet mitigated into milk.
Otho. What would you, sir?
Ludolph. A lenient banishment.
So please you, let me unmolested pass
This Conrad's gates to the wide air again.
I want no more. A rebel wants no more.
Otho. And shall I let a rebel loose again
To muster kites and eagles 'gainst my head?
No, obstinate boy, you shall be kept caged up,
Served with harsh food, with scum for Sunday drink.
Ludolph. Indeed!
Otho. And chains too heavy for your life:
I'll choose a gaoler whose swart monstrous face
Shall be a hell to look upon, and she—
Ludolph. Ha!
Otho. Shall be your fair Auranthe.
Ludolph. Amaze! Amaze!
Otho. To-day you marry her.
Ludolph. This is a sharp jest!
Otho. No. None at all. When have I said a lie?
Ludolph. If I sleep not, I am a waking wretch.
Otho. Not a word more. Let me embrace my child.
Ludolph. I dare not. 'Twould pollute so good a father!
O heavy crime!—that your son's blinded eyes
Could not see all his parent's love aright,
As now I see it! Be not kind to me—
Punish me not with favour.
Otho. Are you sure,
Ludolph, you have no saving plea in store?
Ludolph. My father, none!
Otho. Then you astonish me.
Ludolph. No, I have no plea. Disobedience,
Rebellion, obstinacy, blasphemy,
Are all my counsellors. If they can make
My crooked deeds show good and plausible,
Then grant me loving pardon, but not else,
Good gods! not else, in any way, my liege!
Otho. You are a most perplexing, noble boy.
Ludolph. You not less a perplexing noble father.
Otho. Well, you shall have free passport through the gates.
Farewell!
Ludolph. Farewell! and by these tears believe,
And still remember, I repent in pain
All my misdeeds!
Otho. Ludolph, I will! I will!
But, Ludolph, ere you go, I would enquire

If you, in all your wandering, ever met
[illegible]

Nor let these arms paternal hunger more
For an embrace, to dull the appetite
Of my great love for thee, my supreme child!
Come close, and let me breathe into thine ear.
I knew you through disguise. You are the Arab!
You can't deny it. [*Embracing him.*

Ludolph. Happiest of days!

Otho. We'll make it so.

Ludolph. 'Stead of one fatted calf
Ten hecatombs shall bellow out their last,
Smote 'twixt the horns by the death-stunning mace
Of Mars, and all the soldiery shall feast
Nobly as Nimrod's masons, when the towers
Of Nineveh new kiss'd the parted clouds!

Otho. Large as a God speak out, where all is thine.

Ludolph. Ay, father, but the fire in my sad breast
Is quench'd with inward tears! I must rejoice
For you, whose wings so shadow over me
In tender victory, but for myself
I still must mourn. The fair Auranthe mine!
Too great a boon! I prythee let me ask
What more than I know of could so have changed
Your purpose touching her?

Otho. At a word, this:
In no deed did you give me more offence
Than your rejection of Erminia.
To my appalling, I saw too good proof
Of your keen-eyed suspicion,—she is naught.

Ludolph. You are convinc'd?

Otho. [illegible]

Ludolph. 'Tis very sad.

Otho. No more of her. Auranthe—Ludolph, come!
This marriage be the bond of endless peace!

[*Exeunt.*

Seeing that blood of yours in my warm veins
Has not yet mitigated into milk.
Otho. What would you, sir?
Ludolph. A lenient banishment.
So please you, let me unmolested pass
This Conrad's gates to the wide air again.
I want no more. A rebel wants no more.
Otho. And shall I let a rebel loose again
To muster kites and eagles 'gainst my head?
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Served with harsh food, with scum for Sunday drink.
Ludolph. Indeed!
Otho. And chains too heavy for your life:
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Could not see all his parent's love aright,
As now I see it! Be not kind to me—
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Ludolph. You not less a perplexing noble father.
Otho. Well, you shall have free passport through the gates.
Farewell!
Ludolph. Farewell! and by these tears believe,
And still remember, I repent in pain
All my misdeeds!
Otho. Ludolph, I will! I will!
But, Ludolph, ere you go, I would enquire

If you, in all your wandering, ever met

Nor let these arms paternal hunger more

I knew you through disguise. You are the Arab!
You can't deny it. [*Embracing him.*
Ludolph. Happiest of days!
Otho. We'll make it so.
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Otho. Large as a God speak out, where all is thine.
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Is quench'd with inward tears! I must rejoice
For you, whose wings so shadow over me
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What more than I know of could so have changed
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In no deed did you give me more offence
Than your rejection of Erminia.
To my appalling, I saw too good proof
Of your keen-eyed suspicion,—she is naught.
Ludolph. You are convinc'd?
Otho. Ay, spite of her sweet looks.
O that my brother's daughter should so fall!
Her fame has pass'd into the grosser lips
Of soldiers in their cups.
Ludolph. 'Tis very sad.
Otho. No more of her. Auranthe—Ludolph, come!
This marriage be the bond of endless peace!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The entrance of* GERSA'S *Tent in the Hungarian Camp.*

Enter ERMINIA.

Erminia. Where—where—where shall I find a messenger?
A trusty soul—a good man, in the camp?
Shall I go myself? Monstrous wickedness!
O cursed Conrad! devilish Auranthe!
Here is proof palpable as the bright sun!
O for a voice to reach the Emperor's ears!
[*Shouts in the Camp.*

Enter an HUNGARIAN CAPTAIN.

Captain. Fair prisoner, you hear these joyous shouts?
The King—aye, now our King,—but still your slave,
Young Gersa, from a short captivity
Has just return'd. He bids me say, bright dame,
That even the homage of his ranged chiefs
Cures not his keen impatience to behold
Such beauty once again. What ails you, lady?
Erminia. Say, is not that a German, yonder? There!
Captain. Methinks by his stout bearing he should be—
Yes—it is Albert; a brave German knight,
And much in the Emperor's favour.
Erminia. I would fain
Inquire of friends and kinsfolk,—how they fared
In these rough times. Brave soldier, as you pass
To royal Gersa with my humble thanks,
Will you send yonder knight to me?
Captain. I will. [*Exit.*
Erminia. Yes, he was ever known to be a man
Frank, open, generous; Albert I may trust.
O proof! proof! proof! Albert's an honest man;
Not Ethelbert the monk, if he were here,
Would I hold more trustworthy. Now!

Enter ALBERT.

Albert. Good gods!
Lady Erminia! are you prisoner
In this beleaguer'd camp? or are you here
Of your own will? You pleased to send for me.
By Venus, 'tis a pity I knew not
Your plight before, and, by her son, I swear

To do you every service you can ask.
What would the fairest—?
Erminia. Albert, will you swear?
Albert. I have. Well?
Erminia. Albert, you have fame to lose.
If men, in court and camp, lie not outright,
You should be, from a thousand, chosen forth
To do an honest deed. Shall I confide—?
Albert. Aye, anything to me, fair creature. Do;
Dictate my task. Sweet woman,—
Erminia. Truce with that.
You understand me not; and, in your speech,
I see how far the slander is abroad.
Without proof could you think me innocent?
Albert. Lady, I should rejoice to know you so.
Erminia. If you have any pity for a maid
Suffering a daily death from evil tongues;
Any compassion for that Emperor's niece
Who, for your bright sword and clear honesty,
Lifted you from the crowd of common men
Into the lap of honour,—save me, knight!
Albert. How? Make it clear; if it be possible,
I, by the banner of Saint Maurice, swear
To right you.
Erminia. Possible!—Easy. O my heart!
This letter's not so soil'd but you may read it;—
Possible! There—that letter! Read—read it.
[*Gives him a letter*

ALBERT (*reading*).

"To the Duke Conrad.—Forget the threat you made at parting and I will forget to send the Emperor letters and papers of yours I have become possessed of. His life is no trifle to me; his death you shall find none to yourself." (*Speaks to himself:*) 'Tis me —my life that's pleaded for! (*Reads.*) "He, for his own sake, will be dumb as the grave. Erminia has my shame fix'd upon her, sure as a wen. We are safe. AURANTHE."

A she-devil! A dragon! I her imp!
Fire of hell! Auranthe—lewd demon!
Where got you this? Where? when?
Erminia. I found it in the tent, among some spoils
Which, being noble, fell to Gersa's lot
Come in, and see. [*They go in and return*
Albert. Villainy! Villainy!
Conrad's sword, his corslet and his helm,
And his letter. Caitiff, he shall feel—
Erminia. I see you are thunderstruck. *Haste, haste away!*

Albert. O I am tortured by this villainy.
Erminia. You needs must be. Carry it swift to Otho;
Tell him, moreover, I am prisoner
Here in this camp, where all the sisterhood,
Forced from their quiet cells, are parcell'd out
For slaves among these Huns. Away! Away!
Albert. I am gone.
Erminia. Swift be your steed! Within this hour
The Emperor will see it.
Albert. Ere I sleep:
That I can swear. [*Hurries out.*
Gersa (*without*). Brave captains! thanks. Enough
Of loyal homage now!

Enter GERSA.

Erminia. Hail, royal Hun!
Gersa. What means this, fair one? Why in such alarm?
Who was it hurried by me so distract?
It seem'd you were in deep discourse together;
Your doctrine has not been so harsh to him
As to my poor deserts. Come, come, be plain.
I am no jealous fool to kill you both,
Or, for such trifles, rob th' adorned world
Of such a beauteous vestal.
Erminia. I grieve, my lord,
To hear you condescend to ribald-phrase.
Gersa. This is too much! Hearken, my lady pure!
Erminia. Silence! and hear the magic of a name—
Erminia! I am she,—the Emperor's niece!
Praised be the heavens, I now dare own myself!
Gersa. Erminia! Indeed! I've heard of her.
Prythee, fair lady, what chance brough you here?
Erminia. Ask your own soldiers.
Gersa. And you dare own your name.
For loveliness you may—and for the rest
My vein is not censorious.
Erminia. Alas! poor me!
'Tis false indeed.
Gersa. Indeed you are too fair:
The swan, soft leaning on her fledgy breast,
When to the stream she launches, looks not back
With such a tender grace; nor are her wings
So white as your soul is, if that but be
Twin picture to your face. Erminia!
To-day, for the first time, I am a king,
Yet would I give my unworn crown away
To know you spotless.

Erminia. Trust me one day more,
Generously, without more certain guarantee
Than this poor face you deign to praise so much;
After that, say and do whate'er you please.

For I am sick and faint with many wrongs,
Tired out, and weary-worn with contumelies.
Gersa. Poor lady!

Enter ETHELBERT.

Erminia. Gentle Prince, 'tis false indeed.
Good morrow, holy father! I have had
Your prayers, though I look'd for you in vain.
Ethelbert. Blessings upon you, daughter! Sure you look
Too cheerful for these foul pernicious days.
Young man, you heard this virgin say 'twas false,—
'Tis false, I say. What! can you not employ
Your temper elsewhere, 'mong these burly tents,
But you must taunt this dove, for she hath lost
The Eagle Otho to beat off assault?
Fie! fie! But I will be her guard myself;
I' the Emperor's name. I here demand of you
Herself, and all her sisterhood. She false!
Gersa. Peace! peace, old man! I cannot think she is.
Ethelbert. Whom I have known from her first infancy
Baptized her in the bosom of the Church,
Watch'd her, as anxious husbandmen the grain,
From the first shoot till the unripe mid-May,
Then to the tender ear of her June days,

Gersa. I cannot. Take her. Fair Erminia,
I follow you to Friedburg,—is't not so?
Erminia. Aye, so we purpose.
Ethelbert. Daughter, do you so?
How's this? I marvel! Yet you look not mad.
Erminia. I have good news to tell you, Ethelbert.
Gersa. Ho! ho, there! Guards!
Your blessing, father! Sweet Erminia,
Believe me, I am well nigh sure—
Erminia. Farewell!
Short time will show. [*Enter Chiefs.*
Yes, father Ethelbert,
I have news precious as we pass along.

I must confess,—and cut my throat,—to-day?
To-morrow? Ho! some wine!

Enter SIGIFRED.

Sigifred. A fine humour—
Albert. Who goes there? Count Sigifred? Ha! ha!
Sigifred. What, man, do you mistake the hollow sky
For a throng'd tavern, and these stubbed trees
For old serge hangings,—me, your humble friend,
For a poor waiter? Why, man, how you stare!
What Gipsies have you been carousing with?
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
You shall know all anon.
Sigifred. Some tavern brawl?
Albert. 'T was with some people out of common reach;
Revenge is difficult.
Sigifred. I am your friend;
We meet again to-day, and can confer
Upon it. For the present I'm in haste.
Albert. Whither?
Sigifred. To fetch King Gersa to the feast.
The Emperor on this marriage is so hot,
Pray heaven it end not in apoplexy!
The very porters, as I pass'd the doors,
Hear his loud laugh, and answer'd in full choir.
I marvel, Albert, you delay so long
From these bright revelries; go, show yourself,
You may be made a duke.
Albert. Ay, very like.
Pray, what day has his Highness fix'd upon?
Sigifred. For what?
Albert. The marriage. What else can I mean?
Sigifred. To-day. O, I forgot, you could not know;
The news is scarce a minute old with me.
Albert. Married to-day! To-day! You did not say so?
Sigifred. Now, while I speak to you, their comely heads
Are bowed before the mitre.
Albert. O! monstrous!
Sigifred. What is this?
Albert. Nothing, Sigifred. Farewell!
We'll meet upon our subject. Farewell, Count! [*Exit.*
Sigifred. To this clear-headed Albert? He brain-turn'd!
'Tis as portentous as a meteor. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*An Apartment in the Castle.*

Enter, as from the Marriage, OTHO, LUDOLPH, AURANTHE, CONRAD, *Nobles, Knights, Ladies, &c. Music.*

Otho. Now, Ludolph! Now, Auranthe! Daughter fair!
What can I find to grace your nuptial day
More than my love, and these wide realms in fee?
Ludolph. I have too much.
Auranthe. And I, my liege, by far.
Ludolph. Auranthe I have! O, my bride, my love!
Not all the gaze upon us can restrain
My eyes, too long poor exiles from thy face,
From adoration, and my foolish tongue
From uttering soft responses to the love
I see in thy mute beauty beaming forth!
Fair creature, bless me with a single word!
All mine!
Auranthe. Spare, spare me, my lord; I swoon else.
Ludolph. Soft beauty! by to-morrow I should die,
Wert thou not mine. [*They talk apart.*
1st Lady. How deep she has bewitch'd him!
1st Knight. Ask you for her recipe for love philtres.
2nd Lady. They hold the Emperor in admiration.
Otho. If ever king was happy that am I!
What are the cities 'yond the Alps to me,
The provinces about the Danube's mouth,
The promise of fair soil beyond the Rhone;
Or routing out of Hyperborean hordes,
To these fair children, stars of a new age?
Unless perchance I might rejoice to win
This little ball of earth, and chuck it them
To play with!
Auranthe. Nay, my lord, I do not know.
Ludolph. Let me not famish.
Otho (to Conrad). Good Franconia,
You heard what oath I sware, as the sun rose,
That unless Heaven would send me back my son,
My Arab,—no soft music should enrich
The cool wine, kiss'd off with a soldier's smack;
Now all my empire, barter'd for one feast,
Seems poverty.
Conrad. Upon the neighbour plain
The heralds have prepared a royal lists;
Your knights, found war-proof in the bloody field,
Speed to the game.

Otho. Well, Ludolph, what say you?
Ludolph. My lord!
Otho. A tourney?
Conrad. Or, if 't please you best—
Ludolph. I want no more!
1st Lady. He soars!
2nd Lady. Past all reason.
Ludolph. Though heaven's choir
~hould in a vast circumference descend
nd sing for my delight, I'd stop my ears!
hough bright Apollo's car stood burning here,
nd he put out an arm to bid me mount,
his touch an immortality, not I!
This earth, this palace, this room, Auranthe!
Otho. This is a little painful; just too much.
Conrad, if he flames longer in this wise
I shall believe in wizard-woven loves
And old romances; but I'll break the spell.
Ludolph!
Conrad. He'll be calm, anon.
Ludolph. You call'd?
Yes, yes, yes, I offend. You must forgive me;
Not being quite recover'd from the stun
Of your large bounties. A tourney, is it not? [*A sennet heard faintly.*
Conrad. The trumpets reach us.
Ethelbert (*without*). On your peril, sirs,
Detain us!
1st Voice (*without*). Let not the abbot pass.
2nd Voice (*without*) No
On your lives!
1st Voice (*without*). Holy father, you must not.
Ethelbert (*without*) Otho!
Otho. Who calls on Otho?
Ethelbert (*without*). Ethelbert!
Otho. Let him come in.

Enter ETHELBERT *leading in* ERMINIA.

Thou cursed abbot, why
Hast brought pollution to our holy rites?
Hast thou no fear of hangman, or the faggot?
Ludolph. What portent—what strange prodigy is this?
Conrad. Away!
Ethelbert. You, Duke?
Erminia. Albert has surely fail'd me!
Look at the Emperor's brow upon me bent!
Ethelbert. A sad delay!

Conrad. Away, you guilty thing!
Ethelbert. You again, Duke? Justice, most noble Otho!
You—go to your sister there, and plot again,
A quick plot, swift as thought to save your heads;
For lo! the toils are spread around your den,
The world is all agape to see dragg'd forth
Two ugly monsters.
Ludolph. What means he, my lord?
Conrad. I cannot guess.
Ethelbert. Best ask your lady sister,
Whether the riddle puzzles her beyond
The power of utterance.
Conrad. Foul barbarian, cease;
The Princess faints!
Ludolph. Stab him! O, sweetest wife!
[*Attendants bear off* AURANTHE.
Erminia. Alas!
Ethelbert. Your wife?
Ludolph. Ay, Satan! does that yerk ye?
Ethelbert. Wife! so soon!
Ludolph. Ay, wife! Oh, impudence!
Thou bitter mischief! Venomous mad priest!
How dar'st thou lift those beetle brows at me—
Me—the prince Ludolph, in this presence here,
Upon my marriage-day, and scandalize
My joys with such opprobrious surprise?
Wife! Why dost linger on that syllable,
As if it were some demon's name pronounc'd
To summon harmful lightning, and make yawn
The sleepy thunder? Hast no sense of fear?
No ounce of man in thy mortality?
Tremble! for, at my nod, the sharpen'd axe
Will make thy bold tongue quiver to the roots,
Those grey lids wink, and thou not know it more!
Ethelbert. O, poor deceived Prince! I pity thee!
Great Otho! I claim justice—
Ludolph. Thou shall have't!
Thine arms from forth a pulpit of hot fire
Shall sprawl distracted? O that that dull cowl
Were some most sensitive portion of thy life,
That I might give it to my hounds to tear!
Thy girdle some fine zealous-pained nerve
To girth my saddle! And those devil's beads
Each one a life, that I might every day
Crush one with Vulcan's hammer!
Otho. Peace, my son;
You far outstrip my spleen in this affair.

Let us be calm, and hear the abbot's plea
For this intrusion.
Ludolph. I am silent, sire.
Otho. Conrad, see all depart not wanted here.
[*Exeunt Knights, Ladies, &c.*
Ludolph, be calm. Ethelbert, peace awhile.
This mystery demands an audience
Of a just judge, and that will Otho be.
Ludolph. Why has he time to breathe another word?
Otho. Ludolph, old Ethelbert, be sure, comes not
To beard us for no cause; he's not the man
To cry himself up an ambassador
Without credentials.
Ludolph. I'll chain up myself.
Otho. Old abbot, stand here forth. Lady Erminia,
Sit. And now, abbot! what have you to say?
Our ear is open. First we here denounce
Hard penalties against thee, if't be found
The cause for which you have disturb'd us here,
Making our bright hours muddy, be a thing
Of little moment.
Ethelbert. See this innocent!
Otho! thou father of the people call'd,
Is her life nothing? Her fair honour nothing?
Her tears from matins until even-song
Nothing? Her burst heart nothing? Emperor!
Is this your gentle niece—the simplest flower
Of the world's herbal—this fair lily blanch'd
Still with the dews of piety, this meek lady
Here sitting like an angel newly-shent,
Who veils its snowy wings and grows all pale,—
Is she nothing?
Otho. What more to the purpose, abbot?
Ludolph. Whither is he winding?
Conrad. No clue yet!
You have heard, my liege, and so, no doubt, all here,
common,
me
Against the spotless
Of the princess Erminia, your niece.
I have intruded here thus suddenly,
Because I hold those base weeds, with tight hand,
Which now disfigure her fair growing stem,
Waiting but for your sign to pull them up
By the dark roots, and leave her palpab'e,
To all men's sight, a lady innocent.
The ignominy of that whisper'd tale

About a midnight gallant, seen to climb
A window to her chamber neighbour'd near
I will from her turn off, and put the load
On the right shoulders; on that wretch's head,
Who, by close stratagems, did save herself,
Chiefly by shifting to this lady's room
A rope-ladder for false witness.
Ludolph. Most atrocious!
Otho. Ethelbert, proceed.
Ethelbert. With sad lips I shall:
For, in the healing of one wound, I fear
To make a greater. His young highness here
To-day was married.
Ludolph. Good.
Ethelbert. Would it were good!
Yet why do I delay to spread abroad
The names of those two vipers, from whose jaw
A deadly breath went forth to taint and blast
This guileless lady?
Otho. Abbot, speak their names.
Ethelbert. A minute first. It cannot be—but may
I ask, great judge, if you to-day have put
A letter by unread?
Otho. Does 't end in this?
Conrad. Out with their names!
Ethelbert. Bold sinner, say you so?
Ludolph. Out, tedious monk!
Otho. Confess, or by the wheel—
Ethelbert. My evidence cannot be far away;
And, though it never come, be on my head
The crime of passing an attaint upon
The slanderers of this virgin—
Ludolph. Speak aloud!
Ethelbert. Auranthe, and her brother there!
Conrad. Amaze!
Ludolph. Throw them from the windows!
Otho. Do what you will!
Ludolph. What shall I do with them?
Something of quick dispatch, for should she hear,
My soft Auranthe, her sweet mercy would
Prevail against my fury. Damned priest!
What swift death wilt thou die? As to the lady
I touch her not.
Ethelbert. Illustrious Otho, stay!
An ample store of misery thou hast;
Choke not the granary of thy noble mind
With more bad bitter grain, too difficult

d for the repentance of a man
y-growing. To thee only I appeal,
to thy noble son, whose yeasting youth
ll clear itself, and crystal turn again.
young man's heart, by Heaven's blessing, is
wide world, where a thousand new-born hopes
mpurple fresh the melancholy blood:
ut an old man's is narrow, tenantless
)f hopes, and stuff'd with many memories,
Which, being pleasant, ease the heavy pulse—
Painful, clog up and stagnate. Weigh this matter
Even as a miser balances his coin;
And, in the name of mercy, give command
That your knight Albert be brought here before you.
He will expound this riddle; he will show
A noon-day proof of bad Auranthe's guilt.

Otho. Let Albert straight be summon'd. [*Exit one of the Nobles.*

Ludolph. Impossible!
I cannot doubt—I will not—no—to doubt
Is to be ashes!—wither'd up to death!

Otho. My gentle Ludolph, harbour not a fear;
You do yourself much wrong.

Ludolph. O, wretched dolt!
Now, when my foot is almost on thy neck,
Wilt thou infuriate me? Proof! Thou fool!
Why wilt thou tease impossibility
With such a thick-skull'd persevering suit?
Fanatic obstinacy! Prodigy!
Monster of folly! Ghost of a turn'd brain!
You puzzle me,—you haunt me, when I dream
Of you my brain will split! Bold sorcerer!
Juggler! May I come near you? On my soul
I know not whether to pity, curse, or laugh.

Enter ALBERT *and the Nobleman.*

Here, Albert, this old phantom wants a proof!
Give him his proof! A camel's load of proofs!

Otho. Albert, I speak to you as to a man
Whose words once utter'd pass like current gold;
And therefore fit to calmly put a close
To this brief tempest. Do you stand possess'd
Of any proof against the honourableness
Of Lady Auranthe, our new-spoused daughter?

You chill me with astonishment. How's this?

My liege, what proof should I have 'gainst a fame
Impossible of slur? [OTHO *rises.*
Erminia. O wickedness!
Ethelbert. Deluded monarch, 'tis a cruel lie.
Otho. Peace, rebel-priest!
Conrad. Insult beyond credence!
Erminia. Almost a dream!
Ludolph. We have awaked from!
A foolish dream that from my brow hath wrung
A wrathful dew. O folly! why did I
So act the lion with this silly gnat?
Let them depart. Lady Erminia!
I ever grieved for you, as who did not?
But now you have, with such a brazen front,
So most maliciously, so madly, striven
To dazzle the soft moon, when tenderest clouds
Should be unloop'd around to curtain her,
I leave you to the desert of the world
Almost with pleasure. Let them be set free
For me! I take no personal revenge
More than against a nightmare, which a man
Forgets in the new dawn.
[*Exit* LUDOLPH.
Otho. Still in extremes! No, they must not be loose.
Ethelbert. Albert, I must suspect thee of a crime
So fiendish—
Otho. Fear'st thou not my fury, monk?
Conrad, be they in your safe custody
Till we determine some fit punishment.
It is so mad a deed, I must reflect
And question them in private; for perhaps,
By patient scrutiny, we may discover
Whether they merit death, or should be placed
In care of the physicians.
[*Exeunt* OTHO *and Nobles,* ALBERT *following.*
Conrad. My guards, ho!
Erminia. Albert, wilt thou follow there?
Wilt thou creep dastardly behind his back,
And shrink away from a weak woman's eye?
Turn, thou court-Janus! thou forget'st thyself;
Here is the duke, waiting with open arms

Enter Guards.

To thank thee; here congratulate each other;
Wring hands; embrace; and swear how lucky 'twas
That I, by happy chance, hit the right man
Of all the world to trust in.

Albert. Trust! to me!
Conrad (aside). He is the sole one in this mystery.
Erminia. Well, I give up, and save my prayers for Heaven!
You, who could do this deed, would ne'er relent,
Though, at my words, the hollow prison-vaults
Would groan for pity.
Conrad. Manacle them both!
Ethelbert. I know it—it must be—I see it all!
Albert, thou art the minion!
Erminia. Ah! too plain—
Conrad. Silence! Gag up their mouths! I cannot bear
More of this brawling. That the Emperor
Had placed you in some other custody!
Bring them away. [*Exeunt all but* ALBERT.
Albert. Though my name perish from the book of honour,
Almost before the recent ink is dry,
And be no more remember'd after death
Than any drummer's in the muster-roll;
Yet shall I season high my sudden fall
With triumph o'er that evil-witted duke!
He shall feel what it is to have the hand
Of a man drowning, on his hateful throat.

Enter GERSA *and* SIGIFRED.

Gersa. What discord is at ferment in this house?
Sigifred. We are without conjecture; not a soul
We met could answer any certainty.
Gersa. Young Ludolph, like a fiery arrow, shot
By us.
Sigifred. The Emperor, with cross'd arms, in thought.
Gersa. In one room music, in another sadness,
Perplexity everywhere!
Albert. A trifle more!
Follow; your presences will much avail
To tune our jarred spirits. I'll explain.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV

SCENE I.—AURANTHE'S *Apartment.*

AURANTHE *and* CONRAD *discovered.*

Conrad.

WELL, well, I know what ugly jeopardy
We are caged in; you need not pester that
Into my ears. Prythee, let me be spared
A foolish tongue, that I may bethink me

Of remedies with some deliberation.
You cannot doubt but 'tis in Albert's power
To crush or save us?
Auranthe. No, I cannot doubt.
He has, assure yourself, by some strange means,
My secret; which I ever hid from him,
Knowing his mawkish honesty.
Conrad. Cursed slave!
Auranthe. Ay, I could almost curse him now myself.
Wretched impediment! Evil genius!
A glue upon my wings, that cannot spread,
When they should span the provinces! A snake,
A scorpion, sprawling on the first gold step,
Conducting to the throne high canopied.
Conrad. You would not hear my counsel, when his life
Might have been trodden out, all sure and hush'd;
Now the dull animal forsooth must be
Intreated, managed! When can you contrive
The interview he demands?
Auranthe. As speedily
It must be done as my bribed woman can
Unseen conduct him to me; but I fear
'Twill be impossible, while the broad day
Comes through the panes with persecuting glare.
Methinks, if 't now were night I could intrigue
With darkness, bring the stars to second me,
And settle all this trouble.
Conrad. Nonsense! Child!
See him immediately; why not now?
Auranthe. Do you forget that even the senseless door-posts
Are on the watch and gape through all the house?
How many whisperers there are about,
Hungry for evidence to ruin me.—
Men I have spurn'd, and women I have taunted?
Besides, the foolish prince sends, minute whiles,
His pages—so they tell me—to inquire
After my health, entreating, if I please,
To see me.
Conrad. Well, suppose this Albert here;
What is your power with him?
Auranthe. He should be
My echo, my taught parrot! but I fear
He will be cur enough to bark at me;
Have his own say; read me some silly creed
'Bout shame and pity.
Conrad. What will you do then?
Auranthe. What I shall do, I know not: what I would

Cannot be done; for see, this chamber-floor
Will not yield to the pick-axe and the spade,—
Here is no quiet depth of hollow ground.

Conrad. Sister, you have grown sensible and wise,
Seconding, ere I speak it, what is now,
I hope, resolved between us.

Auranthe. Say, what is't?

Conrad. You need not be his sexton too: a man
May carry that with him shall make him die
Elsewhere,—give that to him; pretend the while
You will to-morrow succumb to his wishes,
Be what they may, and send him from the Castle
On some fool's errand; let his latest groan
Frighten the wolves!

Auranthe. Alas! he must not die!

Conrad. Would you were both hearsed up in stifling lead!
Detested—

Auranthe. Conrad, hold! I would not bear
The little thunder of your fretful tongue,
Tho' I alone were taken in these toils,
And you could free me; but remember, sir,
You live alone in my security:
So keep your wits at work, for your own sake,
Not mine, and be more mannerly.

Conrad. Thou wasp!
If my domains were emptied of these folk,
And I had thee to starve—

Auranthe. O, marvellous!
But Conrad, now be gone; the host is look'd for;
Cringe to the Emperor, entertain the lords,
And, do ye mind, above all things, proclaim
My sickness, with a brother's sadden'd eye,
Condoling with Prince Ludolph. In fit time
Return to me.

Conrad. I leave you to your thoughts.

[*Exit.*

Auranthe (sola) Down, down, proud temper! down, Auranthe's pride!
Why do I anger him when I should kneel?
Conrad! Albert! help! help! What can I do?
O wretched woman! lost, wreck'd, swallow'd up,
Accursed, blasted! O, thou golden Crown,
Orbing along the serene firmament
Of a wide empire, like a glowing moon;
And thou, bright sceptre! lustrous in my eyes
There—as the fabled fair Hesperian tree,
Bearing a fruit more precious! graceful thing,

Delicate, godlike, magic! must I leave
Thee to melt in the visionary air,
Ere, by one grasp, this common hand is made
Imperial? I do not know the time
When I have wept for sorrow; but methinks
I could now sit upon the ground, and shed
Tears, tears of misery. O, the heavy day!
How shall I bear my life till Albert comes?
Ludolph! Erminia! Proofs! O heavy day!
Bring me some mourning weeds, that I may 'tire
Myself as fits one wailing her own death:
Cut off these curls, and brand this lily hand,
And throw these jewels from my loathing sight,—
Fetch me a missal, and a string of beads,—
A cup of bitter'd water, and a crust,—
I will confess, O holy Abbot!—How!
What is this? Auranthe! thou fool, dolt,
Whimpering idiot! up! up! and quell!
I am safe! Coward! why am I in fear?
Albert! he cannot stickle, chew the cud
In such a fine extreme,—impossible!
Who knocks? [*Goes to the Door, listens, and opens it.*

Enter ALBERT.

Albert, I have been waiting for you here
With such an aching heart, such swooning throbs
On my poor brain, such cruel—cruel sorrow,
That I should claim your pity! Art not well?
Albert. Yes, lady, well.
Auranthe. You look not so, alas!
But pale, as if you brought some heavy news.
Albert. You know full well what makes me look so pale.
Auranthe. No! Do I? Surely I am still to learn
Some horror; all I know, this present, is
I am near hustled to a dangerous gulf,
Which you can save me from,—and therefore safe,
So trusting in thy love; that should not make
Thee pale, my Albert.
Albert. It doth make me freeze.
Auranthe. Why should it, love?
Albert. You should not ask me that,
But make your own heart monitor, and save
Me the great pain of telling. You must know.
Auranthe. Something has vext you, Albert. There are times
When simplest things put on a sombre cast;
A melancholy mood will haunt a man,

Until most easy matters take the shape
Of unachievable tasks; small rivulets
Then seem impassable.
Albert Do not cheat yourself
With hope that gloss of words, or suppliant action,
Or tears, or ravings, or self-threaten'd death,
Can alter my resolve.
Auranthe. You make me tremble,
Not so much at your threats, as at your voice,
Untuned, and harsh, and barren of all love.
Albert. You suffocate me! Stop this devil's parley,
And listen to me; know me once for all.
Auranthe. I thought I did. Alas! I am deceived.
Albert. No, you are not deceived. You took me for
A man detesting all inhuman crime,
And therefore kept from me your demon's plot
Against Erminia. Silent? Be so still;
For ever! Speak no more; but hear my words,
Thy fate. Your safety I have bought to-day
By blazoning a lie, which in the dawn
I'll expiate with truth.
Auranthe. O cruel traitor!
Albert. For I would not set eyes upon thy shame;
[illegible]ir,
[illegible]
I wait for you with horses. Choose your fate.
Farewell!
Auranthe. Albert, you jest; I'm sure you must.
You, an ambitious Soldier! I, a Queen,
One who could say,—Here, rule these Provinces!
Take tribute from those cities for thyself!
Empty these armouries, these treasuries,
Muster thy warlike thousands at a nod!
Go! conquer Italy!
Albert. Auranthe, you have made
The whole world chaff to me. Your doom is fix'd.
Auranthe. Out, villain! dastard!
Albert. Look there to the door!
Who is it?
Auranthe. Conrad, traitor!
Albert. Let him in.

Enter CONRAD.

Do not affect amazement, hypocrite,
At seeing me in this chamber.

Conrad. Auranthe?
Albert. Talk not with eyes, but speak your curses out
Against me, who would sooner crush and grind
A brace of toads, than league with them t' oppress
An innocent lady, gull an Emperor,
More generous to me than autumn sun
To ripening harvests.
Auranthe. No more insult, sir!
Albert. Ay, clutch your scabbard; but, for prudence sake,
Draw not the sword; 'twould make an uproar, Duke,
You would not hear the end of. At nightfall
Your lady sister, if I guess aright,
Will leave this busy castle. You had best
Take farewell too of worldly vanities.
Conrad. Vassal!
Albert. To-morrow, when the Emperor sends
For loving Conrad, see you fawn on him.
Good even!
Auranthe. You'll be seen!
Albert. See the coast clear then.
Auranthe (*as he goes*). Remorseless Albert! Cruel, cruel wretch! [*She lets him out.*
Conrad. So, we must lick the dust?
Auranthe. I follow him.
Conrad. How? Where? The plan of your escape?
Auranthe. He waits
For me with horses by the forest-side,
Northward.
Conrad. Good, good! he dies. You go, say you?
Auranthe. Perforce.
Conrad. Be speedy, darkness! Till that comes,
Fiends keep you company! [*Exit.*
Auranthe. And you! and you!
And all men! Vanish!

[*Retires to an inner Apartment.*

SCENE II.—*An Apartment in the Castle.*

Enter LUDOLPH *and Page.*

Page. Still very sick, my lord; but now I went,
And there her women, in a mournful throng,
Stood in the passage whispering; if any
Moved 'twas with careful steps, and hush'd as death.
They bade me stop.
Ludolph. Good fellow, once again
Make soft inquiry; prythee, be not stay'd

If with thy mother's milk thou hast suck'd in
Any divine eloquence,—woo her ears
With plaints for me, more tender than the voice
Of dying Echo, echoed.
Page. Kindest master!
To know thee sad thus, will unloose my tongue
In mournful syllables. Let but my words reach
Her ears, and she shall take them coupled with
Moans from my heart, and sighs not counterfeit.
May I speed better! [*Exit Page.*
Ludolph (*solus*). Auranthe! My life!
Long have I loved thee, yet till now not loved:
Remembering, as I do, hard-hearted times
When I had heard e'en of thy death perhaps,
And—thoughtless!—suffer'd thee to pass alone
Into Elysium!—now I follow thee,
A substance or a shadow, wheresoe'er
Thou leadest me,—whether thy white feet press,
With pleasant weight, the amorous-aching earth,
Or thro' the air thou pioneerest me,
A shade! Yet sadly I predestinate!
O, unbenignest Love, why wilt thou let
Darkness steal out upon the sleepy world
So wearily, as if Night's chariot-wheels
Were clogg'd in some thick cloud? O, changeful Love,
Let not her steeds with drowsy-footed pace
Pass the high stars, before sweet embassage
Comes from the pillow'd beauty of that fair
Completion of all-delicate Nature's wit!
Pout her faint lips anew with rubious health;
And, with thine infant fingers, lift the fringe
Of her sick eye-lids; that those eyes may glow
With wooing light upon me, ere the morn
Peers with disrelish, grey, barren, and cold!

Enter GERSA *and Courtiers.*

Otho calls me his Lion,—should I blush
To be so tamed? so—
Gersa. Do me the courtesy,
Gentlemen, to pass on.
1st Knight. We are your servants.
[*Exeunt Courtiers.*
Ludolph. It seems then, sir, you have found out the man
You would confer with;—me?

Gersa. If I break not
Too much upon your thoughtful mood, I will
Claim a brief while your patience.
Ludolph. For what cause
Soe'er, I shall be honour'd.
Gersa. I not less.
Ludolph. What may it be? No trifle can take place
Of such deliberate prologue, serious 'haviour.
But, be it what it may, I cannot fail
To listen with no common interest;
For though so new your presence is to me,
I have a soldier's friendship for your fame.
Please you explain.
Gersa. As thus:—for, pardon me,
I cannot, in plain terms, grossly assault
A noble nature; and would faintly sketch
What your quick apprehension will fill up;
So finely I esteem you.
Ludolph. I attend.
Gersa. Your generous father, most illustrious Otho,
Sits in the banquet-room among his chiefs;
His wine is bitter, for you are not there;
His eyes are fix'd still on the open doors,
And ev'ry passer in he frowns upon,
Seeing no Ludolph comes.
Ludolph. I do neglect.
Gersa. And for your absence may I guess the cause?
Ludolph. Stay there! No—guess? More princely you must be
Than to make guesses at me. 'Tis enough.
I'm sorry I can hear no more.
Gersa. And I
As grieved to force it on you so abrupt;
Yet, one day, you must know a grief, whose sting
Will sharpen more the longer 'tis conceal'd.
Ludolph. Say it at once, sir! Dead—dead?—is she dead?
Gersa. Mine is a cruel task: she is not dead,
And would, for your sake, she were innocent.
Ludolph. Hungarian! Thou amazest me beyond
All scope of thought, convulsest my heart's blood
To deadly churning! Gersa, you are young,
As I am; let me observe you, face to face:
Not grey-brow'd like the poisonous Ethelbert,
No rheumed eyes, no furrowing of age,
No wrinkles, where all vices nestle in
Like crannied vermin,—no! but fresh, and young,
And hopeful featured. Ha! by heaven you weep!

Tears, human tears! Do you repent you then
Of a curs'd torturer's office? Why shouldst join—
Tell me,—the league of devils? Confess—confess—
The lie!

Gersa. Lie!—but begone all ceremonious points
Of honour battailous! I could not turn
My wrath against thee for the orbed world.

Ludolph. Your wrath, weak boy? Tremble at mine, unless
Retraction follow close upon the heels
Of that late 'stounding insult! Why has my sword
Not done already a sheer judgment on thee?
Despair, or eat thy words! Why, thou wast nigh
Whimpering away my reason! Hark ye, sir,
It is no secret, that Erminia,
Erminia, sir, was hidden in your tent,—
O bless'd asylum! Comfortable home!
Begone! I pity thee; thou art a gull,
Erminia's last new puppet!

Gersa. Furious fire!
Thou mak'st me boil as hot as thou canst flame!
And in thy teeth I give thee back the lie!
Thou liest! Thou, Auranthe's fool! A wittol!

Ludolph. Look! look at this bright sword;
There is no part of it, to the very hilt,
But shall indulge itself about thine heart!
Draw! but remember thou must cower thy plumes,
As yesterday the Arab made thee stoop.

Gersa. Patience! Not here; I would not spill thy blood
Here, underneath this roof where Otho breathes,—
Thy father,—almost mine.

Ludolph. O faltering coward!

Enter Page.

Stay, stay; here is one I have half a word with.
Well? What ails thee, child?

Page. My lord!

Ludolph. What wouldst say?

Page. They are fled!

Ludolph. They! Who?

Page. When anxiously
I hasten'd back, your grieving messenger,
I found the stairs all dark, the lamps extinct,
And not a foot or whisper to be heard.
I thought her dead, and on the lowest step
Sat listening; when presently came by
Two muffled up,—one sighing heavily,

The other cursing low, whose voice I knew
For the Duke Conrad's. Close I follow'd them
Thro' the dark ways they chose to the open air,
And, as I follow'd, heard my lady speak.
Ludolph. Thy life answers the truth!
Page. The chamber's empty!
Ludolph. As I will be of mercy! So, at last,
This nail is in my temples!
Gersa. Be calm in this.
Ludolph. I am.
Gersa. And Albert too has disappear'd;
Ere I met you, I sought him everywhere;
You would not hearken.
Ludolph. Which way went they, boy?
Gersa. I'll hunt with you.
Ludolph. No, no, no. My senses are
Still whole. I have survived. My arm is strong—
My appetite sharp—for revenge! I'll no sharer
In my feast; my injury is all my own,
And so is my revenge, my lawful chattels!
Terrier, ferret them out! Burn—burn the witch!
Trace me their footsteps! Away! [*Exeunt.*

ACT V

Scene I.—*A part of the Forest.*

Enter Conrad *and* Auranthe.

Auranthe.

GO no further; not a step more. Thou art
A master-plague in the midst of miseries.
Go,—I fear thee! I tremble, every limb,
Who never shook before. There's moody death
In thy resolved looks! Yes, I could kneel
To pray thee far away! Conrad, go! go!—
There! yonder, underneath the boughs I see
Our horses!
Conrad. Ay, and the man.
Auranthe. Yes, he is there!
Go, go,—no blood! no blood!—go, gentle Conrad!
Conrad. Farewell!
Auranthe. Farewell! For this Heaven pardon you!
[*Exit* Auranthe.
Conrad. If he survive one hour, then may I die

In unimagined tortures, or breathe through
A long life in the foulest sink o' the world!
He dies! 'Tis well she do not advertise
The caitiff of the cold steel at his back. [*Exit* CONRAD.

Enter LUDOLPH *and Page.*

Ludolph. Miss'd the way, boy? Say not that on your peril!
Page. Indeed, indeed, I cannot trace them further.
Ludolph. Must I stop here? Here solitary die
Stifled beneath the thick oppressive shade
[illegible] thickets—
[illegible] r end,—
[illegible]
[illegible] air?
She's gone! I cannot clutch her! no revenge!
A muffled death, ensnared in horrid silence!
Suck'd to my grave amid a dreamy calm!
O, where is that illustrious noise of war,
To smother up this sound of labouring breath,
This rustle of the trees!
[AURANTHE *shrieks at a distance.*
Page. My lord, a noise!
This way—hark!
Ludolph. Yes, yes! A hope! A music!
A glorious clamour! How I live again! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Another part of the Forest.*

Enter ALBERT (*wounded*).

Albert. Oh! for enough life to support me on
To Otho's feet!

Enter LUDOLPH.

Ludolph. Thrice villainous, stay there!
Tell me where that detested woman is,
Or this is through thee!
Albert. My good Prince, with me
The sword has done its worst; not without worst
Done to another,—Conrad has it home!
I see you know it all!
Ludolph. Where is his sister?

Enter AURANTHE.

Auranthe. Albert!
Ludolph. Ha! There! there! He is the paramour!—
There—hug him—dying! O, thou innocence,
Shrine him and comfort him at his last gasp;
Kiss down his eyelids! Was he not thy love?
Wilt thou forsake him at his latest hour?
Keep fearful and aloof from his last gaze,
His most uneasy moments, when cold death
Stands with the door ajar to let him in?
Albert. O that that door with hollow slam would close
Upon me sudden! for I cannot meet,
In all the unknown chambers of the dead,
Such horrors!
Ludolph. Auranthe! what can he mean?
What horrors? Is it not a joyous time?
Am I not married to a paragon
"Of personal beauty and untainted soul?"
A blushing fair-eyed purity? A sylph,
Whose snowy timid hand has never sinn'd
Beyond a flower pluck'd, white as itself?
Albert, you do insult my bride—your mistress—
To talk of horrors on our wedding-night!
Albert. Alas! poor Prince, I would you knew my heart!
'Tis not so guilty—
Ludolph. Hear! he pleads not guilty!
You are not? or, if so, what matters it?
You have escaped me, free as the dusk air,
Hid in the forest, safe from my revenge;
I cannot catch you! You should laugh at me,
Poor cheated Ludolph! Make the forest hiss
With jeers at me! You tremble—faint at once,
You will come to again. O cockatrice,
I have you! Whither wander those fair eyes
To entice the devil to your help, that he
May change you to a spider, so to crawl
Into some cranny to escape my wrath?
Albert. Sometimes the counsel of a dying man
Doth operate quietly when his breath is gone:
Disjoin those hands—part—part—do not destroy
Each other—forget her!—Our miseries
Are equal shared, and mercy is—
Ludolph. A boon
When one can compass it. Auranthe, try
Your oratory; your breath is not so hitch'd,
Ay, stare for help! [ALBERT *dies.*

There goes a spotted soul
Howling in vain along the hollow night!
Hear him! He calls you—sweet Auranthe, come!
Auranthe. Kill me!
Ludolph. No! What? Upon our marriage-night?
The earth would shudder at so foul a deed!
A fair bride! A sweet bride! An innocent bride!
No! we must revel it, as 'tis in use
In times of delicate brilliant ceremony:
Come, let me lead you to our halls again!
Nay, linger not; make no resistance, sweet;—
Will you? Ah, wretch, thou canst not, for I have
The strength of twenty lions 'gainst a lamb!
Now—one adieu for Albert!—Come away!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*An inner Court of the Castle.*

Enter SIGIFRED, GONFRED, *and* THEODORE, *meeting.*

1st Knight. Was ever such a night?
Sigifred. What horrors more?
Things unbelieved one hour, so strange they are,
The next hour stamps with credit.
1st Knight. Your last news?
Gonfred. After the page's story of the death
Of Albert and Duke Conrad?
Sigifred. And the return
Of Ludolph with the Princess.
Gonfred. No more, save
Prince Gersa's freeing Abbot Ethelbert,
And the sweet lady, fair Erminia,
From prison.
1st Knight Where are they now? Hast yet heard?
Gonfred. With the sad Emperor they are closeted;
I saw the three pass slowly up the stairs,
The lady weeping, the old abbot cowl'd.
Sigifred. What next?
1st Knight. I ache to think on't.
Gonfred. 'Tis with fate.
1st Knight. One while these proud towers are hush'd as death.
Gonfred. The next our poor Prince fills the arched rooms
With ghastly ravings.
Sigifred. I do fear his brain.
Gonfred. I will see more. Bear you so stout a heart?
[*Exeunt into the Castle.*

SCENE IV.—*A Cabinet, opening towards a Terrace.*

OTHO, ERMINIA, ETHELBERT, *and a Physician, discovered.*

Otho. O, my poor boy! My son! My son! My Ludolph!
Have ye no comfort for me, ye physicians
Of the weak body and soul?
Ethelbert. 'Tis not in medicine,
Either of heaven or earth, to cure, unless
Fit time be chosen to administer.
Otho. A kind forbearance, holy abbot. Come,
Erminia; here, sit by me, gentle girl;
Give me thy hand; hast thou forgiven me?
Erminia. Would I were with the saints to pray for you!
Otho. Why will ye keep me from my darling child?
Physician. Forgive me, but he must not see thy face.
Otho. Is then a father's countenance a Gorgon?
Hath it not comfort in it? Would it not
Console my poor boy, cheer him, heal his spirits?
Let me embrace him; let me speak to him;
I will! Who hinders me? Who 's Emperor?
Physician. You may not, Sire; 'twould overwhelm him quite,
He is so full of grief and passionate wrath;
Too heavy a sigh would kill him, or do worse.
He must be saved by fine contrivances;
And, most especially, we must keep clear
Out of his sight a father whom he loves;
His heart is full, it can contain no more,
And do its ruddy office.
Ethelbert. Sage advice;
We must endeavour how to ease and slacken
The tight-wound energies of his despair,
Not make them tenser.
Otho. Enough! I hear, I hear.
Yet you were about to advise more,—I listen.
Ethelbert. This learned doctor will agree with me,
That not in the smallest point should he be thwarted,
Or gainsaid by one word; his very motions,
Nods, becks, and hints, should be obey'd with care,
Even on the moment; so his troubled mind
May cure itself.
Physician. There are no other means.
Otho. Open the door; let's hear if all is quiet.
Physician. Beseech you, Sire, forbear.
Erminia. Do, do.

Otho. I command!
Open it straight;—hush!—quiet!—my lost boy!
My miserable child!
Ludolph (indistinctly without). Fill, fill my goblet,—here's a health!
Erminia. O, close the door!
Otho. Let, let me hear his voice; this cannot last;
And fain would I catch up his dying words,
Though my own knell they be! This cannot last!
O let me catch his voice—for lo! I hear
A whisper in this silence that he's dead!
It is so! Gersa?

Enter GERSA.

Physician. Say, how fares the Prince?
Gersa. More calm; his features are less wild and flush'd;
Once he complain'd of weariness.
Physician. Indeed!
'Tis good,—'tis good; let him but fall asleep,
That saves him.
Otho. Gersa, watch him like a child;
Ward him from harm,—and bring me better news!
Physician. Humour him to the height. I fear to go;
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
Gersa. I will invent what soothing means I can.
[*Exit* GERSA
Physician. This should cheer up your Highness; weariness
Is a good symptom, and most favourable;
[illegible] alk forth
[illegible]
[illegible]
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*A Banqueting Hall, brilliantly illuminated, and set forth* [illegible]

1st Knight. Grievously are we tantalised, one and all;
Sway'd here and there, commanded to and fro,
As though we were the shadows of a sleep,
And link'd to a dreaming fancy. What do we here?
Gonfred. I am no seer; you know we must obey
The Prince from A to Z, though it should be

To set the place in flames. I pray, hast heard
Where the most wicked Princess is?
1st Knight. There, sir,
In the next room; have you remark'd those two
Stout soldiers posted at the door?
Gonfred. For what?
[*They whisper.*

1st Lady. How ghast a train!
2nd Lady. Sure this should be some splendid burial.
1st Lady. What fearful whispering! See, see,—Gersa there!

Enter GERSA.

Gersa. Put on your brightest looks; smile if you can;
Behave as all were happy; keep your eyes
From the least watch upon him; if he speaks
To any one, answer, collectedly,
Without surprise, his questions, howe'er strange.
Do this to the utmost,—though, alas! with me
The remedy grows hopeless! Here he comes,—
Observe what I have said,—show no surprise.

Enter LUDOLPH, *followed by* SIGIFRED *and Page.*

Ludolph. A splendid company! rare beauties here!
I should have Orphean lips, and Plato's fancy,
Amphion's utterance, toned with his lyre,
Or the deep key of Jove's sonorous mouth,
To give fit salutation. Methought I heard,
As I came in, some whispers,—what of that?
'Tis natural men should whisper; at the kiss
Of Psyche given by Love, there was a buzz
Among the gods!—and silence is as natural.
These draperies are fine, and, being a mortal,
I should desire no better; yet, in truth,
There must be some superior costliness,
Some wider-domed high magnificence!
I would have, as a mortal I may not,
Hangings of heaven's clouds, purple and gold,
Slung from the spheres; gauzes of silver mist,
Loop'd up with cords of twisted wreathed light,
And tassell'd round with weeping meteors!
These pendent lamps and chandeliers are bright
As earthly fires from dull dross can be cleansed;
Yet could my eyes drink up intenser beams
Undazzled;—this is darkness,—when I close
These lids, I see far fiercer brilliances,—
Skies full of splendid moons, and shooting stars

And spouting exhalations, diamond fires,
And panting fountains quivering with deep glows.
Yes—this is dark—is it not dark?

Sigifred. My lord,
'Tis late; the lights of festival are ever
Quench'd in the morn.

Ludolph. 'Tis not to-morrow then?

Sigifred. 'Tis early dawn.

Gersa. Indeed full time we slept;
Say you so, Prince?

Ludolph. I say I quarrell'd with you;
We did not tilt each other,—that's a blessing,—
Good gods! no innocent blood upon my head!

Sigifred. Retire, Gersa!

Ludolph. There should be three more here:
For two of them, they stay away perhaps,
Being gloomy-minded, haters of fair revels,—
They know their own thoughts best.
As for the third,
Deep blue eyes, semi-shaded in white lids,
Finish'd with lashes fine for more soft shade,
Completed by her twin-arch'd ebon-brows;
White temples, of exactest elegance,
Of even mould, felicitous and smooth;
Cheeks fashion'd tenderly on either side,
So perfect, so divine, that our poor eyes
Are dazzled with the sweet proportioning,
And wonder that 'tis so,—the magic chance!
Her nostrils, small, fragrant, fairy-delicate;
Her lips—I swear no human bones e'er wore
So taking a disguise;—you shall behold her!
We'll have her presently; ay, you shall see her,
And wonder at her, friends, she is so fair;
She is the world's chief jewel, and, by heaven!
She's mine by right of marriage!—she is mine!
Patience, good people, in fit time I send
A summoner,—she will obey my call,
Being a wife most mild and dutiful.
First I would hear what music is prepared
To herald and receive her; let me hear!

Sigifred. Bid the musicians soothe him tenderly.
[*A soft strain of Music.*

Ludolph. Ye have none better? No, I am content;
'Tis a rich sobbing melody, with reliefs
Full and majestic; it is well enough,
And will be sweeter, when ye see her pace
Sweeping into this presence, glisten'd o'er

With emptied caskets, and her train upheld
By ladies habited in robes of lawn,
Sprinkled with golden crescents, others bright
In silks, with spangles shower'd, and bow'd to
By Duchesses and pearled Margravines!
Sad! that the fairest creature of the earth—
I pray you mind me not—'tis sad, I say,
That the extremest beauty of the world
Should so entrench herself away from me,
Behind a barrier of engender'd guilt!
2nd Lady. Ah! what a moan!
1st Knight. Most piteous indeed!
Ludolph. She shall be brought before this company,
And then—then—
1st Lady. He muses.
Gersa. O, Fortune! where will this end?
Sigifred. I guess his purpose! Indeed he must not have
That pestilence brought in,—that cannot be,
There we must stop him.
Gersa. I am lost! Hush, hush!
He is about to rave again.
Ludolph. A barrier of guilt! I was the fool,
She was the cheater! Who 's the cheater now,
And who the fool? The entrapp'd, the caged fool,
The bird-limed raven? She shall croak to death
Secure! Methinks I have her in my fist,
To crush her with my heel! Wait, wait! I marvel
My father keeps away. Good friend—ah! Sigifred?
Do bring him to me,—and Erminia,
I fain would see before I sleep—and Ethelbert
That he may bless me, as I know he will,
Though I have cursed him.
Sigifred. Rather suffer me
To lead you to them.
Ludolph. No, excuse me,—no!
The day is not quite done. Go, bring them hither.
[*Exit* SIGIFRED.
Certes, a father's smile should, like sunlight,
Slant on my sheaved harvest of ripe bliss.
Besides, I thirst to pledge my lovely bride
In a deep goblet: let me see—what wine?
The strong Iberian juice, or mellow Greek?
Or pale Calabrian? Or the Tuscan grape?
Or of old Ætna's pulpy wine-presses,
Black stain'd with the fat vintage, as it were
The purple slaughter-house, where Bacchus' self
Prick'd his own swollen veins! Where is my page?

Page. Here, here!

Ludolph. Be ready to obey me; anon thou shalt
Bear a soft message for me; for the hour
Draws near when I must make a winding up
Of bridal mysteries—a fine-spun vengeance!
Carve it on my tomb, that, when I rest beneath
Men shall confess, this Prince was gull'd and cheated,
[illegible]

For my father?

Gersa. You did.

Ludolph. Perhaps 'twould be
Much better he came not.

Gersa. He enters now!

Enter Otho, Erminia, Ethelbert, Sigifred *and Physician.*

Ludolph. O! thou good man, against whose sacred head
I was a mad conspirator, chiefly too
For the sake of my fair newly wedded wife,
Now to be punish'd!—do not look so sad!
Those charitable eyes will thaw my heart,
Those tears will wash away a just resolve,
A verdict ten times sworn! Awake—awake—
Put on a judge's brow, and use a tongue
Made iron-stern by habit! Thou shalt see
A deed to be applauded, 'scribed in gold!
Join a loud voice to mine, and so denounce
What I alone will execute!

Otho. Dear son,
What is it? By your father's love, I sue
That it be nothing merciless!

Ludolph. To that demon?
Not so! No! She is in temple-stall,
Being garnish'd for the sacrifice, and I,
The Priest of Justice, will immolate her
Upon the altar of wrath! She stings me through!—
Even as the worm doth feed upon the nut,
So she, a scorpion, preys upon my brain!
I feel her gnawing here! Let her but vanish,
Then, father, I will lead your legions forth,
Compact in steeled squares and speared files,
And bid our trumpets speak a fell rebuke
To nations drowsed in peace!

Otho. To-morrow, son,
Be your word law; forget to-day—

Ludolph. I will,
When I have finish'd it! Now,—now, I'm pight,
Tight-footed for the deed!
Erminia. Alas! Alas!
Ludolph. What angel's voice is that? Erminia
Ah! gentlest creature, whose sweet innocence
Was almost murder'd; I am penitent.
Wilt thou forgive me? And thou holy man,
Good Ethelbert, shall I die in peace with you?
Erminia. Die, my lord?
Ludolph. I feel it possible.
Otho. Physician?
Physician. I fear, he is past my skill.
Otho. Not so!
Ludolph. I see it—I see it—I have been wandering!
Half mad—not right here—I forget my purpose.
Bestir—bestir—Auranthe! Ha! ha! ha!
Youngster! page! go bid them drag her to me!
Obey! This shall finish it! [*Draws a dagger.*
Otho. Oh, my son! my son!
Sigifred. This must not be—stop there!
Ludolph. Am I obey'd?
A little talk with her—no harm—haste! haste!
[*Exit Page.*
Set her before me—never fear I can strike.
Several voices. My lord! My lord!
Gersa. Good Prince!
Ludolph. Why do ye trouble me? out—out—away!
There she is! take that! and that! no, no,
That's not well done—where is she?

[*The Doors open. Enter Page. Several Women are seen grouped about* AURANTHE *in the inner Room.*

Page. Alas! My lord, my lord! they cannot move her!
Her arms are stiff—her fingers clench'd and cold.
Ludolph. She's dead!
[*Staggers and falls into their arms.*
Ethelbert. Take away the dagger.
Gersa. Softly; so!
Otho. Thank God for that!
Sigifred. It could not harm him now.
Gersa. No!—brief be his anguish!
Ludolph. She's gone! I am content. Nobles, good night!
We are all weary—faint—set ope the doors—
I will to bed! To-morrow—
[*Dies.*

THE CURTAIN FALLS.

KING STEPHEN

A DRAMATIC FRAGMENT

ACT I

SCENE I.—*Field of Battle.*

Alarum. Enter King STEPHEN, *Knights, and Soldiers.*

Stephen.

If shame can on a soldier's vein-swoll'n front
Spread deeper crimson than the battle's toil,
Blush in your casing helmets! for see, see!
Yonder my chivalry, my pride of war,
Wrench'd with an iron hand from firm array,
Are routed loose about the plashy meads,
Of honour forfeit. O that my known voice
Could reach your dastard ears, and fright you more!
Fly, cowards, fly! Glocester is at your backs!
Throw your slack bridles o'er the flurried manes,
Ply well the rowel with faint trembling heels,
Scampering to death at last!
1st Knight. The enemy
Bears his flaunt standard close upon their rear.
2nd Knight. Sure of a bloody prey, seeing the fens
Will swamp them girth-deep.
Stephen. Over head and ears.
No matter! 'Tis a gallant enemy;
How like a comet he goes streaming on.
But we must plague him in the flank,—hey, friends?
We are well breath'd,—follow!

Enter Earl BALDWIN *and soldiers, as defeated.*

Stephen. De Redvers!
What is the monstrous bugbear that can fright
Baldwin?

Baldwin. No scarecrow, but the fortunate star
Of boisterous Chester, whose fell truncheon now
Points level to the goal of victory.
This way he comes, and if you would maintain
Your person unaffronted by vile odds,
Take horse, my Lord.
Stephen. And which way spur for life?
Now I thank heaven I am in the toils,
That soldiers may bear witness how my arm
Can burst the meshes. Not the eagle more
Loves to beat up against a tyrannous blast,
Than I to meet the torrent of my foes.
This is a brag,—be't so,—but if I fall,
Carve it upon my 'scutcheon'd sepulchre.
On, fellow soldiers! Earl of Redvers, back!
Not twenty Earls of Chester shall brow-beat
The diadem. [*Exeunt. Alarum.*

SCENE II.—*Another part of the Field.*

Trumpets sounding a Victory. Enter GLOCESTER, *Knights, and Forces.*

Glocester. Now may we lift our bruised vizors up
And take the flattering freshness of the air,
While the wide din of battle dies away
Into times past, yet to be echoed sure
In the silent pages of our chroniclers.
1st Knight. Will Stephen's death be mark'd there, my good Lord,
Or that we give him lodging in yon towers?
Glocester. Fain would I know the great usurper's fate.

Enter two Captains severally.

1st Captain. My Lord!
2nd Captain. Most noble Earl!
1st Captain. The King—
2nd Captain. The Empress greets—
Glocester. What of the King?
1st Captain. He sole and lone maintains
A hopeless bustle 'mid our swarming arms,
And with a nimble savageness attacks,
Escapes, makes fiercer onset, then anew
Eludes death, giving death to most that dare
Trespass within the circuit of his sword!
He must by this have fallen. Baldwin is taken;

And for the Duke of Bretagne, like a stag
He flies, for the Welsh beagles to hunt down.
God save the Empress!

Glocester. Now our dreaded Queen:
What message from her Highness?

2nd Captain. Royal Maud
From the throng'd towers of Lincoln hath look'd down,
Like Pallas from the walls of Ilion,
And seen her enemies havock'd at her feet.
[illegible]
The streets are full of music.

Enter 2nd Knight.

Glocester. Whence come you?

2nd Knight. From Stephen, my good Prince—Stephen! Stephen!

Glocester. Why do you make such echoing of his name?

2nd Knight. Because I think, my lord, he is no man,
But a fierce demon, 'nointed safe from wounds,
And misbaptized with a Christian name.

Glocester. A mighty soldier!—Does he still hold out?

2nd Knight. He shames our victory. His valour still
Keeps elbow-room amid our eager swords,
And holds our bladed falchions all aloof.
[illegible]
Spleen hearted came in full career at him.

Glocester. Did no one take him at a vantage then?

2nd Knight. Three then with tiger leap upon him flew,
Whom, with his sword swift drawn and nimbly held,
He stung away again, and stood to breathe,
Smiling. Anon upon him rush'd once more
A throng of foes, and in this renew'd strife,
My sword met his and snapp'd off at the hilt.

Glocester. Come, lead me to this Mars and let us move
In silence, not insulting his sad doom
With clamorous trumpets. To the Empress bear
My salutation as befits the time.

[*Exeunt* GLOCESTER *and Forces.*

SCENE III.—*The Field of Battle.* *Enter* STEPHEN *unarmed.*

Stephen. Another sword! And what if I could seize
One from Bellona's gleaming armoury,
Or choose the fairest of her sheaved spears!
Where are my enemies? Here, close at hand,
Here come the testy brood. O, for a sword!
I'm faint—a biting sword! A noble sword!
A hedge-stake—or a ponderous stone to hurl
With brawny vengeance, like the labourer Cain.
Come on! Farewell my kingdom, and all hail
Thou superb, plumed, and helmeted renown!
All hail! I would not truck this brilliant day
To rule in Pylos with a Nestor's beard—
Come on!

Enter DE KAIMS *and Knights, &c.*

De Kaims. Is 't madness, or a hunger after death,
That makes thee thus unarm'd throw taunts at us?
Yield, Stephen, or my sword's point dips in
The gloomy current of a traitor's heart.
Stephen. Do it, De Kaims, I will not budge an inch.
De Kaims. Yes, of thy madness thou shalt take the meed.
Stephen. Darest thou?
De Kaims. How, dare, against a man disarm'd?
Stephen. What weapons has the lion but himself?
Come not near me, De Kaims, for by the price
Of all the glory I have won this day,
Being a king, I will not yield alive
To any but the second man of the realm,
Robert of Glocester.
De Kaims. Thou shalt vail to me.
Stephen. Shall I, when I have sworn against it, sir?
Thou think'st it brave to take a breathing king,
That, on a court-day bow'd to haughty Maud,
The awed presence-chamber may be bold
To whisper, There's the man who took alive
Stephen—me—prisoner. Certes, De Kaims,
The ambition is a noble one.
De Kaims. 'Tis true.
And, Stephen, I must compass it.
Stephen. No, no,
Do not tempt me to throttle you on the gorge,
Or with my gauntlet crush your hollow breast,

Just when your knighthood is grown ripe and full
For lordship.

A Soldier. Is an honest yeoman's spear
Of no use at a need? Take that.

Stephen. Ah, dastard!

De Kaims. What, you are vulnerable! my prisoner!

Stephen. No, not yet. I disclaim it, and demand
Death as a sovereign right unto a king
Who 'sdains to yield to any but his peer,
If not in title, yet in noble deeds,
The Earl of Glocester. Stab to the hilt, De Kaims,
For I will never by mean hands be led
From this so famous field. Do you hear! Be quick!

[*Trumpets. Enter the Earl of* CHESTER *and Knights.*

SCENE IV.—*A Presence Chamber. Queen* MAUD *in a Chair of State, the Earls of* GLOCESTER *and* CHESTER, *Lords, Attendants.*

Maud. Glocester, no more. I will behold that Boulogne:
Set him before me. Not for the poor sake
Of regal pomp and a vain-glorious hour,
As thou with wary speech, yet near enough,
Hast hinted.

Glocester. Faithful counsel have I given;
If wary, for your Highness' benefit.

Maud. The Heavens forbid that I should not think so,
For by thy valour have I won this realm,
Which by thy wisdom I will ever keep.
To sage advisers let me ever bend
A meek attentive ear, so that they treat
Of the wide kingdom's rule and government,
Not trenching on our actions personal.
Advised, not school'd, I would be; and henceforth
Spoken to in clear, plain, and open terms,
Not side-ways sermon'd at.

Glocester. Then, in plain terms,
Once more for the fallen king—

Maud. Your pardon, brother,
I would no more of that; for, as I said,
'Tis not for worldly pomp I wish to see
The rebel, but as dooming judge to give
A sentence something worthy of his guilt.

Glocester. If't must be so, I'll bring him to your
presence. [*Exit* GLOCESTER.

Maud. A meaner summoner might do as well.
My Lord of Chester, is 't true what I hear
Of Stephen of Boulogne, our prisoner,
That he, as a fit penance for his crimes,
Eats wholesome, sweet, and palatable food
Off Glocester's golden dishes—drinks pure wine,
Lodges soft?

Chester. More than that, my gracious Queen,
Has anger'd me. The noble Earl, methinks,
Full soldier as he is, and without peer
In counsel, dreams too much among his books.
It may read well, but sure 'tis out of date
To play the Alexander with Darius.

Maud. Truth! I think so. By Heavens, it shall not last!

Chester. It would amaze your Highness now to mark
How Glocester overstrains his courtesy
To that crime-loving rebel, that Boulogne—

Maud. That ingrate!

Chester. For whose vast ingratitude
To our late sovereign lord, your noble sire,
The generous Earl condoles in his mishaps,
And with a sort of lackeying friendliness
Talks off the mighty frowning from his brow,
Woos him to hold a duet in a smile,
Or, if it please him, play an hour at chess—

Maud. A perjured slave!

Chester. And for his perjury,
Glocester has fit rewards—nay, I believe,
He sets his bustling household's wits at work
For flatteries to ease this Stephen's hours,
And make a heaven of his purgatory;
Adorning bondage with the pleasant gloss
Of feasts and music, and all idle shows
Of indoor pageantry; while syren whispers,
Predestined for his ear, 'scape as half-check'd
From lips the courtliest and the rubiest
Of all the realm, admiring of his deeds.

Maud. A frost upon his summer!

Chester. A queen's nod
Can make his June December. Here he comes.

* * * * *

APPENDIX

POSTHUMOUS AND FUGITIVE POEMS (II)

ON DEATH

1

CAN death be sleep, when life is but a dream,
  And scenes of bliss pass as a phantom by?
The transient pleasures as a vision seem,
  And yet we think the greatest pain's to die.

2

How strange it is that man on earth should roam,
  And lead a life of woe, but not forsake
His rugged path; nor dare he view alone
  His future doom which is but to awake.

SONNET

To Byron

BYRON! how sweetly sad thy melody!
  Attuning still the soul to tenderness,
[illegible]

SONNET

To Chatterton

O CHATTERTON! how very sad thy fate!
Dear child of sorrow—son of misery!
How soon the film of death obscur'd that eye,
Whence Genius mildly flash'd, and high debate.
How soon that voice, majestic and elate,
Melted in dying numbers! Oh! how nigh
Was night to thy fair morning. Thou didst die
A half-blown flow'ret which cold blasts amate.
But this is past: thou art among the stars
Of highest Heaven: to the rolling spheres
Thou sweetly singest: nought thy hymning mars,
Above the ingrate world and human fears.
On earth the good man base detraction bars
From thy fair name, and waters it with tears.

ODE TO APOLLO

1

IN thy western halls of gold
When thou sittest in thy state,
Bards, that erst sublimely told
Heroic deeds, and sang of fate,
With fervour seize their adamantine lyres,
Whose chords are solid rays, and twinkle radiant fires.

2

Here Homer with his nervous arms
Strikes the twanging harp of war,
And even the western splendour warms,
While the trumpets sound afar:
But, what creates the most intense surprise,
His soul looks out through renovated eyes.

3

Then, through thy Temple wide, melodious swells
The sweet majestic tone of Maro's lyre:
The soul delighted on each accent dwells,—
Enraptur'd dwells,—not daring to respire,
The while he tells of grief around a funeral pyre.

4

'Tis awful silence then again;
Expectant stand the spheres;
Breathless the laurell'd peers,
Nor move, till ends the lofty strain,
Nor move till Milton's tuneful thunders cease,
And leave once more the ravish'd heavens in peace.

5

Thou biddest Shakspeare wave his hand,
And quickly forward spring
The Passions—a terrific band—
And each vibrates the string
That with its tyrant temper best accords,
While from their Master's lips pour forth the inspiring words.

6

A silver trumpet Spenser blows,
And, as its martial notes to silence flee,
From a virgin chorus flows
A hymn in praise of spotless Chastity.
'Tis still! Wild warblings from the Æolian lyre
Enchantment softly breathe, and tremblingly expire.

7

[illegible]

8

[illegible] birth.

SONNET

To a Young Lady who sent me a Laurel Crown

FRESH morning gusts have blown away all fear
From my glad bosom,—now from gloominess
[illegible]
Lo! who dares say, "Do this?" Who dares call down
[illegible] "Stand,"
[illegible]

HYMN TO APOLLO

1

GOD of the golden bow,
And of the golden lyre,
And of the golden hair,
And of the golden fire,
Charioteer
Of the patient year,
Where—where slept thine ire,
When like a blank idiot I put on thy wreath,
Thy laurel, thy glory,
The light of thy story,
Or was I a worm—too low crawling, for death?
O Delphic Apollo!

2

The Thunderer grasp'd and grasp'd,
The Thunderer frown'd and frown'd;
The eagle's feathery mane
For wrath became stiffen'd—the sound
Of breeding thunder
Went drowsily under,
Muttering to be unbound.
O why didst thou pity, and for a worm
Why touch thy soft lute
Till the thunder was mute,
Why was not I crush'd—such a pitiful germ?
O Delphic Apollo!

3

The Pleiades were up,
Watching the silent air;
The seeds and roots in the Earth
Were swelling for summer fare;
The Ocean, its neighbour,
Was at its old labour,
When, who—who did dare
To tie, like a madman, thy plant round his brow,
And grin and look proudly,
And blaspheme so loudly,
And live for that honour, to stoop to thee now?
O Delphic Apollo!

SONNET

AS from the darkening gloom a silver dove
Upsoars, and darts into the Eastern light,
On pinions that nought moves but pure delight,
So fled thy soul into the realms above,
Regions of peace and everlasting love;
Where happy spirits, crown'd with circlets bright
Of starry beam, and gloriously bedight,
[illegible] prove.

SONNET

Written in Disgust of Vulgar Superstition

THE church bells toll a melancholy round,
Calling the people to some other prayers,
[illegible]

ON OXFORD

A Parody

1

THE Gothic looks solemn,
[illegible]

2

Vicè—that is, by turns,—
O'er pale faces mourns
The black tassell'd trencher and common hat;
The Chantry boy sings,
The Steeple-bell rings,
And as for the Chancellor—*dominat.*

3

There are plenty of trees,
And plenty of ease,
And plenty of fat deer for Parsons;
And when it is venison,
Short is the benison,—
Then each on a leg or thigh fastens.

MODERN LOVE

And what is love? It is a doll dress'd up
For idleness to cosset, nurse, and dandle;
A thing of soft misnomers, so divine
That silly youth doth think to make itself
Divine by loving, and so goes on
Yawning and doting a whole summer long,
Till Miss's comb is made a pearl tiara,
And common Wellingtons turn Romeo boots:
Then Cleopatra lives at number seven,
And Antony resides in Brunswick Square.
Fools! if some passions high have warm'd the world,
If Queens and Soldiers have play'd deep for hearts,
It is no reason why such agonies
Should be more common than the growth of weeds.
Fools! make me whole again that weighty pearl
The Queen of Egypt melted, and I'll say
That ye may love in spite of beaver hats.

Fragment of "The Castle Builder"

* * * * *

To-night I'll have my friar—let me think
About my room,—I'll have it in the pink;
It should be rich and sombre, and the moon,
Just in its mid-life in the midst of June,
Should look thro' four large windows and display
Clear, but for gold-fish vases in the way,
Their glassy diamonding on Turkish floor;
The tapers keep aside, an hour and more,
To see what else the moon alone can show;
While the night-breeze doth softly let us know
My terrace is well bower'd with oranges.
Upon the floor the dullest spirit sees
A guitar-ribband and a lady's glove
Beside a crumple-leaved tale of love;
A tambour-frame, with Venus sleeping there,
All finish'd but some ringlets of her hair;
A viol-bow, strings torn, cross-wise upon
A glorious folio of Anacreon;
A skull upon a mat of roses lying,
Ink'd purple with a song concerning dying;

An hour-glass on the turn, amid the trails
Of passion-flower;—just in time there sails
A cloud across the moon,—the lights bring in!
And see what more my phantasy can win.
It is a gorgeous room, but somewhat sad;
The draperies are so, as tho' they had
Been made for Cleopatra's winding-sheet;
And opposite the steadfast eye doth meet
A spacious looking-glass, upon whose face,
In letters raven-sombre, you may trace
Old "Mene, Mene, Tekel Upharsin."
Greek busts and statuary have ever been
Held, by the finest spirits, fitter far
[illegible]

SONNET

To a Cat

CAT! who hast pass'd thy grand climacteric,
How many mice and rats hast in thy days
Destroy'd?—How many tit bits stolen? Gaze
With those bright languid segments green, and prick
Those velvet ears—but pr'ythee do not stick
Thy latent talons in me—and upraise
Thy gentle mew—and tell me all thy frays
Of fish and mice, and rats and tender chick.
Nay, look not down, nor lick thy dainty wrists—
For all the wheezy asthma,—and for all
Thy tail's tip is nick'd off—and though the fists
Of many a maid have given thee many a maul,
Still is that fur as soft as when the lists
In youth thou enter'dst on glass bottled wall.

A DRAUGHT OF SUNSHINE

[illegible]

Instead of a pitiful rummer,
My wine overbrims a whole summer;
My bowl is the sky,
And I drink at my eye,
Till I feel in the brain
A Delphian pain—
Then follow, my Caius! then follow:
On the green of the hill
We will drink our fill
Of golden sunshine,
Till our brains intertwine
With the glory and grace of Apollo!
God of the Meridian,
And of the East and West,
To thee my soul is flown,
And my body is earthward press'd.—
It is an awful mission,
A terrible division;
And leaves a gulph austere
To be fill'd with worldly fear.
Aye, when the soul is fled
To high above our head,
Affrighted do we gaze
After its airy maze,
As doth a mother wild,
When her young infant child
Is in an eagle's claws—
And is not this the cause
Of madness?—God of Song,
Thou bearest me along
Through sights I scarce can bear:
O let me, let me share
With the hot lyre and thee,
The staid Philosophy.
Temper my lonely hours,
And let me see thy bowers
More unalarm'd!

EXTRACTS FROM AN OPERA

O! WERE I one of the Olympian twelve,
Their godships should pass this into a law,—
That when a man doth set *himself in toil*
After some beauty veiled far away,
Each step he took should make his lady's hand
More soft, more white, and her fair cheek more fair;
And for each briar-berry he might eat,
A kiss should bud upon the tree of love,
And pulp and ripen richer every hour,
To melt away upon the traveller's lips.

* * * * *

FOLLY'S SONG

WHEN wedding fiddles are a-playing,
Huzza for folly O!
And when maidens go a-Maying,
Huzza, &c.
When a milk-pail is upset,
Huzza, &c.
And the clothes left in the wet,
Huzza, &c.
When the barrel's set abroach,
Huzza, &c.
When Kate Eyebrow keeps a coach,
Huzza, &c.
When the pig is over-roasted,
Huzza, &c.
And the cheese is over-toasted,
Huzza, &c.
When Sir Snap is with his lawyer,
Huzza, &c.
And Miss Chip has kiss'd the sawyer,
Huzza, &c.

* * * * *

OH, I am frighten'd with most hateful thoughts!
Perhaps her voice is not a nightingale's,
Perhaps her teeth are not the fairest pearl;
Her eye-lashes may be, for aught I know,
Not longer than the May-fly's small fan-horns;
There may not be one dimple on her hand;
[illegible]

* * * * *

SONG

(Written on a blank page in Beaumont and Fletcher)

SPIRIT here that reignest!
Spirit here that painest!
Spirit here that burnest!
Spirit here that mournest!
Spirit, I bow
My forehead low,
Enshaded with thy pinions.
Spirit, I look
All passion-struck
Into thy pale dominions.

2

Spirit here that laughest!
Spirit here that quaffest!
Spirit here that dancest!
Noble soul that prancest!
Spirit, with thee
I join in the glee
A-nudging the elbow of Momus
Spirit, I flush
With a Bacchanal blush
Just fresh from the Banquet of Comus.

Here all the Summer

(In a letter to Haydon)

1

HERE all the summer could I stay,
For there's a Bishop's Teign,
And King's Teign,
And Coomb at the clear Teign's head;
Where, close by the stream,
You may have your cream,
All spread upon barley bread.

2

There's Arch Brook,
And there's Larch Brook,—
Both turning many a mill;
And cooling the drouth
Of the salmon's mouth,
And fattening his silver gill.

3

There's a wild wood,
A mild hood,
To the sheep on the lea o' the down,
Where the golden furze,
With its green, thin spurs,
Doth catch at the maiden's gown.

4

There's Newton Marsh,
With its spear-grass harsh,—
A pleasant summer level;
Where the maidens sweet
Of the Market street,
Do meet in the dark to revel.

5

There's the Barton rich
With dyke and ditch
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

6

And O, and O
The daisies blow
And the primroses are waken'd,
And violets white
Sit in silver plight,
And the green bud's as long as the spike end.

7

Then who would go
Into dark Soho,
And chatter with dack'd hair'd critics,
When he can stay
For the new-mown hay,
And startle the dappled Prickets?

Over the Hill and over the Dale

OVER the Hill and over the Dale,
And over the Bourne to Dawlish,
Where ginger-bread wives have a scanty sale,
And ginger-bread nuts are smallish.

ACROSTIC

Georgiana Augusta Keats

[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
Imagine not that greatest mastery
And kingdom over all the Realms of verse
Nears more to Heaven in aught than when we nurse
And surety give to love and Brotherhood.

Anthropophagi in Othello's mood,
Ulysses stormed, and his enchanted belt
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

Kind sister! aye, this third name says you are;
Enchanted has it been the Lord knows where.
And may it taste to you like good old wine,
Take you to real happiness and give
Sons, daughters and a home like honied hive.

Lines written in the Highlands after a Visit to Burns's Country

THERE is a charm in footing slow across a silent plain,
Where patriot battle has been fought, where glory had the gain;
There is a pleasure on the heath where Druids old have been,
Where mantles grey have rustled by and swept the nettles green;
There is a joy in every spot made known by times of old,
New to the feet, although each tale a hundred times be told;
There is a deeper joy than all, more solemn in the heart,
More parching to the tongue than all, of more divine a smart,
When weary steps forget themselves upon a pleasant turf,
Upon hot sand, or flinty road, or sea-shore iron scurf,
Toward the castle or the cot, where long ago was born
One who was great through mortal days, and died of fame unshorn.
Light heather-bells may tremble then, but they are far away;
Wood-lark may sing from sandy fern,—the Sun may hear his lay;
Runnels may kiss the grass on shelves and shallows clear,
But their low voices are not heard, though come on travels drear;
Blood-red the Sun may set behind black mountain peaks;
Blue tides may sluice and drench their time in caves and weedy creeks;
Eagles may seem to sleep wing-wide upon the air;
Ring-doves may fly convuls'd across to some high-cedar'd lair;
But the forgotten eye is still fast lidded to the ground,
As Palmer's, that with weariness, mid-desert shrine hath found,
At such a time the soul's a child, in childhood is the brain;
Forgotten is the worldly heart—alone, it beats in vain.—
Aye, if a madman could have leave to pass a healthful day
To tell his forehead's swoon and faint when first began decay,
He might make tremble many a one whose spirit had gone forth
To find a Bard's low cradle-place about the silent North!
Scanty the hour and few the steps beyond the bourn of care,
Beyond the sweet and bitter world,—beyond it unaware!
Scanty the hour and few the steps, because a longer stay
Would bar return, and make a man forget his mortal way:
O horrible! to lose the sight of well remember'd face,
Of Brother's eyes, of Sister's brow—constant to every place;
Filling the air, as on we move, with portraiture intense;
More warm than those heroic tints that pain a painter's sense,
When shapes of old come striding by, and visages of old,
Locks shining black, hair scanty grey, and passions manifold.
No, no, that horror cannot be, for at the cable's length
Man feels the gentle anchor pull and gladdens in its strength:—
One hour, half-idiot, he stands by mossy waterfall,
But in the very next he reads his soul's memorial:—
He reads it on the mountain's height, where chance he may sit down

Upon rough marble diadem—that hill's eternal crown.
Yet be his anchor e'er so fast, room is there for a prayer
That man may never lose his mind on mountains black and bare;
That he may stray league after league some great birth-place to find
And keep his vision clear from speck, his inward sight unblind.

SPENSERIAN STANZA

Written at the close of Canto II., Book V., of The Faerie Queene

IN after-time, a sage of mickle lore
Yclep'd Typographus, the Giant took,
And did refit his limbs as heretofore,
And made him read in many a learned book,
And into many a lively legend look;
Thereby in goodly themes so training him,
That all his brutishness he quite forsook,
When, meeting Artegall and Talus grim,
The one he struck stone-blind, the other's eyes wox dim.

AN EXTEMPORE

WHEN they were come into the Faery's Court
They rang—no one at home—all gone to sport
And dance and kiss and love as faeries do
For Faeries be as humans lovers true—
Amid the woods they were so lone and wild
[illegible]
No one to see my Ape, my Dwarf, my Fool
Or how I pace my Otaheitan mule.
Ape, Dwarf and Fool why stand you gaping there?
Burst the door open, quick—or I declare
I'll switch you soundly and in pieces tear."
[illegible]
What your poor servants know but too too well
Know you the three great crimes in faery land
The first alas! poor Dwarf I understand
I made a whipstock of a faery's wand
The next is snoring in their company
The next the last the direst of the three
Is making free when they are not at home.
I was a Prince—a baby prince—my doom

You see, I made a whipstock of a wand
My top has henceforth slept in faery land.
He was a Prince the Fool, a grown up Prince
But he has never been a King's son since
He fell a snoring at a faery Ball—
Your poor Ape was a prince and he poor thing
Picklock'd a faery's boudoir—now no king
But ape—so pray your highness stay awhile
'Tis sooth indeed we know it to our sorrow—
Persist and *you* may be an ape tomorrow"—
While the Dwarf spake the Princess all for spite
Peal'd the brown hazel twig to lilly white
Clench'd her small teeth, and held her lips apart
Try'd to look unconcern'd with beating heart.
They saw her highness had made up her mind
And quaver'd like the reeds before the wind
And they had had it, but O happy chance
The Ape for very fear began to dance
And grin'd as all his ugliness did ache—
She staid her vixen fingers for his sake
He was so very ugly: then she took
Her pocket mirror and began to look
First at herself and then at him and then
She smil'd at her own beauteous face again.
Yet for all this—for all her pretty face
She took it in her head to see the place.
Women gain little from experience
Either in Lovers, husbands or expense.
The more the beauty the more fortune too
Beauty before the wide world never knew.
So each fair reasons—tho' it oft miscarries.
She thought *her* pretty face would please the faeries.
"My darling Ape I wont whip you today
Give me the Picklock sirrah and go play."
They all three wept—but counsel was as vain
As crying cup biddy to drops of rain.
Yet lingeringly did the sad Ape forth draw
The Picklock from the Pocket in his Jaw.
The Princess took it and dismounting straight
Trip'd in blue silver'd slippers to the gate
And touch'd the wards, the Door full courteously
Opened—she enter'd with her servants three.
Again it clos'd and there was nothing seen
But the Mule grasing on the herbage green.

End of Canto xii.

Canto the xiii.

The Mule no sooner saw himself alone
Than he prick'd up his Ears—and said "well done
At least unhappy Prince I may be free—
No more a Princess shall side saddle me
O King of Othaietè—tho' a Mule
'Aye every inch a King'—tho 'Fortune's fool'
Well done—for by what Mr Dwarfy said

I would not give a sixpence for her head".
Even as he spake he trotted in high glee
To the knotty side of an old Pollard tree
And rubbed his sides against the mossed bark
[illegible]
And whom they thought to injure they befriended.
They hung his Bridle on a topmost bough
And off he went run, trot, or anyhow—

SPENSERIAN STANZAS ON CHARLES ARMITAGE BROWN

1

He is to weet a melancholy carle:
Thin in the waist, with bushy head of hair,
[illegible]
But new he was and bright as scarf from Persian loom.

2

Ne cared he for wine, or half-and-half
Ne cared he for fish or flesh or fowl,
And sauces held he worthless as the chaff;
He 'sdeigned the swine-head at the wassail-bowl;
Ne with lewd ribbalds sat he cheek by jowl;
Ne with sly Lemans in the scorner's chair;
But after water-brooks this Pilgrim's soul
Panted, and all his food was woodland air
Though he would oft-times feast on gilliflowers rare.

3

The slang of cities in no wise he knew,
Tipping the wink to him was heathen Greek;
[illegible]
Who as they walk abroad make tinkling with their feet.

A PARTY OF LOVERS

PENSIVE they sit, and roll their languid eyes,
Nibble their toast and cool their tea with sighs;
Or else forget the purpose of the night,
Forget their tea, forget their appetite.
See, with cross'd arms they sit—Ah! happy crew,
The fire is going out and no one rings
For coals, and therefore no coals Betty brings.
A fly is in the milk-pot. Must he die
Circled by a humane society?
No, no; there, Mr. Werter takes his spoon,
Inserts it, dips the handle, and lo! soon
The little straggler, sav'd from perils dark,
Across the teaboard draws a long wet mark.

Romeo! Arise, take snuffers by the handle,
There's a large cauliflower in each candle.
A winding sheet—ah, me! I must away
To No. 7, just beyond the circus gay.
Alas, my friend, your coat sits very well;
Where may your Tailor live? I may not tell.
O pardon me. I'm absent now and then.
Where *might* my Tailor live? I say again
I cannot tell, let me no more be teazed;
He lives in Wapping, might live where he pleased.

THE CAP AND BELLS

OR, THE JEALOUSIES

A Faery Tale. Unfinished

I

In midmost Ind, beside Hydaspes cool,
There stood, or hover'd, tremulous in the air,
[illegible]

He lov'd girls smooth as shades, but hated a mere shade.

II

This was a crime forbidden by the law;
[illegible]

Caricature was vain, and vain the tart lampoon.

III

Which seeing, his high court of parliament
Laid a remonstrance at his Highness' feet,
Praying his royal senses to content
Themselves with what in faery land was sweet,
Befitting best that shade with shade should meet:
Whereat, to calm their fears, he promised soon
From mortal tempters all to make retreat,—
Aye, even on the first of the new moon
An immaterial wife to espouse as heaven's boon.

IV

Meantime he sent a fluttering embassy
To Pigmio, of Imaus sovereign,
[illegible]

V

As in old pictures tender cherubim
A child's soul thro' the sapphired canvas bear,
So, thro' a real heaven, on they swim
With the sweet princess on her plumaged lair,
Speed giving to the winds her lustrous hair;
And so she journey'd, sleeping or awake,
Save when, for healthful exercise and air,
She chose to *promener à l'aile* or take
A pigeon's somerset, for sport or change's sake.

VI

"Dear Princess, do not whisper me so loud,"
Quoth Corallina, nurse and confidant,
"Do not you see there, lurking in a cloud,
Close at your back, that sly old Crafticant?
He hears a whisper plainer than a rant:
Dry up your tears, and do not look so blue;
He's Elfinan's great state-spy militant,
His running, lying, flying footman too,—
Dear mistress, let him have no handle against you!

VII

"Show him a mouse's tail, and he will guess,
With metaphysic swiftness, at the mouse;
Show him a garden, and with speed no less
He'll surmise sagely of a dwelling-house,
And plot, in the same minute, how to chouse
The owner out of it; show him a"— "Peace!
Peace! nor contrive thy mistress' ire to rouse!"
Return'd the Princess, "my tongue shall not cease
Till from this hated match I get a free release.

VIII

"Ah, beauteous mortal!" "Hush!" quoth Coralline,
"Really you must not talk of him, indeed."
"You hush!" replied the mistress, with a shine
Of anger in her eyes, enough to breed
In stouter hearts than nurse's fear and dread:
'Twas not the glance itself made Nursey flinch,
But of its threat she took the utmost heed;
Not liking in her heart an hour-long pinch,
Or a sharp needle run into her back an inch.

IX

So she was silenced, and fair Bellanaine,
Writhing her little body with ennui,
Continued to lament and to complain,
That Fate, cross-purposing, should let her be
Ravish'd away far from her dear countree;

[illegible]

X

Sorely she grieved, and wetted three or four
White Provence rose-leaves with her faery tears,
But not for this cause;—alas! she had more
Bad reasons for her sorrow, as appears
In the famed memoirs of a thousand years,
Written by Crafticant, and published
By Parpaglion and Co., (those sly compeers
Who raked up ev'ry fact against the dead,)
In Scarab Street, Panthea, at the Jubal's Head.

XI

[illegible]
Of faeries stooping on their wings sublime
To kiss a mortal's lips, when such were in their prime.

XII

Turn to the copious index, you will find
Somewhere in the column, headed letter B,
The name of Bellanaine, if you 're not blind;
Then pray refer to the text, and you will see
An article made up of calumny
Against this highland princess, rating her
For giving way, so over fashionably,
To this new-fangled vice, which seems a burr
Stuck in his moral throat, no coughing e'er could stir.

XIII

There he says plainly that she loved a man!
That she around him flutter'd, flirted, toy'd,
Before her marriage with great Elfinan;
That after marriage too, she never joy'd
In husband's company, but still employ'd
Her wits to 'scape away to Angle-land;
Where liv'd the youth, who worried and annoy'd
Her tender heart, and its warm ardours fann'd
To such a dreadful blaze her side would scorch her hand.

XIV

But let us leave this idle tittle-tattle
To waiting-maids, and bed-room coteries,
Nor till fit time against her fame wage battle.
Poor Elfinan is very ill at ease;
Let us resume his subject if you please:
For it may comfort and console him much
To rhyme and syllable his miseries;
Poor Elfinan! whose cruel fate was such,
He sat and cursed a bride he knew he could not touch.

XV

Soon as (according to his promises)
The bridal embassy had taken wing,
And vanish'd, bird-like, o'er the suburb trees,
The Emperor, empierced with the sharp sting
Of love, retired, vex'd and murmuring
Like any drone shut from the fair bee-queen,
Into his cabinet, and there did fling
His limbs upon a sofa, full of spleen,
And damn'd his House of Commons, in complete chagrin.

XVI

"I'll trounce some of the members," cried the Prince,
"I'll put a mark against some rebel names,
I'll make the Opposition-benches wince,
I'll show them very soon, to all their shames,
What 'tis to smother up a Prince's flames.
That ministers should join in it, I own,
Surprises me!—they too at these high games!
Am I an Emperor? Do I wear a crown?
Imperial Elfinan, go hang thyself or drown!

XVII

"I'll trounce 'em!—there's the square-cut chancellor,
His son shall never touch that bishopric;
And for the nephew of old Palfior,
I'll show him that his speeches made me sick,
And give the colonelcy to Phalaric;
The tiptoe marquis, moral and gallant,
Shall lodge in shabby taverns upon tick;
And for the Speaker's second cousin's aunt,
She shan't be maid of honour,—by heaven that she shan't!

XVIII

"I'll shirk the Duke of A.; I'll cut his brother
I'll give no garter to his eldest son;
I won't speak to his sister or his mother.
The Viscount B. shall live at cut-and-run;
But how in the world can I contrive to stun

That fellow's voice, which plagues me worse than any,
That stubborn fool, that impudent state-dun,
Who sets down ev'ry sovereign as a zany,—
That vulgar commoner, Esquire Biancopany?

XIX

"Monstrous affair! Pshaw! pah! what ugly minx
Will they fetch from Imaus for my bride?
Alas! my wearied heart within me sinks,
To think that I must be so near allied
To a cold dullard fay,—ah, woe betide!
Ah, fairest of all human loveliness!
Sweet Bertha! what crime can it be to glide
About the fragrant plaitings of thy dress,
Or kiss thine eyes, or count thy locks, tress after tress?"

XX

So said, one minute's while his eyes remain'd
Half lidded, piteous, languid, innocent;
But, in a wink, their splendour they regain'd,
Sparkling revenge with amorous fury blent.
Love thwarted in bad temper oft has vent:
He rose, he stampt his foot, he rang the bell,
And order'd some death-warrants to be sent
For signature:—somewhere the tempest fell,
As many a poor fellow does not live to tell.

XXI

"At the same time, Eban,"—(this was his page,
A fay of colour, slave from top to toe,
Sent as a present, while yet under age,
From the Viceroy of Zanguebar,—wise, slow
His speech, his only words were "yes" and "no,"
But swift of look and foot and wing was he,)—
"At the same time, Eban, this instant go
To Hum the soothsayer, whose name I see
Among the fresh arrivals in our empery.

XXII

"Bring Hum to me! But stay—here, take my ring
The pledge of favour, that he not suspect
Any foul play, or awkward murdering,
Tho' I have bowstrung many of his sect;
Throw in a hint, that if he should neglect
One hour the next shall see him in my grasp,
And the next after that shall see him neck'd,
Or swallow'd by my hunger-starved asp,—
And mention ('tis as well) the torture of the wasp."

XXIII

These orders given, the Prince, in half a pet,
Let o'er the silk his propping elbow slide,
Caught up his little legs, and, in a fret,
Fell on the sofa on his royal side.
The slave retreated backwards, humble-eyed,
And with a slave-like silence closed the door,
And to old Hum thro' street and alley hied;
He "knew the city," as we say, of yore,
And for short cuts and turns, was nobody knew more.

XXIV

It was the time when wholesale dealers close
Their shutters with a moody sense of wealth,
But retail dealers, diligent, let loose
The gas (objected to on score of health),
Convey'd in little solder'd pipes by stealth,
And make it flare in many a brilliant form,
That all the powers of darkness it repell'th,
Which to the oil-trade doth great scaith and harm,
And supersedeth quite the use of the glow-worm.

XXV

Eban, untempted by the pastrycooks,
(Of pastry he got store within the palace,)
With hasty steps, wrapp'd cloak, and solemn looks,
Incognito upon his errand sallies,
His smelling-bottle ready for the alleys;
He pass'd the hurdygurdies with disdain,
Vowing he'd have them sent on board the galleys;
Just as he made his vow it 'gan to rain,
Therefore he call'd a coach, and bade it drive amain.

XXVI

"I 'll pull the string," said he, and further said,
"Polluted jarvey! Ah, thou filthy hack!
Whose springs of life are all dried up and dead,
Whose linsey-woolsey lining hangs all slack,
Whose rug is straw, whose wholeness is a crack;
And evermore thy steps go clatter-clitter;
Whose glass once up can never be got back,
Who prov'st, with jolting arguments and bitter,
That 'tis of modern use to travel in a litter.

XXVII

"Thou inconvenience! thou hungry crop
For all corn! thou snail-creeper to and fro,
Who while thou goest ever seem'st to stop
And fiddle-faddle standest while you go;
I' the morning, freighted with a weight of woe,

Unto some lazar-house thou journeyest,
And in the evening tak'st a double row
Of dowdies, for some dance or party drest,
Besides the goods meanwhile thou movest east and west.

XXVIII

"By thy ungallant bearing and sad mien,
An inch appears the utmost thou couldst budge;
Yet at the slightest nod, or hint, or sign,
Round to the curb-stone patient dost thou trudge,
School'd in a beckon, learned in a nudge,
A dull-eyed Argus watching for a fare;
Quiet and plodding, thou dost bear no grudge
To whisking tilburies or phaetons rare,
Curricles, or mail-coaches, swift beyond compare."

XXIX

Philosophizing thus, he pull'd the check
And bade the coachman wheel to such a street,
[illegible]

XXX

Eban then paid his fare, and tiptoe went
To Hum's hotel; and, as he on did pass
With head inclined, each dusky lineament
Show'd in the pearl-paved street, as in a glass,
His purple vest, that ever peeping was
[illegible]

XXXI

He smiled at self, and, smiling, show'd his teeth,
[illegible]

XXXII

"Does not your master give a rout to-night?"
Quoth the dark page. "Oh, no!" return'd the Swiss,
"Next door but one to us, upon the right,
The *Magazin des Modes* now open is
Against the Emperor's wedding;—and, sir, this
My master finds a monstrous horrid bore;
As he retired, an hour ago I wis,
With his best beard and brimstone, to explore
And cast a quiet figure in his second floor.

XXXIII

"Gad! he 's obliged to stick to business!
For chalk, I hear, stands at a pretty price;
And as for aqua vitæ—there 's a mess!
The *dentes sapientiæ* of mice,
Our barber tells me too, are on the rise,—
Tinder 's a lighter article,—nitre pure
Goes off like lightning,—grains of Paradise
At an enormous figure!—stars not sure!—
Zodiac will not move without a slight douceur!

XXXIV

"Venus won't stir a peg without a fee,
And master is too partial, *entre nous*,
To"— "Hush—hush!" cried Eban, "sure that is he
Coming downstairs,—by St. Bartholomew!
As backwards as he can,—is 't something new?
Or is 't his custom, in the name of fun?"
"He always comes down backward, with one shoe"—
Return'd the porter—"off, and one shoe on,
Like, saving shoe for sock or stocking, my man John!"

XXXV

It was indeed the great Magician,
Feeling, with careful toe, for every stair,
And retrograding careful as he can,
Backwards and downwards from his own two pair:
"Salpietro!" exclaim'd Hum, "is the dog there?
He 's always in my way upon the mat!"
"He 's in the kitchen, or the Lord knows where."—
Replied the Swiss,—"the nasty, whelping brat!"
"Don't beat him!" return'd Hum, and on the floor came pat.

XXXVI

Then facing right about, he saw the page,
And said: "Don't tell me what you want, Eban;
The Emperor is now in a huge rage,—
'Tis nine to one he'll give you the rattan!
Let us away!" Away together ran

The plain-dress'd sage and spangled blackamoor,
Nor rested till they stood to cool, and fan,
And breathe themselves at th' Emperor's chamber door,
When Eban thought he heard a soft imperial snore.

XXXVII

"I thought you guess'd, foretold, or prophesied,
That's Majesty was in a raving fit?"
"He dreams," said Hum, "or I have ever lied,
That he is tearing you, sir, bit by bit."
"He 's not asleep, and you have little wit,"
Replied the page; "that little buzzing noise,
Whate'er your palmistry may make of it,
Comes from a plaything of the Emperor's choice,
From a Man-Tiger-Organ, prettiest of his toys."

XXXVIII

Eban then usher'd in the learned Seer:
Elfinan's back was turn'd, but, ne'ertheless,
[illegible]

A dose of senna-tea or nightmare Gorgon
Than the Emperor when he play'd on his Man-Tiger-Organ.

XXXIX

They kiss'd nine times the carpet's velvet face
Of glossy silk, soft, smooth, and meadow-green,
Where the close eye in deep rich fur might trace
A silver tissue, scantly to be seen,
As daisies lurk'd in June grass, buds in green;
Sudden the music ceased, sudden the hand
Of majesty, by dint of passion keen,
Doubled into a common fist, went grand,
And knock'd down three cut glasses and his best ink-stand.

XL

[illegible]

XLI

"Commander of the Faithful!" answer'd Hum,
"In preference to these, I'll merely taste
A thimble-full of old Jamaica rum."
"A simple boon!" said Elfinan; "thou mayst
Have Nantz, with which my morning-coffee 's laced."[1]
"I'll have a glass of Nantz, then,"—said the seer,—
"Made racy—(sure my boldness is misplaced!)—
With the third part—(yet that is drinking dear!)—
Of the least drop of *crème de citron*, crystal clear."

XLII

"I pledge you, Hum! and pledge my dearest love,
My Bertha!" "Bertha! Bertha!" cried the sage,
"I know a many Berthas!" "Mine 's above
All Berthas!" sighed the Emperor. "I engage,"
Said Hum, "in duty, and in vassalage,
To mention all the Berthas in the earth;—
There's Bertha Watson,—and Miss Bertha Page,—
This famed for languid eyes, and that for mirth,—
There 's Bertha Blount of York,—and Bertha Knox of Perth."

XLIII

"You seem to know"—"I do know," answer'd Hum,
"Your Majesty 's in love with some fine girl
Named Bertha; but her surname will not come,
Without a little conjuring." "'Tis Pearl,
'Tis Bertha Pearl! What makes my brains so whirl?
And she is softer, fairer than her name!"
"Where does she live?" ask'd Hum. "Her fair locks curl
So brightly, they put all our fays to shame!—
Live?—O! at Canterbury, with her old granddame."

XLIV

"Good! good!" cried Hum, "I've known her from a child!
She is a changeling of my management;
She was born at midnight in an Indian wild;
Her mother's screams with the striped tiger's blent,
While the torch-bearing slaves a halloo sent
Into the jungles; and her palanquin,
Rested amid the desert's dreariment,
Shook with her agony, till fair were seen
The little Bertha's eyes ope on the stars serene."

XLV

"I can't say," said the monarch; "that may be,
Just as it happen'd, true or else a bam!
Drink up your brandy, and sit down by me,
Feel, feel my pulse—how much in love I am!
And if your science is not all a sham

[1] "Mr. Nisby is of opinion that laced coffee is bad for the head."—*Spectator.*

Tell me some means to get the lady here."
"Upon my honour!" said the son of Cham.[1]
"She is my dainty changeling, near and dear,
Although her story sounds at first a little queer."

XLVI

"Convey her to me, Hum, or by my crown,
My sceptre, and my cross-surmounted globe,
I'll knock you"—"Does your majesty mean—[illegible]
No, no, you never could my feelings probe
To such a depth!" The Emperor took his [illegible]
And wept upon its purple palatine,
While Hum continued, shamming half a [illegible]—
"In Canterbury doth your lady [illegible]
But let me cool your brandy with a little [illegible]"

XLVII

Whereat a narrow Flemish glass he [illegible]
[illegible]

XLVIII

"Ah! good my Prince, weep not!" And then [illegible]
He fill'd a bumper. "Great Sire, do not weep!
Your pulse is *shocking*, but *I'll* ease your pa[illegible]"
"Fetch me that ottoman, and prithee keep
Your voice low," said the *Emperor*; "and [illegible]
Some lady's-fingers nice in *Candy* wine,
And prithee, Hum, behind the screen do [illegible]
For the rose-water vase, magician mine!
And sponge my forehead,—so my love doth [illegible]

XLIX

"Ah, cursed Bellanaine!" "[illegible]
Rejoin'd the Mago, "but on [illegible]
For, by my choicest best [illegible]
You shall not throttled be [illegible]
I've said it, Sire; [illegible]
Bertha or Bellanaine." [illegible]
From the left pocket [illegible]
A sampler, hoarded [illegible]
Holding it by his [illegible]

[1] Cham is said to [illegible]
Dictionary, and had [illegible]

L

"Sire, this is Bertha Pearl's neat handy-work;
Her *name*, see here, *Midsummer, ninety-one*,"
Elfinan snatch'd it with a sudden jerk,
And wept as if he never would have done,
Honouring with royal tears the poor homespun;
Whereon were broider'd tigers with black eyes,
And long-tail'd pheasants, and a rising sun,
Plenty of posies, great stags, butterflies
Bigger than stags,—a moon,—with other mysteries.

LI

The monarch handled o'er and o'er again
These day-school hieroglyphics with a sigh;
Somewhat in sadness, but pleas'd in the main,
Till this oracular couplet met his eye
Astounded: *Cupid I, do thee defy!*
It was too much. He shrunk back in his chair,
Grew pale as death, and fainted—very nigh.
"Pho! nonsense!" exclaim'd Hum, "now don't despair;
She does not mean it really. Cheer up, hearty—there!

LII

"And listen to my words. You say you won't,
On any terms, marry Miss Bel anaine;
It goes against your conscience—good! Well, don't.
You say you love a mortal. I would fain
Persuade your honour's highness to refrain
From peccadilloes. But, sire, as I say,
What good would that do? And, to be more plain,
You would do me a mischief some odd day,
Cut off my ears and hands, or head too, by my fay!

LIII

"Besides, manners forbid that I should pass any
Vile strictures on the conduct of a prince
Who should indulge his genius, if he has any,
Not, like a subject, foolish matters mince.
Now I think on 't, perhaps I could convince
Your Majesty there is no crime at all
In loving pretty little Bertha, since
She 's very delicate,—not over tall,—
A fairy's hand, and in the waist why—very small."

LIV

"Ring the repeater, gentle Hum!" "'Tis five,"
Said gentle Hum; "the nights draw in apace;
The little birds, I hear, are all alive;
I see the dawning touch'd upon your face;
Shall I put out the candles, please your Grace?"

"Do put them out, and, without more ado,
Tell me how I may that sweet girl embrace,—
How you can bring her to me." "That 's for you,
Great Emperor! to adventure, like a lover true"

LV

"I fetch her?"—"Yes, an 't like your Majesty;

Anon, I 'll tell what course were best to take;
You must away this morning." "Hum! so soon?"
"Sire, you must be in Kent by twelve o'clock at noon"

LVI

At this great Cæsar started on his feet

Look in the Almanack—*Moore* never lies—
April the twenty-fourth,—this coming day,
Now breathing its new bloom upon the skies,
Will end in St. Mark's Eve;—you must away,
For on that eve alone can you the maid convey."

LVII

LVIII

"Take this same book,—it will not bite you, sire;
There, put it underneath your royal arm;
Though it 's a pretty weight it will not tire,
But rather on your journey keep you warm:

LIX

"What shall I do with that same book?" "Why, merely
Lay it on Bertha's table, close beside
Her work-box, and 'twill help your purpose dearly;
I say no more." "Or good or ill betide,
Through the wide air to Kent this morn I glide!"
Exclaim'd the Emperor. "When I return,
Ask what you will,—I'll give you my new bride!
And take some more wine, Hum;—O heavens! I burn
To be upon the wing! Now, now, that minx I spurn!"

LX

"Leave her to me," rejoin'd the magian:
"But how shall I account, illustrious fay!
For thine imperial absence? Pho! I can
Say you are very sick, and bar the way
To your so loving courtiers for one day;
If either of their two archbishops' graces
Should talk of extreme unction, I shall say
You do not like cold pig with Latin phrases,
Which never should be used but in alarming cases."

LXI

"Open the window, Hum; I 'm ready now!"
"Zooks!" exclaim'd Hum, as up the sash he drew,
"Behold, your Majesty, upon the brow
Of yonder hill, what crowds of people!" "Whew!
The monster's always after something new,"
Return'd his Highness, "they are piping hot
To see my pigsney Ballanaine. Hum! do
Tighten my belt a little,—so, so,—not
Too tight,—the book!—my wand!—so, nothing is forgot."

LXII

"Wounds! how they shout!" said Hum, "and there,—see, see
Th' ambassador 's return'd from Pigmio!
The morning's very fine,—uncommonly!
See, past the skirts of yon white cloud they go,
Tinging it with soft crimsons! Now below
The sable-pointed heads of firs and pines
They dip, move on, and with them moves a glow
Along the forest side! Now amber lines
Reach the hill top, and now throughout the valley shines."

LXIII

"Why, Hum, you 're getting quite poetical!
Those *nows* you managed in a special style."
"If ever you have leisure, Sire, you shall
See scraps of mine will make it worth your while,
Tit-bits for Phœbus!—yes, you well may smile.

Hark! hark! the bells!" "A little farther yet,"

LXIV

The morn is full of holiday; loud bells
With rival clamours ring from every spire;
Comes from the northern suburbs; rich attire
Freckles with red and gold the moving swarm;
While here and there clear trumpets blow a keen alarm.

LXV

And now the fairy escort was seen clear,

LXVI

Gentlemen pensioners next; and after them,
A troop of winged Janizaries flew;
Then slaves, as presents bearing many a gem;
Then twelve physicians fluttering two and two;
And next a chaplain in a cassock new;
Then Lords in waiting; then (what head not reels
For pleasure?)—the fair Princess in full view,
Borne upon wings,—and very pleased she feels
To have such splendour dance attendance at her heels.

LXVII

[illegible]

About you,—feel your pockets, I command,—
I want, this instant, an invisible ring,—
Thank you, old mummy!—now securely I take wing."

LXVIII

Then Elfinan swift vaulted from the floor,
And lighted graceful on the window-sill;
Under one arm the magic book he bore,
The other he could wave about at will;
Pale was his face, he still look'd very ill:
He bow'd at Bellanaine, and said—"Poor Bell!
Farewell! farewell! and if for ever! still
For ever fare thee well!"—and then he fell
A laughing!—snapp'd his fingers!—shame it is to tell!

LXIX

"By'r Lady! he is gone!" cries Hum, "and I—
(I own it)—have made too free with his wine;
Old Crafticant will smoke me. By-the-bye!
This room is full of jewels as a mine.
Dear valuable creatures, how ye shine!
Sometime to-day I must contrive a minute,
If Mercury propitiously incline,
To examine his scrutoire, and see what 's in it,
For of superfluous diamonds I as well may thin it.

LXX

"The Emperor's horrid bad; yes, that 's my cue!"
Some histories say that this was Hum's last speech;
That, being fuddled, he went reeling through
The corridor, and scarce upright could reach
The stair-head; that being glutted as a leech,
And used, as we ourselves have just now said,
To manage stairs reversely, like a peach
Too ripe, he fell, being puzzled in his head
With liquor and the staircase: verdict—*found stone dead.*

LXXI

This as a falsehood Crafticanto treats;
And as his style is of strange elegance,
Gentle and tender, full of soft conceits,
(Much like our Boswell's), we will take a glance
At his sweet prose, and, if we can, make dance
His woven periods into careless rhyme;
O, little faery Pegasus! rear—prance—
Trot round the quarto—ordinary time!
March, little Pegasus, with pawing hoof sublime!

LXXII

Well, let us see,—*tenth book and chapter nine,*—
Thus Crafticant pursues his diary:—
"'Twas twelve o'clock at night, the weather fine,
Latitude thirty-six; our scouts descry
A flight of starlings making rapidly

Tow'rds Thibet. Mem. :—birds fly in the night;
From twelve to half-past—wings not fit to fly
For a thick fog—the Princess sulky quite;
Call'd for an extra shawl, and gave her nurse a bite.

LXXIII

"Five minutes before one—brought down a moth
With my new double-barrel—stew'd the thighs
And made a very tolerable broth—
Princess turn'd dainty, to our great surprise,

LXXIV

"From two to half-past, dusky way we made,
Above the plains of Gobi,—desert, bleak;
Beheld afar off, in the hooded shade
Of darkness, a great mountain (strange to speak),
Spitting, from forth its sulphur-baken peak,

LXXV

"Just upon three o'clock a falling star
Created an alarm among our troop,
Kill'd a man-cook, a page, and broke a jar,
A tureen, and three dishes, at one swoop,
Then passing by the Princess, singed her hoop:
Could not conceive what Coralline was at,
She clapp'd her hands three times and cried out 'Whoop!'
Some strange Imaian custom. A large bat
Came sudden 'fore my face, and brush'd against my hat.

LXXVI

"Five minutes thirteen seconds after three,
Far in the west a mighty fire broke out,

LXXVII

"At half-past three arose the cheerful moon—
Bivouack'd for four minutes on a cloud—
Where from the earth we heard a lively tune
Of tambourines and pipes, serene and loud,
While on a flowery lawn a brilliant crowd
Cinque-parted danced, some half asleep reposed
Beneath the green-fan'd cedars, some did shroud
In silken tents, and 'mid light fragrance dozed,
Or on the open turf their soothed eyelids closed.

LXXVIII

"Dropp'd my gold watch, and kill'd a kettle-drum—
It went for apoplexy—foolish folks!—
Left it to pay the piper—a good sum—
(I've got a conscience, maugre people's jokes;)
To scrape a little favour 'gan to coax
Her Highness' pug-dog—got a sharp rebuff—
She wish'd a game at whist—made three revokes—
Turn'd from myself, her partner, in a huff;
His Majesty will know her temper time enough.

LXXIX

"She cried for chess—I play'd a game with her—
Castled her King with such a vixen look,
It bodes ill to his Majesty—(refer
To the second chapter of my fortieth book,
And see what hoity-toity airs she took).
At half-past four the morn essay'd to beam—
Saluted, as we pass'd, an early rook—
The Princess fell asleep, and, in her dream,
Talk'd of one Master Hubert, deep in her esteem.

LXXX

"About this time,—making delightful way,—
Shed a quill-feather from my larboard wing—
Wish'd, trusted, hoped 'twas no sign of decay—
Thank Heaven, I'm hearty yet!—'twas no such thing:—
At five the golden light began to spring,
With fiery shudder through the bloomed east;
At six we heard Panthea's churches ring—
The city all his unhived swarms had cast,
To watch our grand approach, and hail us as we pass'd.

LXXXI

"As flowers turn their faces to the sun,
So on our flight with hungry eyes they gaze,
And, as we shaped our course, this, that way run,
With mad-cap pleasure, or hand-clasp'd amaze;
Sweet in the air a mild-toned music plays,

And progresses through its own labyrinth;
Buds gather'd from the green spring's middle-days,
They scatter'd,—daisy, primrose, hyacinth,—
Or round white columns wreath'd from capital to plinth.

LXXXII

"Onward we floated o'er the panting streets,

LXXXIII

"And 'Bellanaine for ever!' shouted they;

Against that ugly piece of calumny,
Which calls them Highland pebble-stones, not worth a fly.

LXXXIV

"Still '*Bellanaine!*' they shouted, while we glide
'Slant to a light Ionic portico,
The city's delicacy, and the pride
Of our Imperial Basilic; a row
Of lords and ladies, on each hand, make show
Submissive of knee-bent obeisance,
All down the steps; and as we enter'd, lo!
The strangest sight—the most unlook'd-for chance—
All things turn'd topsy-turvy in a devil's dance.

LXXXV

"'Stead of his anxious Majesty and court
At the open doors, with wide saluting eyes,
Congées and scrape-graces of every sort,

LXXXVI

"Counts of the palace, and the state purveyor
Of moth's-down, to make soft the royal beds,
The Common Council and my fool Lord Mayor
Marching a-row, each other slipshod treads;
Powder'd bag-wigs and ruffy-tuffy heads
Of cinder wenches meet and soil each other;
Toe crush'd with heel ill-natured fighting breeds,
Frill-rumpling elbows brew up many a bother,
And fists in the short ribs keep up the yell and pother.

LXXXVII

"A Poet, mounted on the Court-Clown's back,
Rode to the Princess swift with spurring heels,
And close into her face, with rhyming clack,
Began a Prothalamion;—she reels,
She falls, she faints! while laughter peals
Over her woman's weakness. 'Where,' cried I,
'Where is his Majesty?' No person feels
Inclined to answer; wherefore instantly
I plunged into the crowd to find him or to die.

LXXXVIII

"Jostling my way I gain'd the stairs, and ran
To the first landing, where, incredible!
I met, far gone in liquor, that old man,
That vile impostor Hum,——"
So far so well,—
For we have proved the Mago never fell
Down stairs on Crafticanto's evidence;
And therefore duly shall proceed to tell,
Plain in our own original mood and tense,
The sequel of this day, though labour 'tis immense!

* * * *

No more was written.

ADDENDA

POEMS FOUND IN THE WOODHOUSE TRANSCRIPT OF THE FALL OF HYPERION AND OTHER POEMS

FILL FOR ME A BRIMMING BOWL

FILL for me a brimming bowl
  And let me in it drown my soul:
But put therein some drug, designed
To banish Women from my mind:
For I want not the stream inspiring
That fills the mind with—fond desiring,
But I want as deep a draught
As ere from Lethe's wave was quaff'd;
From my despairing heart to charm
The Image of the fairest form
That e'er my reveling eyes beheld
That e'er my wandering fancy spell'd.
In vain! away I cannot chace
The melting softness of that face
The beaminess of those bright eyes
That breast—earth's only Paradise.
My sight will never more be blest:
For all I see has lost its zest:
Nor with delight can I explore
The Classic page, or Muse's lore
Had she but known how beat my heart,
And with one smile reliev'd its smart
I should have felt a sweet relief
I should have felt "the joy of grief,"
Yet as the Tuscan mid the snow
Of Lapland thinks on sweet Arno,
Even so for ever shall she be
The Halo of my Memory.

Aug., 1814

SONG

Tune—*Julia to the Wood-Robin*

STAY, ruby-breasted Warbler, stay,
  And let me see thy sparkling eye:
O brush not yet the pearl-strung spray,
  Nor bow thy pretty head to fly.

Stay, while I tell thee, fluttering thing,
  That thou of love an emblem art;
Yes—patient plume thy little wing,
  While I my thought to thee impart.

When summer nights the dews bestow,
  And summer suns enrich the day,
Thy notes the blossoms charm to blow,
  Each opes delighted at thy lay.

So when in youth the Eye's dark glance
  Speaks pleasure from its circle bright,
The Tones of love our joys enhance,
  And make superior each delight.

And when bleak storms resistless rove,
  And every rural bliss destroy,
Nought comforts then the leafless grove
  But thy sweet note—its only joy.

Even so the words of love beguile
  When pleasure's tree no flower bears,
And draw a soft endearing smile
  Amid the gloom of grief and tears.

ON PEACE

O PEACE! and dost thou with thy presence bless
  The dwellings of this war-surrounded Isle;
Soothing with placid brow our late distress,
Making the triple kingdom brightly smile?
Joyful I hail thy presence; and I hail
The sweet companions that await on thee;
Complete my joy—let not my first wish fail,
Let the sweet mountain nymph thy favourite be,
With England's happiness proclaim Europa's Liberty.
O Europe! let not sceptred tyrants see
That thou must shelter in thy former state;
Keep thy chains burst, and boldly say thou art free;
Give thy kings law—leave not uncurbed the (great?)
So with the honours past thou'lt win thy happier fate!

TO EMMA

1.

O COME my dear Emma! the rose is full blown,
The riches of Flora are lavishly strown,
The air is all softness, and crystal the streams,
The West is resplendently clothed in beams.

2

O come! let us haste to the freshening shades,
The quaintly carv'd seats, and the opening glades;
Where the fairies are chanting their evening hymns.
And in the last sun-beam the sylph lightly swims.

3

And when thou art weary I'll find thee a bed,
Of mosses and flowers to pillow thy head:
There, beauteous Emma, I'll sit at thy feet,
While my story of love I enraptur'd repeat.

4

So fondly I'll breathe, and so softly I'll sigh,
Thou wilt think that some amorous Zephyr is nigh:
Yet no—as I breathe I will press thy fair knee,
And then thou wilt know that the sigh comes from me.

5

Ah! why dearest girl should we lose all these blisses?
That mortal's a fool who such happiness misses:
So smile acquiescence, and give me thy hand,
With love-looking eyes, and with voice sweetly bland.

TWO POEMS FOUND IN WOODHOUSE (POEMS, II.)

APOLLO AND THE GRACES

Written to the tune of the air in "Don Giovanni".

APOLLO.

Which of the fairest three
To-day will ride with me?
My steeds are all pawing at the threshold of the morn:
Which of the fairest three
To-day will ride with me
Across the gold Autumn's whole Kingdom of corn?

THE GRACES ALL ANSWER.

I will, I—I—I—
O young Apollo let me fly
    Along with thee,
I will—I, I, I,
    The many wonders see.
I—I—I—I—
And thy lyre shall never have a slackened string:
I, I, I, I,
Thro' the golden day will sing.

YOU SAY YOU LOVE

I

You say you love; but with a voice
    Chaster than a nun's, who singeth
The soft vespers to herself
    While the chime-bell ringeth—
        O love me truly!

II

You say you love; but with a smile
    Cold as sunrise in September,
As you were Saint Cupid's nun,
    And kept his weeks of Ember.
        O love me truly!

III

You say you love; but then your lips
    Coral-tinted teach no blisses
More than coral in the sea—
    They never pout for kisses—
        O love me truly!

IV

You say you love; but then your hand
    No soft squeeze for squeeze returneth,
It is like a statue's dead—
    While mine to passion burneth—
        O love me truly!

V

O breathe a word or two of fire!
    Smile, as if those words should burn me
Squeeze as lovers should—O kiss
    And in thy heart inurn me!
        O love me truly!

TWO SONNETS FIRST PRINTED IN 1914

ON RECEIVING A LAUREL CROWN FROM LEIGH HUNT

Minutes are flying swiftly, and as yet
Nothing unearthly has enticed my brain
Into a Delphic labyrinth—I would fain
Catch an immortal thought to pay the debt
I owe to the kind Poet who has set
Upon my ambitious head a glorious gain.
Two bending laurel sprigs—'tis nearly pain
To be conscious of such a Coronet.
Still time is fleeting, and no dream arises
Gorgeous as I would have it—only I see
A Trampling down of what the world most prizes
Turbans and Crowns and blank regality;
And then I run into most wild surmises
Of all the many glories that may be.

TO THE LADIES WHO SAW ME CROWN'D

What is there in the universal Earth
More lovely than a Wreath from the bay tree?
Haply a Halo round the Moon—a glee
Circling from three sweet pair of Lips in Mirth;
And haply you will say the dewy birth
Of morning Roses—ripplings tenderly
Spread by the Halcyon's breast upon the Sea—
But these Comparisons are nothing worth—
Then is there nothing in the world so fair?
The silvery tears of April?—Youth of May?
Or June that breathes out life for butterflies?
No—none of these can from my favourite bear
Away the Palm—yet shall it ever pay
Due reverence to your most sovereign eyes.

LINES FIRST PRINTED IN "THE LADIES COMPANION" (1837)

Hither, hither, love—
'Tis a shady mead—
Hither, hither, love!
Let us feed and feed!

Hither, hither, sweet—
'Tis a cowslip bed—
Hither, hither, sweet!
'Tis with dew bespread!

Hither, hither, dear,
  By the breath of life,
Hither, hither, dear!—
  Be the summer's wife!

Though one moment's pleasure
  In one moment flies—
Though the passion's treasure
  In one moment dies;—

Yet it has not passed—
  Think how near, how near!—
And while it doth last,
  Think how dear, how dear!

Hither, hither, hither
  Love its boon has sent—
If I die and wither
  I shall die content!

NOTES

[The following principal editions of the Works of Keats are thus referred to in the Notes —

THE POEMS OF 1817

Keats's first collection of poems appeared in March, 1817, and was favourably reviewed by Leigh Hunt in the *Examiner* of 1st June and 6th and 13th July. All his friends seem to have been anxious for him to bring out the volume, and Shelley alone advised him not to publish at present, though when Keats had decided to do so he helped to find him a publisher and introduced him to the Olliers. The volume attracted little attention. As Keats remarked in the rejected preface to *Endymion* "it was read by some dozen of my friends who lik'd it, and some dozen whom I was unacquainted with, who did not"; and when on 29th April, George Keats, evidently thinking that the publishers were not pressing it properly upon the public, wrote to inquire about its sale, he received a heated reply: "We regret that your brother ever requested us to publish his book, or that our opinion of its talent should have led us to acquiesce in undertaking it. We are, however, obliged to you for relieving us of the unpleasant necessity of declining any further connection with it, which we must have done, as we think the curiosity is satisfied, and the sale has dropped." They added with bitterness that one of their customers " (Letter

," is to be found in Spenser's *Muiopotmos*, 209, 210.

Dedication.—Charles Cowden Clarke in his *Recollections of Keats* refers to this sonnet as an example of Keats's facility in composition,

noting that it was written extempore "amid the buzz of a mixed conversation" upon the request from the printer that "if a dedication to the book was intended, it must be sent forthwith". It is essentially characteristic in tone and diction of the volume it serves to introduce.

After the *Dedication* stood a note in the first edition to the effect that "The Short Pieces in the middle of the Book, as well as some of the Sonnets, were written at an earlier period than the rest of the Poems". It is difficult to understand what principle guided Keats in their selection, for several of them, as Hunt noticed, are of little value, and poems quite as good, written also before 1817, were omitted.

I Stood Tip-toe . . . :—shows the influence of Hunt at its height both in subject, treatment (*v.* Introduction) and versification. The double rhymes are about one in four and a half, and there is constant use of enjambement. The poem was originally called *Endymion*, and is referred to under that title in a letter to Clarke of December, 1816, where Keats speaks of it as almost finished. But the earlier part of the poem at least reads more like a summer rhapsody than a mere winter's reminiscence (on the date *cf.* p. 583, note). Lord Houghton states that it was suggested to Keats by a delightful summer's day, as he stood beside the gate that leads from the battery on Hampstead Heath into a field by Caen Wood. The characteristic motto of the poem is taken from Hunt's *Story of Rimini*, iii. 68.

*48. *Ye ardent marigolds!* :—"The introduction of the short line may have been caught either from Spenser's nuptial Odes or Milton's *Lycidas*" (Colvin). The latter is much more probable. Spenser's use of the short line is at once more frequent and more regular than Milton's or Keats's. Moreover, in the poems of this date the influence of Milton's early poems is as marked as that of Spenser.

52. *many harps which he has lately strung* :—Keats, who has just decided to devote his life to art, is at the time full of enthusiasm for the immediate future of English poetry. *Cf. Sleep and Poetry*, 220-230, and Sonnet XIV., 9-12.

61. *Linger awhile*, etc. H supplies this variant :—

Linger awhile among some bending planks
That lean against a streamlet's daisied banks,
And watch intently Nature's gentle doings;
That will be found as soft as ringdoves' cooings.
The inward ear will hear her and be blest,
And tingle with a joy too light for rest.

The whole passage (61-80) is, says Clarke, "a recollection of our having frequently loitered over the rail of a footbridge that spanned a little brook in the last field upon entering Edmonton".

71. *A natural sermon o'er their pebbly beds* :—A crude reminiscence of *As You Like It*, ii. 1. 17.

87. *Sometimes goldfinches*, etc.:—Woodhouse compares this passage with the Chaucerian poem of *The Flowre and the Leafe*, stanza 88:—

Therein a goldfinch leaping pretile
Fro bough to bough, and as him list he eet
Here and there of buds and floures sweet.

115. *Coming into the blue*, etc.:—H supplies this variant:—

Floating through space with ever-living eye
The crowned queen of ocean and the sky.

125-212. *For what has made the sage or poet write*
But the fair paradise of Nature's light? etc.:—

This whole passage, crude and formless as it is, is an attempt of Keats to express the ideas floating through his mind on what might be called the metaphysics of poetry.—How can we explain the hold which poetry has upon the human mind and the manner in which it affects us? Man, Keats would imply, is himself a part of Nature, only to be distinguished from Nature in his self-consciousness, and in his definite recognition of that beauty which is implicit in Nature, whilst poetry is the expression of his sense of kinship; rhythm, an essential constituent of all poetry, being itself the unconscious reproduction of the rhythm or order in Nature herself. It is on this relationship with Nature that the universal appeal of poetry ultimately rests, whilst the similar effect produced upon us by certain aspects of Nature and certain types or forms of poetry is not mere arbitrary coincidence, but is due to the fact that each is a different manifestation of the same idea (*cf.* ll. 128-32). The true poet, therefore, is instinctively guided by Nature to the only adequate form in which to clothe his conception, as much as he is inspired by Nature with the conception which he desires to clothe. On this his success as an artist is based, just as true taste in readers of poetry is based upon an intuitive perception of this essential propriety. A similar attitude with regard to the fundamental basis of poetry and the poetic instinct in man is to be found in Coleridge's *Essays on the Fine Arts*, and in Shelley's *Defence of Poetry*, and these works form, perhaps, the best commentary upon Keats's lines. It will be sufficient for our purpose to quote Shelley. "Man," says Shelley, "is an instrument over which a series of external and internal impressions are driven like the alternations of an ever-changing wind over an Æolian lyre, which move it by their motion to ever-changing melody. . . . To be a poet is to apprehend the true and the beautiful, in a word, the good, which exists in the relation subsisting first between existence and perception, and secondly between perception and expression. . . . Sounds as well as thoughts have relation between each other and towards that which they represent, and a perception of the order of their relations has always been found connected with a perception of the order of the relations of thought. . . . Hence poetic harmony." Shelley shows that poetry is essentially natural rather than artificial by an appeal to the instincts of the child and of the

savage (*i.e.*, the child in his relation with the development of the human race), and seems to suggest that the poet of civilisation can only satisfy the artistic impulse within him by an attempt to regain by conscious artistic effort something of the poetic instinct of the child, in his spontaneous expression of his relations with the Nature around him; to *become* as a little child being, of course, a very different thing from *remaining* as one.

From the same fundamental conception of poetry springs Keats's interpretation of the significance of Greek legend, to which he devotes the remainder of his poem (*cf.* also *Endymion*, ii. 828-54). These myths are not mere fancy. The poet is instinctively impelled to give voice to his feelings of kinship with Nature and his aspirations after a completer union. But, as man, he has a finite intellect which can only fully realise human relationships, and a language, dependent on that intellect, which is primarily adapted to their expression. As an inevitable result his emotions with regard to Nature take human shape, and Nature, accommodating herself to the finite capacities of human intellect and human language, consents to the incarnation of her spirit in forms capable of human apprehension; whilst language, itself essentially metaphorical, aids substantially in the process of incarnation. It is interesting to observe that Hunt, reviewing the 1817 volume in the *Examiner*, speaks of this poem as "ending with an allusion to the story of *Endymion*, and to the origin of other lovely tales of mythology, on the ground suggested by Wordsworth in a beautiful passage of his *Excursion*". Hunt is alluding to bk. iv. 717-62, 846-87—passages which, doubtless, had a deep and permanent influence upon Keats, in that they fortified him in a belief which was essentially characteristic of his whole attitude to poetry.

129, 130. *hawthorn glade*:—*Cf.* Milton, *L'Allegro*, 67, 68:—

And every shepherd tells his tale
Under the Hawthorn in the dale.

141. The legend of *Psyche*, first known to Keats, perhaps, in Lemprière and the illustrations of Spence's *Polymetis*, was familiar to him also in Mrs. Tighe (*To Some Ladies*, 20, note). *Cf.* also the exquisite allusion in Spenser, *Faerie Queene*, iii. 6. 50. Keats reverted to the theme in his *Ode to Psyche* (*q.v.*).

153. *Fawns*, 1817: altered by most editors to "Fauns"; but it is a characteristic reminiscence of the spelling of Milton and Fletcher, whom the passage itself suggests.

157. The story of *Syrinx*, a nymph of Arcadia, who fled from Pan to the river Ladon and was there changed into a reed from which Pan made his flute, is told at length in Ovid, *Met.*, i., whence probably Keats took the story. It is constantly referred to in Elizabethan poetry, *e.g.*, in Fletcher's *Faithful Shepherdess*; where we also find the famous lines on *Endymion*, and two delicate references to Narcissus:—

Narcissus, he
That wept himself away, in memory
Of his own beauty.—*Faithful Shepherdess*, Act I.

And in Act IV.:—

> That swan who now is made a flow'r
> For whose dear sake *Echo* weeps many a show'r.

The story of Narcissus was also known to Keats in Ovid, *Met.*, iii., where it is told in full. Woodhouse, in his manuscript notes to the poem, refers to p. 50 of Sandys's Ovid—an extremely interesting reference, as it proves beyond a doubt that the edition of Sandys in the use of Keats and his friends was the folio with full commentaries, in which the tale of Narcissus duly appears on p. 50. This is important, as in the notes to *Endymion* much illustrative matter has been drawn from Sandys's commentaries with which, *before I read Woodhouse's note, I was convinced upon internal evidence* that Keats was familiar. For Narcissus *cf.* also Spenser, *Faerie Queene*, iii. 6. 45. On *Endymion*, *v.* Introduction to that poem. The whole passage suggesting the source of these legends should be compared with *Endymion*, iii. 829-53.

*233. Other's II, HBF; others' 1817.

Specimen of an Induction and Calidore have been described as an attempt "to embody the spirit of Spenser in the metre of *Rimini*" (Colvin). But there is a good deal of the spirit of *Rimini*, too, especially in the treatment of women (*e.g.*, *Calidore*, 145-51); for after all the elaborate preparation for a "tale of chivalry" and a description of the "ambitious heat of the aspiring boy," Calidore succeeds in doing nothing but help two ladies to descend from their palfreys. It is worth noticing that Hunt ("thy lov'd Libertas") is to intercede with Spenser for Keats, and it is only as Hunt's follower that he dares to call on Spenser for inspiration (*Spec. of Induction*, 55-65). Sir Calidore, the Knight of Courtesy (*Faerie Queene*, vi.), was a favourite hero of Keats's. *Cf. Woman! when I behold thee*, 12. The spelling of "ballancing" (30), and the use of "banneral" (33), are the only signs of Spenserian vocabulary, though one should add that Woodhouse for the phrase "her own pure self" (17) compares the *Faerie Queene*, "her sad self with careful hand constraining". The rest is Huntian.

Induction. 6. *Archimago*:—The wizard of *Faerie Queene*, ii. *Cf. Ep. to Clarke*, 37.

46. *deed*:—HBF, following transcript and a corrected copy belonging to Keats; knight, 1817.

51, 52. *my heart with pleasure dance*:—An obvious reminiscence of Wordsworth's poem, "I wandered lonely as a cloud".

Calidore. 23. *a dimpled hand, Fair as some wonder, etc.*:—Woodhouse compares *Romeo and Juliet*, iii. 3. 35:—

> they may seize
> On the white wonder of dear Juliet's hand.

To Some Ladies :—This and the following poem are written in imitation of Tom Moore, for whose work the young Keats had a passing affection. It is worth noting that Moore had a great attraction for Hunt, and was one of the poets who fared best at the *Feast of the Poets*, Hunt's earlier criticism of contemporary poetry. Mr. Forman (*Athenæum*, 16th April, 1904) has identified the ladies with the Misses Mathew, after examination of a MS. of the poem headed "To the Misses M.," and this view is corroborated by a note, in Woodhouse's copy of the 1817 volume, to the second poem :—"These lines appear to be addressed to the friend to whom the author addressed one of the Epistles in this volume. The friend sent some lines in reply which have an allusion to several passages in these verses." Notice in this second poem the characteristic introduction of allusions to Spenser, Tasso and *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*.

6. *muse* :—The MS., says Mr. Forman, reads "muse," thus supplying the necessary rhyme to "bedews". 1817 gives "*rove*".

20. *The blessings of Tighe* :—Mrs. Tighe, authoress of *Psyche* or *The Legend of Love*, a poem in six cantos in the Spenserian stanza. It begins in simple narrative, though not untouched in places with characteristic eighteenth-century phraseology, but develops into a weak allegory, full of idle personification, devoid of reality or imaginative richness.

To . . . . . :—Written in February, 1816, and addressed to Georgiana Augusta Wylie, who afterwards became the wife of George Keats. Keats wrote the poem for his brother to send as a valentine. It is one of the happiest of his early works (despite the rhyme in lines 37, 38), and far more Spenserian in spirit than his other early love verses. Read (*Keats and Spenser Dissertation*) points out that lines 39 and 40 are a reminiscence of the *Shepherd's Calendar* for April :—

Wants not a fourth grace, to make the daunce even?
Let that roume to my Lady be geven ;
She shal be a grace
To fyll the fourth place
And reign with the rest in heaven.

He also suggests that lines 25-34 and 41-50 are a recollection of *Faerie Queene*, ii. 12. 63-67. The picture of the little loves (29, 30) recalls the angels in the *Epithalamium*, 232, 233, which continually

forget their service and about her fly
Ofte peeping in her face, that seemes more fayre
The more on it they stare.

It was the *Epithalamium* which first kindled Keats's enthusiasm for Spenser, and Clarke in his *Recollections* of the poet refers to this particular passage with the comment: "How often, in after times, have I heard him quote these lines!". It is more than likely that the "peeping and staring" which is so offensive a characteristic of the early Keatsian lover has no less spiritual and delicate an origin than this, though as a rule

Keats travesties it into a sickly sentimentality. So in *Calidore* (145-50), and *Woman! when I behold thee.*

58. *Servant of.* Woodhouse compares the *Faerie Queene* :—

This trusty sword the servant of his might.

Mr. Colvin (EML, p. 225) quotes from *Woodhouse MS.* the following as the original form of the poem :—

Hadst thou lived in days of old,
Oh what wonders had been told
Of thy lively dimpled face,
And thy footsteps full of grace.
Of thy hair's luxurious darkling,
Of thine eyes' expressive sparkling.
And thy voice's swelling rapture,
Taking hearts a ready capture
Oh! if thou hadst breathed then,
Thou hadst made the Muses ten

Then followed lines 37 to 68 as in text, with this quotation in conclusion :—

Ah me! whither shall I flee?
Thou hast metamorphosed me.
Do not let me sigh and pine,
Prythee be my Valentine.

To Hope :—is chiefly interesting as an example of the eighteenth-century style of composition which Keats was to denounce in *Sleep and Poetry.* Notice "Disappointment, parent of Despair," "that fiend Despondence," "relentless fair," etc

IMITATION OF SPENSER :—"On the authority of Mr Brown I have stated this to be the earliest known composition of Keats, and to have been written during his residence at Edmonton" (Houghton) As Mr. Colvin points out, there is little in it that takes us back farther than the eighteenth-century Spenserians, and the use of the word *romantic* (24) suggests counterfeit [illegible]

classical writer he had studied in the original.

14. *the swan his neck of arched snow, And oar'd himself,* etc. Woodhouse aptly compares *Paradise Lost*, vii, 438-40 :—

the swan with arched neck
Between her white wings mantling proudly, rowes
Her state with Oarie feet.

WOMAN! WHEN I BEHOLD THEE, etc :—This series of early sonnets has all the characteristics already noticed in Keats's youthful love poems, wherein a perfectly genuine and chivalrous emotion is often travestied by the

bad taste of its expression. Palgrave (*Golden Treasury Keats*, notes) compares with their dominant sentiment a passage in a letter to Bailey, written on 23rd January, 1818: "One saying of yours I shall never forget—you may not recollect it—it being perhaps said when you were looking on the surface and seeming of Humanity alone, without a thought of the past or the future, or the deeps of good and evil . . . merely you said, 'Why should woman suffer?' Ay, why should she? 'By heavens, I'd coin my very soul and drop my blood for Drachmas.' These things are, and he, who feels how incompetent the most skyey Knight-errantry is to heal this bruised fairness, is like a sensitive leaf on the hot hand of thought."

EPISTLES

These Epistles are important as the first example of Keats's employment of the heroic couplet. It is noticeable that the first, written before the appearance of the *Story of Rimini*, has all the characteristics of Keats's early versification, many of which are associated with the influence of Leigh Hunt. But, as has been pointed out in the Introduction, Keats already knew Hunt's principles and had already studied for himself those authors who illustrated both the advantages and the dangers of the laxity which he favoured—William Browne of Tavistock, Fletcher, and other seventeenth-century poets.

The familiar Epistle is a form of composition which presents obvious difficulties; and the unwary writer is likely to fall either into an elaboration of poetic ornament in which it loses its character as an Epistle, or into a triviality and baldness of phrase in which it loses its right to be regarded as a literary composition. It was thus a particularly dangerous form of composition for Keats at this period, for its intimacy of treatment seemed to him to justify all his worst faults, whilst he had as yet no command over its peculiar excellences of polish, neatness and elegance by means of which alone it can be written with any measure of success.[1]

The motto is taken from Browne's *Britannia's Pastorals* (ii. 3. 748-50), which Keats read with some care. It does not follow from this, however, though it is probable, that he had read Browne at the time of writing the *Epistle to Mathew*.

I. To George Felton Mathew:—George Felton Mathew was a friend with whom Keats in his early London days used to read poetry. He has left an interesting record of Keats at this period. "He enjoyed good health and a fine flow of animal spirits—was fond of company and could amuse himself admirably with the frivolities of life—and had great con-

[1] Keats's unfortunate contempt for the eighteenth century would debar him from learning a lesson in the familiar style of writing which Pope (*Satires and Epistles*), Prior and Swift could best have taught him. It is unlikely that at this time he knew the poetic epistles of the Elizabethan writers, *e.g.*, Daniel and Drayton.

fidence in himself. . . . He was of the sceptical and republican school—an advocate for the innovations which were making progress in his time—a fault-finder with everything established" (*Houghton MSS.* quoted by Colvin, EML, p. 20). At the same time it is Mathew who tells us that Keats "delighted in leading you through the mazes of elaborate description, but was less conscious of the sublime and the pathetic". The Epistle is [illegible] the two friends at the period— [illegible] poems (18, *L'Allegro*), Pope, [illegible] (56), Shakespeare (57), *A Midsummer-Night's Dream* (26-29), Burns (71), Spenser (75, *Faerie Queene*, i. 3. 4); lines 65-70 shew Keats to be already the pupil of the *Examiner*.

II. To my Brother George:—written from Margate where Keats was enjoying his first visit to the sea (*cf.* ll. 123-33). Notice the association of Leigh Hunt with Spenser, 24. (*cf. Induction*, 61).

54. *poetic lore:—Cf.* Sonnet *To My Brothers*, 6, 7.

81. *Lays have I left*, etc. Woodhouse compares Spenser, *Colin Clout's come home againe*, 642, etc :—

[illegible]

But sung by them with flowry gyrlands crowned.

III. To Charles Cowden Clarke:—This Epistle is particularly valuable as addressed to the friend who had first interested Keats in poetry (*v.* Introduction), and as Hunt remarked in the *Examiner* "is equally honourable to both parties, to the young writer who can be so grateful towards his teacher and to the teacher who had the sense to perceive his genius and the qualities to call forth his affection".

16-18. *shatter'd boat . . . intent:*—Recalls both in phrase and cadence, though with an essential difference of feeling, Cowper's famous lines *On the Receipt of my Mother's Picture:*—

But me scarce hoping to attain that rest . . .
Sails rent, seams opening wide and compass-tossed.

The chief poets referred to are, as before, Spenser, Milton, Shakespeare (*A Midsummer-Night's Dream*)

33-37. *Mulla:*—The stream that ran not far from Kilcolman, Spenser's first home; *cf. Faerie Queene*, iv. 11. 41:—

Mulla mine whose waves I whilom taught to weepe

Cf. also *Faerie Queene*, vii. 6. 40, *Colin Clout's come home againe*, 62, 63, *Epithalamium*, 58, 59. Line 34 seems a reminiscence of *Epithalamium*, 175, "Her brest like to a bowl of cream uncrudded". Una and Belphœbe are the heroines, and Archimago the magician of the first two books of the *Faerie Queene.*

44. *Libertas:*—With this reference to Leigh Hunt *cf Epistle to George Keats*, 24, etc.

57. Already Keats shows that he has understood the secret of Spenser's melody, and that he appreciates with a fine poetic instinct the essential qualities of the different forms of poetry. It is significant of his early taste that he had not yet learnt to appreciate the majestic side of Milton. The patriotism of lines 69-73, with its stock examples (*cf. Epistle to Mathew*, 67, Sonnet XVI., *Sleep and Poetry*, 385), shows that Clarke was chiefly instrumental in preparing Keats, in this as in other ways, for his discipleship to Leigh Hunt.

63. *Atlas*:—A favourite allusion in Elizabethan poetry. *Cf. e.g.*, "ease strong Atlas of his load," Browne, *Brit. Pastorals*, ii. 1. 742; Beaumont and Fletcher, *Philaster*, i. 1, "ease me of a load would bow strong Atlas".

82. *Misspent*:—Mispent 1817.

94. *Cloudlets*:—Cloudlet's 1817.

110. Clarke was a good piano-player and was the first to stimulate Keats's love for music. For the poet's susceptibility to music, *cf. Endymion*, ii. 364-72 and *St. Agnes' Eve*, xxix. 9, a line, as Keats told Clarke on reading him the manuscript of the poem "that came into my head when I remembered how I used to listen in bed to your music at school". The word "music" was used vaguely at this time in the sense of "musical instrument".

SONNETS

I. To my Brother George:—Obviously from lines 5-8 written from Margate, and thus contemporary with the *Epistle to George Keats*. *Cf.* especially 124-38 with their record of the manner in which the sea impressed his imagination. Woodhouse notes that the *laurel'd peers* (3) are the "poets in Heaven" and compares with the *Ode to Apollo*:—

'Tis awful silence then again;
Expectant stand the spheres;
Breathless the laurell'd peers.

II. To . . .:—The person to whom this sonnet is addressed is unknow

III. *Written on the day that Mr. Leigh Hunt left Prison*:—For circ stances of composition, etc., *vide* Introduction, p. xxiv. The Hunts w liberated from prison on 2nd February, 1815, and Clarke records he returning from a visit to Hunt to congratulate him on his release, he m Keats who gave him the sonnet. "This I felt to be the first proof I received of his having committed himself in verse; and how clearly recollect the conscious look and hesitation with which he offered it!"

5. *Minion of grandeur*:—The editor of the *Morning Post*, who had lished the laudatory article describing the Prince Regent as "the gl his People and Exciter of Desire"—"Adonis in loveliness" and the same strain. Hunt had burlesqued the article in the *Examiner*. inclusion of this sonnet together with No. XIV. was largely

for the association of Keats's poetry and politics with Hunt in the mind of the Tory reviewers.

IV. *How many bards gild the lapses of time!*—A sonnet particularly interesting, not only in its expression of the influence that Keats felt to be exercised over him by the beauties of his predecessors, which often adorned his own work, but also in its suggestion, by the comparison with nature, of the essential character of that influence. Hunt, reviewing the volume in the *Examiner*, criticised the first line for its metrical irregularity, saying that "by no contrivance of any sort can we prevent this from jumping out of the heroic measure into mere rhythmicality". Mr. Robert Bridges, on the other hand, regards "the inversion of the third and fourth stresses as very musical and suitable to the exclamatory form of the sentence" (*Keats*, p. lxxxix.). The fine 13th line (explained, perhaps unnecessarily, by Woodhouse, "which distance prevents from being distinctly recognised") was well praised by Horace Smith, who remarked when Clarke first showed the poem to him and Leigh Hunt, "What a well-condensed expression for one so young!" Woodhouse dates the poem March, 1816.*

V. The "Friend" is Charles Wells (1799?-1879), a schoolfellow of Keats's younger brother Tom. He was a member of the literary circle in which the most prominent figures were Hunt, Hazlitt and Reynolds, and was on intimate terms with Hazlitt. A little later Keats was estranged from him by anger at a vulgar practical joke which he played upon Tom. In 1822 he wrote *Stories after Nature*, "the nearest approach to an Italian novelette that our literature can show," in 1823 his drama *Joseph and his Brethren* was published. This sonnet illustrates the chief reading which influenced Keats at the period: "*What time* the sky-lark" suggests "*what time* the grayfly" (*Lycidas*), line 4 suggests the *Faerie Queene*, and in 8 we have *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*.

VI. To G. A. W.:—Georgiana Augusta Wylie. *Cf. Hadst thou liv'd in days of old*, p. 16 and notes.*

VII. *O Solitude! if I must with thee dwell:*—First published in the *Examiner*, 5th May, 1816, said by Clarke to be Keats's first published poem. It was shortly after this that Clarke took Keats's MSS to Hunt and so brought about their friendship.

8. *Startles the wild bee*, etc.:—*Cf.* Wordsworth, *Miscellaneous Sonnets*, i. 1:—

> bees that soar for bloom
> High as the highest Peak of Furness fells,
> Will murmur by the hour in foxglove bells.

9, 10. *But though I'll gladly*, etc.:—

> Ah! fain would I frequent such scenes with thee
> But . . . —*Examiner*, 5th May, 1816.

VIII. To my Brothers:—This sonnet, like the last, is not without a suggestion of Wordsworth. *Cf.* the series of sonnets beginning *I am not one who much or oft delights*, etc. The scene in both is the same; *cf.* the references to the fire, and the contrast expressed in Wordsworth and suggested in Keats between the delights of the ordinary world and those of the meditative poetic life. The use of the word *voluble*, applied by Wordsworth to his own eloquence on poetic themes, and by Keats to the themes themselves, is itself significant. Keats uses the word again in *St. Agnes' Eve* with an exquisite suggestiveness—"and to her heart, her heart was voluble". He draws upon lines 25, 26, of these same poems by Wordsworth in the *Ode on a Grecian Urn* (*cf.* note).

5. *While, for rhymes, I search*:—A line which suggests the origin of much of the weakness of Keats's early poetry, that the sense is often led by the rhyme.

IX. *Keen, fitful gusts are whisp'ring here and there*:—For date and circumstances of composition *vide* Appendix B, p. 582. Notice the subjects of conversation with Hunt and the tone of the whole sonnet.

X. *To one who has been long in city pent*:—Mr. Buxton Forman speaks of a transcript by George Keats, subscribed, "written in the fields, June 1816". He calls attention to the obvious debt to *Paradise Lost* (ix. 445), also noticed by Woodhouse:—

As one who long in populous city pent.

5. *Heart's* H, HBF; hearts 1817.

XI. *On first looking into Chapman's Homer*:—This sonnet stands out from the 1817 volume as the one poem which may rank in conception and execution with Keats's later work. Its date is therefore very important, and has been much discussed. For though Keats dated it October, 1816, on its first publication, Clarke, writing years later, said that it was composed after a "symposium" held at Keats's rooms in Dean Street, and Keats left Dean Street early in 1815. But it is certainly right to accept October, 1816, as the correct date, and to regard Clarke's error as a typical case of "the telescoping action of memory" (*v.* SC *Life*, p. 40). The meeting, therefore, took place in the Poultry, where Keats lived in October, 1816. "It was," says Clarke, "in the teeming wonderment of this his first introduction, that, when I came down to breakfast the next morning, I found on my table a letter with no other enclosure than this famous sonnet, *On first looking into Chapman's Homer*. We had parted at dayspring, yet he contrived that I should receive the poem from a distance of, may be, two miles by ten o'clock." Clarke adds that the happy alteration of line 7 was due to the poet's conviction that the first reading was "bald and too simply wondering". The magnificent simile with which the poem closes was a reminiscence of Robertson's *History of America*, one of the books, Clarke tells us, in the school library at Enfield. As Tennyson pointed out to Palgrave (*Golden*

Treasury of Songs and Lyrics, notes), "History requires here Balboa," of whom the incident is told by Robertson. Keats either consciously or unconsciously transferred the story to Cortez, whose portrait by Titian had much impressed him. "His 'eagle eyes,'" says Hunt (*Imagination and Fancy*, last page), "are from life, as may be seen by Titian's portrait of him." *

Chapman's *Homer* exercised a considerable influence on the style and matter of Keat's subsequent poetry (*cf.* notes, pp. 535*ff*, 409, 420, 499, 518).

It is interesting to notice that on 14th July, 1818, when Keats was meditating upon the subject of *Hyperion* (*cf.* notes and Introduction, p. xlvi), Haydon writes to him asking him to return his copy of Chapman's *Homer*. In August, 1820, he received another letter to the same purpose. An intermittent study of Chapman seems therefore to have lasted the whole of Keats's literary life. The sonnet was first published in the *Examiner* for 1st December, 1816.

7. *Yet did I . . . serene.*—Originally written "Yet could I never tell what men could mean".

XII. *On leaving some friends at an early hour*.—Written, says Clarke, shortly after Sonnet IX., *i.e.*, Autumn, 1816.*

XIII., XIV. ADDRESSED TO HAYDON:—Benjamin Robert Haydon (1786-1846), the friend of Hunt, Wordsworth, Reynolds, Keats and other literary men of the time, was an historical painter, who exhibited his first picture at the Royal Academy in 1806. He would have been elected an R.A. in 1810 had he not previously quarrelled with the authorities as to the hanging of one of his works. From this time began his war with the Academy carried on in the *Examiner* of 1812 and never really abandoned during his whole life He was a man of boundless ambition and passionate confidence in his own abilities "Nothing," he wrote, "can exceed my enthusiasm, my devotion, my fury of work; solitary, high-minded, trusting in God and glorying in my country's honour." He had a firm belief in the educative value to a nation of historical painting, and spent his life in filling huge canvases which no one would buy, harassed with debt, but never doubting the greatness of his own genius. Finally he found himself unequal to the battle of life, and committed suicide. His chief paintings were on the subject of "Dentatus," "The Judgment of Solomon," "The Entry of Christ into Jerusalem" (interest- [illegible]

(*Castle Builder*, 44-48) mentions him in the same breath with Salvator and Titian; and their admiration finds an echo among some of the most enlightened critics of the time. But in spite of this it must be admitted that his work lacks both delicacy of treatment and real sympathy with his subjects. His chief claim to the recollection of posterity lies in his

immediate recognition of the supreme value of the Elgin Marbles. Taken by Wilkie to see them soon after their arrival in England, he studied them in detail for three months, called attention to their essential qualities, which no one else seems to have realised, and pressed their claims upon students of art with such energy and success that he prevailed upon the nation to purchase them. In his lectures on art, which he delivered at intervals during his life, he took the Elgin Marbles as his text, and in particular set himself to controvert by their means the teaching of Reynolds in his *Discourses on the Grand Style in Painting.* "Reynolds says that 'it is better to diversify on particulars from the broad and general idea of things than vainly attempt to ascend from particulars to this great general idea'. Now it is really the reverse, you must first ascertain the particulars before you can discover the essentials. . . . The combination of Nature with idea was the glory and the greatness of Phidias and the Greeks of that time. . . ." He further illustrated his point by showing how the sculpture of Phidias exhibits the most accurate knowledge of anatomy, and yet is eminently an example of a true "Grand Style" (*vide* Haydon's *Lectures on Painting and Design*, 1844).

Haydon was introduced to Keats by Hunt or Clarke in Nov., 1816, and sonnet XIV was probably the outcome of their first meeting. Keats ventured to send it to Haydon prefaced with the words: "My Dear Sir,—Last evening wrought me up, and I cannot forbear sending you the following," and signed, "Yours unfeignedly, John Keats." He received an immediate reply, evidently in Haydon's usual grandiloquent vein, for on the same afternoon (20th November, 1816), he penned another letter to Haydon: "My Dear Sir,—Your letter has filled me with a proud pleasure, and shall be kept by me as a stimulus to exertion—I begin to fix my eye upon one horizon. My feelings entirely fall in with yours in regard to the ellipsis and I glory in it. The idea of your sending it to Wordsworth put me out of breath—you know with what Reverence I would send my Well-wishes to him. Yours sincerely, John Keats."*

After this the friendship ripened rapidly and Haydon gained a profound influence over the young poet. His impassioned devotion to art, none the less sincere because of the absurd bombast in which he expressed it, presented a striking contrast with the easy and somewhat superficial enthusiasm of Hunt, and appealed strongly to Keats in the ardour of his poetic novitiate. Haydon, on the other hand, recognised the genius of Keats, and set himself definitely to wean him from undue subservience to Hunt. There can be no doubt that he stimulated Keats in the highest degree, and gave him valuable advice as to the development of his powers. It was chiefly due to him that Keats retired to the country for careful study, and turned especially to Shakespeare, and it was Haydon, as we should expect, who interpreted to him the Elgin Marbles (*vide Sonnets*, pp. 274, 275, and note). Keats responded by confiding in Haydon both his own poetic aspirations and the difficulties of temperament with which he had to struggle. The following passage from a letter of Haydon's written

to Keats in May, 1817, illustrates the relations in which they stood at the time. "Do not give way to any forebodings. They are nothing more than the over-eager anxieties of a great spirit stretched beyond its strength, and then relapsing for a time to languid inefficiency. Every man of great views is thus tormented, but begin again where you left off without hesitation or fear. Trust in God with all your might, my dear Keats. From my soul I declare to you that I never applied for help, or for consolation, or for strength, but I found it. I always rose up from my knees with a refreshed fury, an iron-clenched firmness, a crystal piety of feeling that sent me streaming on with a repulsive power against the troubles of life. . . . I love you like my own brother: Beware, for God's sake, of the delusions and sophistications that are ripping up the talent and morality of our friend (*i.e.*, of course, Hunt). He will go out of the world the victim of his own weakness and the dupe of his own self-delusions, with the contempt of his enemies and the sorrow of his friends, and the cause he undertook to support injured by his own neglect of character. . . . God bless you, my dear Keats! Do not despair, collect incident, study character, read Shakespeare, and trust in Providence and you will do, you must."

About a year later we find Keats lending Haydon money which he could ill afford to lose, and he remained his friend all his life, though his admiration for him became less marked when he realised that absorbing egoism which was no less patent in him than his fervent religion, his devotion to art, and his passionate patriotism. But Haydon, unfortunately, could never really understand the more complex and more delicately moulded character of his friend, and later, when Keats was more independent of his influence, he completely misjudged him. Revelling in his own defiant Christianity, he liked to persuade himself that those who did not share his proud egoistical religious feeling were on the road to inevitable self-destruction; and just as his predictions with regard to Hunt, in the letter quoted above, were completely belied by the facts, so the statements in his *Autobiography* as to the self-indulgence and dissipation of Keats's last years are contradicted by friends whose knowledge of Keats, their especial opportunities of judging, and their general character for veracity are alike superior to Haydon's (*vide* EML, pp 193, 232) Yet the popular estimate of Keats's character, and with it the opinion as to the prevailing tenor of his poetry, is still chiefly based upon the mistakes of Shelley as to Keats's attitude to criticism (*vide* notes to *Endymion*, pp. 413, 414) and the libels of Haydon upon his private life.

XIII. 11. *What when a*, etc.:—Woodhouse punctuates his copy "what, when a" and adds a note "*i.e.*, what happens when a, etc"

12. *Native sty*:—The idea probably suggested by the followers of Comus's troop who their

native home forget
To roll in pleasure in a sensual *sty*.

XIV. *The great spirits* are Wordsworth, Hunt and Haydon. Woodhouse adds a note on Hunt that "he is introduced here to much better company than his merits entitle him to keep". He points out also the parallel to line 10 of *Lycidas*, 171, "Flames in the *forehead* of the morning sky," though perhaps a closer parallel is to be found in *Tro. & Cress.* ii. 2. 205. Keats's confidence as to the future, lines 9, 10, was regarded by the critics as a piece of personal conceit. Line 13, which originally concluded "in some distant Mart?" was curtailed upon the advice of Haydon.

XV. *On the Grasshopper and Cricket*:—Of the composition of this sonnet Clarke gives an interesting account in his *Recollections of Keats*: "Some observations having been made upon the character, habits and pleasant associations with that reverend denizen of the hearth, the cheerful little grasshopper of the fireside—Hunt proposed to Keats the challenge of writing then, there, and to time, a sonnet 'on the Grasshopper and Cricket'. No one was present but myself, and they accordingly set to. . . . I cannot say how long the trial lasted. . . . The time however was short, for such a performance, and Keats won as to time. But the event of the after scrutiny was one of many such occurrences which have riveted the memory of Leigh Hunt in my affectionate regard and admiration for unaffected generosity and perfectly unpretentious encouragement. His sincere look of pleasure at the first line—'The poetry of earth is never dead'. 'Such a prosperous opening!' he said, and when he came to the tenth and eleventh lines:—

On a lone winter evening, *when the frost*
Has wrought a silence—

'Ah! that's perfect! Bravo Keats!' And then he went on in a dilatation upon the dumbness of Nature during the season's suspension and torpidity. With all the kind and gratifying things that were said to him, Keats protested to me, as we were afterwards walking home, that he preferred Hunt's treatment of the subject to his own."

XVI. To Koskiusko:—Kosciusko (?—1817) a Polish patriot, who served in the Polish army, fought for America in the War of Independence, and then for the freedom of his own country against Russia. At Dubjenka (1792) with only 4,000 men, he kept 16,000 Russians at bay for five days. On the submission of Poland to Catherine of Russia, he resigned his command and left the country; but in 1794 he headed another national movement, resisting against tremendous odds the combined Prussian and Russian armies. In October of that year, however, he was defeated, wounded and taken prisoner. On his release he lived in London and afterwards at Paris. In 1807, Napoleon, who was meditating an invasion of Poland, begged him to resume his command, but he saw through the designs of Napoleon and declined to re-enter public life. He died in 1817, the great hero of the English Liberals and all lovers of liberty.

The best presentation of his character in English literature is to be

found in the *Imaginary Conversations* of Landor, who had an intense admiration for him.

Hunt printed this sonnet in the *Examiner* of 16th February, 1817.

7. *Change;* changed 1817, which makes no sense. H altered "and" to "are". The reading of the text is supported by an alteration in Woodhouse's copy of the volume, made, presumably, after consultation with Keats. Mr. Forman has suggested the emendation independently.

XVII. *Happy is England:*—The romance of the forest (l. 4) was always deeply felt by Keats. *Cf. Hyperion*, i. 72-74 and note.

7. *Alp:*—This use of "Alp" in the singular is probably due to Milton's *many a fiery Alp* (*Paradise Lost*, ii. 620).

SLEEP AND POETRY*

"It was in the library of Hunt's cottage, where an extempore bed had been made up for Keats on the sofa, that he composed the framework and many lines of this poem, the last sixty or seventy being an inventory of the art-garniture of the room" (Clarke, quoted by H). The poem cannot have been finished (as S. C. in *Dict. Nat. Biog.*) during the summer of 1816, as Keats was not a frequent inmate of the cottage till October at the earliest (*vide* note, p. 563), and, moreover, the beautiful lines on the seaweed (*vide* 376-80) could hardly have been written before Keats's stay at Margate.

On the general character and importance of the poem *vide* Introduction, p. xxx x. It is indeed Keats's first ambitious composition and is at once the expression of his own poetic aspirations and a declaration of war against the poetic ideals of the eighteenth century. Naturally, then, it was approved by the literary coterie to which he belonged. Haydon's criticism of it is characteristic. . . . "It is a flash of Lightning that will rouse men from their occupations, and keep them trembling for the crash of thunder that will follow." Hunt praised it at length in the *Examiner* (June and July, 1817), as "a striking specimen of the restlessness of the young poetical appetite, obtaining its food by the very desire of it, and glancing for fit subjects of creation 'from earth to heaven'". Nor, he adds, "do we like it the less for an impatient, and as may be thought by some, irreverent assault upon the late French school of criticism and monotony, which has held poetry chained long enough to render it somewhat indignant when it has got free." But it was this passage (ll. 181-206) on the poetry of the eighteenth century and its debt to French criticism that roused, as would be expected, the greatest indignation among hostile critics. Byron acknowledges this to be true of himself. In a reply to an attack upon himself in *Blackwood's Magazine* (August, 1819) he quotes lines 193-206 of *Sleep and Poetry*, "from the volume of a young person learning to write poetry, and beginning by teaching the art". He adds: "The writer of this is a tadpole of the Lakes, a young disciple of the

six or seven new schools, in which he has learnt to write such lines and such sentiments as the above. He says, 'easy was the task of imitating Pope,' or it may be of equalling him, I presume. I recommend him to try before he is so positive on the subject, and then compare what he will have then written and what he has now written with the humblest and earliest compositions of Pope, produced in years still more youthful than those of Mr. Keats when he invented his new *Essay in Criticism* entitled, *Sleep and Poetry* (an ominous title)." In a manuscript note on this passage, dated November, 1821, Byron admits that "my indignation at Mr. Keats's depreciation of Pope has hardly permitted me to do justice to his own genius which malgré all the fantastic fopperies of his style was undoubtedly of great promise. His fragment of *Hyperion* seems actually inspired by the Titans, and is as sublime as Æschylus. He is a loss to our literature, and the more so as he himself before his death is said to have been persuaded that he had not taken the right line and was reforming his style in the more classical models of the language." A passage on Keats in the famous controversy between Byron and Bowles (*Byron Letters*, ed. Prothero, vi. 588, 589), was suppressed on account of Keats's death. "A Mr. John Ketch has written lines against him (Pope) of which it were better to be the subject than the author." He quotes lines 319-27 and asks, "Now what does this mean?" then lines 331, 332 and asks, "Where did those '*forms of elegance*' learn to ride—'*with stooping shoulders*'? Again:—

'yet I must not forget
Sleep, quiet with his poppy coronet:
For what there may be worthy in these rhymes
I *partly owe to him*,' etc.

prompted by mere youthful conceit at his own powers,—for the young poet's aspirations are couched in terms of humility and expressed with a consciousness of his own immaturity,—but rather by his instinctive perception of the significance of the change which had come over the whole face of literature since the *Lyrical Ballads* of 1798. Byron never understood the spirit of the literature of his own time as fully as the young Keats shows himself to have done, nor did he realise, in his idolatry for Pope, to what extent he was himself forwarding the movement.

The versification and much of the style of the poem are equally characteristic of Keats's immaturity. It is written with all the laxity advocated by Hunt and supposed to give an air of ease and grace to the verse. Its 404 lines are divided into eighteen paragraphs and in no less than eight cases the pause occurs either in the middle of the line, or between the two rhyming lines. The sense is continued beyond the couplet at the least 111 times (*i.e.*, more than 1 in 2) and there are as many as thirty double rhymes (*i.e.*, 1 in 6½) The weakness of versification together with other faults of style, *e.g.*, the continual use of abstracts for concretes, the awkward defectiveness of lines 274, 367, the unfortunate nonce-word *boundly* (209), the misuse of *doubtless* (230), the cockney vulgarity of "*the very pleasant rout*" (322) and of the pronunciation of *perhaps* as a monosyllable (324), tend to mar the effect of a work which is in many places highly poetic in feeling and felicitous in expression.

The motto of the poem is taken from the pseudo-Chaucerian *The Flowre and the Leafe* (ll. 17-21), in Keats's day universally attributed to Chaucer. The poem was a favourite with Keats. *Cf.* his sonnet to Clarke upon it (*vide* p. 274)

1-40. These first two paragraphs serve as an explanation of the title *Sleep and Poetry*, and develop the contrast between the experiences of the unawakened and of the awakened mind.

66. *about the playing Of nymphs in woods, and fountains. Cf. Comus,* 118:—

> By dimpled Brook and Fountain brim
> The Wood-Nymphes deckt with Daisies trim,
> Their merry walks and pastimes keep.

But Keats's whole passage savours rather of Leigh Hunt.

71-73. *imaginings will hover Round my fire-side,* etc.:—For the idea, with its obvious debt to Wordsworth, *cf.* Sonnet VIII. *To My Brothers,* and note. In the Woodhouse copy of the volume is quoted, against the three previous lines, Wordsworth's poem *To the Daisy,* lines 70-72:—

> A happy, genial influence,
> Coming one knows not how nor whence
> Nor whither going.

To the Daisy first appeared in the 1807 volumes with which Keats was especially familiar.

74. *Meander;* meander 1817.

85-162. *Stop and consider!* etc.:—In these lines Keats sketches the progress of poetry in his own mind. Mr. Robert Bridges (*Introd. to Muses Library, Keats*, xxxv.) draws a just parallel between the stages of development through which Keats conceives that he must pass, and those described in Wordsworth's *Tintern Abbey*, comparing them at the same time with the famous letter to Reynolds written by Keats more than a year afterwards:—

"I compare human life to a large mansion of many apartments, two of which I can only describe, the doors of the rest being as yet shut upon me—the first we step into we call the infant or thoughtless Chamber, in which we remain as long as we do not think—we remain there a long while, and notwithstanding the doors of the second Chamber remain wide open, showing a bright appearance, we care not to hasten to it; but are at length imperceptibly impelled by the awakening of the thinking principle within us—we no sooner get into the second Chamber, which I shall call the Chamber of Maiden-Thought, than we become intoxicated with the light and the atmosphere, we see nothing but pleasant wonders, and think of delaying there for ever in delight. However among the effects this breathing is father of is that tremendous one of sharpening one's vision into the heart and nature of Man—of convincing one's nerves that the world is full of Misery, and Heart-break, Pain, Sickness and Oppression—whereby this Chamber of Maiden-Thought becomes gradually darkened, and at the same time, on all sides of it, many doors are set open—but all dark—all leading to dark passages—we see not the balance of good and evil—we are in a mist—*we* are now in that state—we feel the 'burden of the mystery'. To this point was Wordsworth come as far as I can conceive, when he wrote *Tintern Abbey*, and it seems to me that his genius is explorative of those dark passages. Now if we live, and go on thinking, we too shall explore them. He is a genius and superior to us, in so far as he can, more than we, make discoveries and shed a light in them" (*Letter to Reynolds*, 3rd May, 1818).

Wordsworth's

> The coarser pleasures of my boyish days
> And their glad animal movements

Mr. Bridges compares with Keats's "infant or thoughtless Chamber," or as Keats puts it in the poem:—

> A pigeon tumbling in clear summer air;
> A laughing school-boy, without grief or care,
> Riding the springy branches of an elm.

Wordsworth's second stage, the second Chamber as Keats calls it in the letter, is illustrated by the lines:—

> The sounding cataract
> Haunted me like a passion; the tall rock,
> The mountain and the deep and gloomy wood,
> Their colours and their forms, were then to me

An appetite; a feeling and a love,
That had no need of a remoter charm,
By thought supplied.

Upon this stage Keats dwells in lines 96-121, and the startling difference between the two conceptions gives us in part the reason why Keats found it more difficult both to understand and to attain the final stage. What in Wordsworth is a "deep but inexplicable passion" to Keats is chiefly an ecstasy, and whilst Wordsworth's spirit runs its whole course in relation with the pure forms of Nature, Keats is in a measure withdrawn from "the fair paradise of Nature's light," which he himself recognises as his inspiration, by his love of luxuriating in trivial fancies in no way connected with his essential poetic development. From the influence of these, which we are obliged to associate with Leigh Hunt, he was not completely disengaged even at the time that he was vouchsafed this vision of the progress of poetry in his own soul.

The final stage of which Wordsworth tells us:—

I have felt
A presence that disturbs me with the joy
Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man:
A motion and a spirit that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
And rolls through all things,

is illustrated by lines 122-56 of *Sleep and Poetry*. Keats's picture, seeing that it is not, as with Wordsworth, an expression of conscious realisation, but *rather a piece of prophetic insight into his future development, is of* necessity blurred and indistinct—less distinct, indeed, than his treatment of the same theme in the letter to Reynolds, written when he had already gained a fuller self-consciousness; but it is by no means less impassioned or less deeply felt than Wordsworth's. It is obvious that Keats is here (122-62) striving to express two ideas essentially related the one to the other; (1) that a full communion with Nature and an understanding of her mysterious beauty is only possible after a sympathetic study of human nature to which indeed it inevitably leads, the one in a manner reacting upon the other, and (2) that after a contemplation of the ideal as revealed by Nature the sordid realities of life are felt all the more keenly, and would be intolerable, were it not for the sustaining power of the imagination which keeps alive the ideal within the poet's heart and saves him from despair. Shelley gives beautiful expression to the same thought in *Adonais* where he recounts the necessary qualities in a true mourner for the dead poet:—

. . . .

Clasp with thy panting soul the pendulous Earth.
As from a centre, dart thy spirit's light
Beyond all worlds, until its spacious might
Satiate the void circumference; then shrink
Even to a point within our day and night:
And keep thy heart light, lest it make thee sink
When hope has kindled hope, and lured thee to the brink.

171-180. Chaucer and the Elizabethans.

181. *schism;* scism 1817.

181-206. The poets of the eighteenth century (*vide* introductory remarks on the poem). Notice the debt to Wordsworth's famous sonnet *The world is too much with us.* Not only is line 190 a reminiscence of Wordsworth's:—

The sea that bares her bosom to the moon
. . . .
It moves us not.

But the spirit of both passages is intensely similar. It is noticeable however that Wordsworth, the pioneer of the new literary movement, gives his words a far more universal significance and contrasts the imaginative temper with the trivial worldliness always with us, whilst Keats contrasts the imaginative qualities of two succeeding ages as illustrative of their general character, having Wordsworth himself to look to as evidence of the imaginative life of his own time.

198. *the . . . wands of Jacob's wit:—Cf. Genesis*, xxx. 37-42. Keats suggests by this passage that the verses of the eighteenth century are the result of a mere clever trick by which they are made to tally with certain preconceived artificial rules.

Boileau (1636-1711), whose *Art of Poetry* sums up the ideals aimed at by Pope and the poetry of the eighteenth century. Keats, of course, exaggerates its influence though he can hardly be said to overstate the admiration in which it was held. Dryden revised Sir William Soames's translation of Boileau's *Art of Poetry*, and says in his *Discourse on Satire*, "If I could only cross the seas, I might find in France a living Horace and a Juvenal in the person of the admirable Boileau"; Pope in his *Essay on Criticism*, 714, asserts that "Boileau still in right of Horace sways"; and Warton speaks of his work as "the best Art of Poetry extant," adding that "he who has digested it cannot be said to be ignorant of any important rule of poetry".

217-19. Keats is here thinking of Chatterton. Woodhouse also suggests Kirke White.

220-29. The joys of the present; 225, 226 Wordsworth; 226-228 Leigh Hunt.

234, etc. *clubs . . . Poets* 1817; cubs . . . Poets' H; cubs . . . Poets HBF.

These lines seem to have given some difficulty to editors of Keats, who

have in turn altered the text (even Mr. Forman not recording the change he has introduced) to make it fit in with their conception. But it is a reminiscence of the *Odyssey*, bk. ix., where Homer tells of the escape of Odysseus from Polyphemus, and the passage, though awkward, needs no emendation. The poets, says Keats, are giants like Polyphemus and his brethren, of superhuman power, but like the eyeless Polyphemus without ability to direct their energies fitly, so that with their clubs (the themes they write upon and the manner in which they deal with them) they only succeed in disturbing the grand sea (of poetry? or life?) It is true that rocks and not clubs were hurled by the Cyclops into the sea after his escaped enemy, but the club is mentioned in Homer as his natural weapon. Keats is only writing from his recollection of the story.

Keats is here thinking chiefly of Byron, and the contrast which his stormy poetry affords with the serenity of Wordsworth or the cheerful chirping of Hunt. Woodhouse thought that there was also a reference to the *Christabel* of Coleridge, though it is difficult to understand why. In his youth Keats shared the almost universal passion for Byron's poetry and one of his earliest compositions is a very weak sonnet in his praise (*vide* p 347). But as he matured, his genius developed in a very different direction, and the work of Byron became more and more distasteful to him. Whilst recognising Byron's literary supremacy (*Letter to George Keats*, Dec.-Jan., 1818-19) he came to regard his work as lacking in the greatest imaginative qualities. "A man's life of any worth," he writes (*Letter to George Keats*, Feb. 1819), "is a continual allegory and very few eyes can see the Mystery of his Life—a life like the scriptures, figurative—which such people can no more make out than they can the Hebrew Bible. Lord Byron cuts a figure but he is not figurative—Shakespeare led a life of Allegory; his works are the comments on it." And again in September of the same year, after his brother had been instituting a comparison between himself and Byron—"There is this great difference between us. He describes what he sees: I describe what I imagine. Mine is the harder task." And what Byron saw seemed to Keats less and less worth seeing. In the *Cap and Bells*, a social satire in some measure imitative of the style of *Don Juan*, he does not scruple to burlesque Byron's most passionate lyric *Fare thee well*—and Lord Houghton, on the authority of Severn, tells how Keats, reading, in the Bay of Biscay, the description of the storm in *Don Juan*, cast the book on the floor in a transport of indignation. "How horrible an example of human nature," he cried, "is this man, who has no pleasure left him but to gloat over and jeer at the most awful incidents of life! Oh! this is a paltry originality, which consists in making solemn things gay and gay things solemn, and yet it will fascinate thousands, by the very diabolical outrage of their sympathies. Byron's perverted education makes him assume to feel, and try to impart to others, those depraved sensations which the want of any education excites in many."

237. *'Tis might half slumb'ring on its own right arm*:—Against this line, so characteristic of Keats's power of presenting in his poetry the effects of sculpture, Woodhouse has written "Elgin Marbles".

252. *all tenderest birds*, etc.:—With this passage Woodhouse again compares those lines from *The Flowre and the Leafe* which he had quoted to illustrate *I stood tip-toe*, 87.

303. *my Dedalian wings*:—The well-known story of Daedalus and Icarus is told at length in the *Metamorphoses* of Ovid, bk. viii. Daedalus, wearied by a long exile in Crete, made wings of feathers and wax. His son Icarus put them on, and neglecting his father's warning soared too near the sun so that the wax melted and he was drowned.

In *Endymion*, iv. 442 Keats compares his hero to him who died

> For soaring too audacious in the sun,
> Where that same treacherous wax began to run.

It is interesting to notice that in the same passage (*Met.* viii.) Ovid tells the story of Bacchus and Ariadne of which Keats make use in line 335.

335. *the swift bound Of Bacchus from his chariot*, etc.:—This allusion to the story of Bacchus and Ariadne is no doubt in part suggested also by the picture of Titian, now in the National Gallery, which Keats made use of in his great "Ode to Sorrow" (*Endymion*, iv. 193-250).

355-95. The description of "the art-garniture of Hunt's study" where a bed was made up for Keats. It is thoroughly characteristic of Hunt's taste. Notice especially the introduction of Alfred and Kosciusko, and *cf.* Sonnet XVI., p. 38 and note. The exquisite lines on the sea, 376-80, stand out oddly in their context.

377. *smoothness*; smoothiness 1817.

ENDYMION *

Endymion was definitely begun early in May 1817. In a letter to Reynolds, written from Carisbrook on 17th April, Keats says, "I shall forthwith begin my *Endymion*," and to Haydon he writes from Margate on 10th May, "I read and write about eight hours a day. There is an old saying 'well begun is half done'—'tis a bad one. I would use instead, 'Not begun at all till half done'; so according to that I have not begun my Poem, consequently (*à priori*) can say nothing about it. Thank God! I do begin arduously where I leave off, notwithstanding occasional depression; and I hope for the support of a High Power while I climb this little eminence, and especially in the years of more momentous Labour. I remember your saying that you had notions of a good genius presiding over you. I have of late had the same thought, for things which I do half at Random are afterwards confirmed by my judgment in a dozen features of Propriety. Is it too daring to imagine Shakespeare this Presider?"

Keats must have worked steadily at the poem both at Margate and on his return to London, for we find him in Book III. when he is on a visit

to Bailey at Oxford in September; "I have been writing very hard lately," he tells his sister, "even till an utter incapacity came on, and I feel it now about my head. . . . I shall stop here till I have finished the third Book of my Story which I hope will be finished in at most three Weeks from to-day" (10th Sept., 1817). On 21st September he is "getting on famous with my third book—have finished 800 lines and hope to finish it next week" (*to Reynolds*). On 28th September he tells Haydon "within the last three weeks I have written 1,000 lines—which are the third Book of my Poem". He adds "My ideas with respect to it I assure you are very low—and I would write the subject thoroughly again but I am tired of it and think the time would be better spent in writing a new Romance which I have in my eye for next summer—Rome was not built in a Day—and all the good I expect from my employment this summer is the fruit of experience which I hope to gather in my next poem"

The Fourth Book was finished at Burford Bridge in November. During the early part of 1818 Keats was busy making corrections and copying out the poem for the press. There was some idea, apparently, of publishing it in quarto form, if Haydon would draw a picture for the frontispiece, and Haydon went so far as to promise to "make with all his might, a finished chalk of my head, to be engraved in the first style and put at the head of my Poem, saying at the same time he had never done the thing for any human being, and that it must have considerable effect as he will put his name to it" (*Letter to George and Thos. Keats*, 23rd Jan., 1818). But Haydon did not keep his word, and the poem appeared in the following April without the portrait, and in octavo form. It was published by Messrs Taylor and Hessey, with both of whom Keats was in friendly correspondence.

In style and versification *Endymion* has all the characteristics of the 1817 volume, and exhibits, in an exaggerated form, the joint influence of Leigh Hunt and the seventeenth-century Spenserians upon a genius delicate and exuberant but at the same time untrained and ill-bred. The versification is still almost wholly independent of the sentence structure and over weighted with double endings, there is the same laxity in the use of language, and even more noticeable than before is the manner in which lines of exquisite beauty and penetrating observation are interspersed in passages of which both sentiment and expression are commonplace. No one was readier to point this out than Hunt himself, whose practice, if not his theory, was in a great measure responsible for it. But the rapid progress which Keats was making in his art is nowhere more evident than in a study of *Endymion* itself. As the poem proceeds, the eccentricities of style and versification become markedly less exaggerated, and a comparison of the earlier draft and its rejected passages with the printed version of the poem shows Keats to be fast emancipating himself from his worst offences against good taste. But even as he wrote Keats realised how much still called for alteration or rejection, and it was this feeling

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which prompted his desire to publish *Endymion* as soon as possible and leave all thoughts of it behind him.

The ambitious and elaborate scheme on which *Endymion* is composed shows the influence of Haydon's lofty and pretentious artistic ideals, and Keats's correspondence affords ample evidence that Haydon's influence, paramount with him at this time, was largely instrumental in opening his eyes to Leigh Hunt's obvious limitations as an artist. As early as the beginning of 1817 Hunt had attempted to dissuade him from engaging upon a long poem; he repeated his advice throughout the year, taking credit to himself that *Endymion* did not consist of 7000 lines instead of 4000 (*Letter to Bailey*, 8th Oct., 1817), and never approved of it as a whole. But Keats thought differently. "A long poem," he writes, "is a test of invention, which I take to be the Polar star of Poetry, as Fancy is the Sails—and Imagination the rudder. Did our great Poets ever write short pieces? I mean in the Shape of Tales. This same invention seems indeed of late years to have been forgotten as a poetical excellence" (*ibid.*). It was naturally, therefore, galling to Keats (though in certain respects none the less true), that after all he should have the "reputation of Hunt's eleve" (*ibid.*). It was upon this ground that the violent attacks of the *Quarterly Review* (Sept., 1818) and *Blackwood's Magazine* (Aug.) were made upon him. The article in *Blackwood* "On the Cockney School of Poetry" (probably a joint production of the editorial staff to which Maginn,[1] Wilson and Lockhart all contributed), had no pretensions to be regarded as literary criticism, but dealt almost entirely in vulgar banter upon the occupations of Keats's early life. The *Quarterly* Reviewer (now admitted to have been Croker) treated Keats as the "simple neophyte" of Leigh Hunt. He burlesqued the preface in which Keats apologises for the immaturity of the poem, confessed that he had only read the first book, and selected a large number of passages for ridicule. Two anonymous champions, however, appeared, who under the initials JS and RB addressed letters to the *Morning Chronicle* of 3rd and 8th October, pointing out the gross injustice and uncritical venom of the *Quarterly* article. JS admits that there are many passages indicating haste and carelessness, and that a real friend of the author would have dissuaded him from immediate publication, but asserts "that beauties of the highest order may be found in almost every page". RB supports his letter by the quotation of such beauties, and concludes by asking whether the "Critic who could pass all this unnoticed, and condemn the whole poem as 'consisting of the most incongruous ideas in the most uncouth language' is very implicitly to be relied on". The just and discriminating criticism of Jeffrey in the *Edinburgh Review* did not appear till August, 1820, when he took the poem with the 1820 volume,

[1] Maginn often signed himself Ralph Tuckett Scott (RTS.). Hence perhaps the rumour, firmly believed by Hunt, Keats and others, that Sir Walter Scott had written the article.

and Keats thus refers to its silence in his letter to George Keats, September, 1819, "The *Edinburgh Review* are afraid to touch upon my poem. They don't know what to make of it: they do not like to condemn it, and they will not praise it for fear. They are as shy of it as I should be of wearing a Quaker's hat. The fact is they have not real taste. They dare not compromise their judgment on so puzzling a question. If on my next publication they should praise me, and so lug in *Endymion*, I will address them in a manner they will not at all relish. The cowardliness of the *Edinburgh* is worse than the abuse of the *Quarterly*." But in the meantime Keats's friends had done their best for the poem. Bailey had written a sympathetic review for the *Oxford Herald* in June, and Reynolds in the *Alfred, The West of England Journal and General Advertiser*, combined an attack upon the critical methods of the *Quarterly* with a fine appreciation of the best qualities in Keats's genius. This was republished, with a short introduction by Leigh Hunt, in the *Examiner* of 11th October.

Shelley recognised at once the genius of the poem, though its faults were of a kind particularly distasteful to him. He told Ollier that in spite of its long-winded rambling "it was full of some of the highest and finest gleams of poetry" and in particular the Hymn to Pan in the first Book "afforded the surest promise of ultimate excellence". On his second reading of the poem he was convinced with a new "sense of the treasures of poetry it contains, though treasures poured forth with indistinct profusion" (Dowden, *Life of Shelley*, ii. 408). On 14th May, 1820, thinking again of *Endymion*, he wrote to Ollier in words of the finest criticism: "Keats, I hope, is going to show himself a great poet: like the sun, to burst through the clouds, which, though dyed in the finest colours of the air, obscured his rising". This is, perhaps, the place to show how far from the truth is the common conception of Keats's attitude to his Reviewers, which owes its vogue to Byron's *Letters* and *Don Juan*, and to Shelley's *Adonais*. Keats's letter to Hessey, one of his publishers, dated 9th October, 1818, expresses the actual effect of criticism upon him at this period, and what is far more valuable, his own criticisms upon himself:—

"I cannot but feel indebted to those Gentlemen who have taken my part—as for the rest, I begin to get a little acquainted with my own strength and weakness. Praise or blame has but a momentary effect on the man whose love of beauty in the abstract makes him a severe critic on his own Works. My own domestic criticism has given me pain without comparison beyond what *Blackwood* or the *Quarterly* could possibly inflict—and also when I feel I am right, no external praise can give me such a glow as my own solitary reperception and ratification of what is fine. JS is perfectly right in regard to the slip-shod *Endymion*. That it is so is no fault of mine. No! though it may sound a little paradoxical. It is as good as I had power to make it—by myself. Had I been nervous about its being a perfect piece, and with that view asked advice, and

trembled over every page, it would not have been written; for it is not in my nature to fumble—I will write independently. I have written independently *without Judgment* and I may write independently and *with Judgment* hereafter. The genius of Poetry must work out its own salvation in a man. It cannot be matured by law and precept, but by sensation and watchfulness in itself. That which is creative must create itself. In *Endymion* I leaped headlong into the sea, and thereby have become better acquainted with the Soundings, the quicksands, and the rocks, than if I had stayed upon the green shore, and piped a silly pipe and took tea and comfortable advice. I was never afraid of failure; for I would sooner fail than not be among the greatest."

There is no reason to believe that as long as Keats retained his health and with his health his poetic vitality, *i.e.*, till the autumn of 1819, his general attitude to criticism was at variance with his expression in this letter. At the same time there can be no doubt that after his health had given way, and when other troubles were pressing hard upon him, he would complain bitterly to his friends of the injustice with which his poetry had been received, and his statement to Brown in June, 1820, with regard to the 1820 volume: "This shall be my last trial: not succeeding, I shall try what I can do in the apothecary line," is probably characteristic of his feeling at this period. Moreover his indignant repudiation of the Advertisement to *Lamia, etc.* (*vide* introduction to *Hyperion*, p. 487), whilst undoubtedly true to fact of the time to which it refers, suggests by its tone an extreme sensitiveness which had grown upon him during his illness. It was doubtless from expressions which escaped him during the last months of his life and were repeated and somewhat misinterpreted by those who heard them, that the fiction arose as to his habitual attitude to criticism and its fatal effect upon him; a fiction turned to so different an account by Byron and by Shelley. For even of his last days at Rome, Severn writes: "Certainly the *Blackwood's* attack was one of the least of his miseries" (*Life and Letters of Joseph Severn*, p. 66).

The story of *Endymion* had for some time been a favourite of Keats's, and he had already made use of it in *I stood tip-toe* (*q.v.*, ll. 181-93). His intense passion for the beauty of the moon and his delight in the legends of ancient mythology could here naturally coalesce, and in his Elizabethan reading he would find plenty of references to the story which could not fail to arrest his attention. From the *Endimion* of Lyly onwards, there is hardly a poet who does not allude to the tale. The words of Portia, *e.g.*, in *Merchant of Venice*, v. 1. 109:—

> Peace ho! the moon sleeps with Endymion
> And would not be awaked,

occur in a scene which from its blending of the magic of nature and of classical legend would be peculiarly dear to Keats; and the love poems of Drummond harp continually upon the same graceful theme. *Cf.* especially Poems, pt. i., Sonnet VIII.:—

> While Cynthia, in purest cypress clad,
> The Latmian shepherd in a trance descries,
> And whiles looks pale from height of all the skies,
> Whiles dyes her beauties in a bashful red.

Or Sonnet X. :—

> Fair Moon, who with thy cold and silver shine
> Makes sweet the horror of the dreadful night,
> Delighting the weak eye with smiles divine,
> Which Phoebus dazzles with his too much light;
> Bright Queen of the first Heaven, if in thy shrine,
> By turning oft, and Heaven's eternal night,
> Thou hast not yet that once sweet fire of thine,
> Endymion, forgot, and lover's plight. . . .

Cf. also Sonnet XXXVI. and Sextain II.

Mr. Colvin in an elaborate treatment of the source of the story (EML, pp. 92-99) suggests as Keats's two most direct sources Fletcher's *Faithful Shepherdess*, a poem Keats is known to have studied, and Drayton's *Man in the Moon.* The passage in the *Faithful Shepherdess*, Act I., tells

> How the pale Phoebe, hunting in a grove,
> First saw the boy Endymion, from whose eyes
> She took eternal fire that never dies;
> How she convey'd him softly in a sleep,
> [illegible]

Cf. also The Masque in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Maid's Tragedy*, I. 1. Drayton's *Man in the Moon* gives the story thus[1]:—

> She that gently lends us light,
> Shall be our subject, and her love alone,
> Borne to a shepherd, wise Endymion,
> Sometime on Latmus that his flock did keep,
> Rapted that was in admiration deep
> Of her perfections that, he us'd to lie,
> All the long night contemplating the sky,
> At her high beauties: often of his store,
> As to the god he only did adore,
> And sacrific'd: she perfect in his love,
> For the high gods enthronized above

[1] [illegible]

From their clear mansions plainly do behold
All that frail man doth in this grosser mould:
For whom bright Cynthia gliding from her sphere,
Used oft times to recreate her there:
That oft her want unto the world was strange,
Fearing that Heaven the wonted course would change,
And Phoebus, her oft missing did inquire,
If that elsewhere she borrowed other fire:
But let them do to cross her what they could,
Down into Latmus every month she would.
So that in Heaven about it there was odds,
And as a question troubled all the gods,
Whether without their general consent,
She might depart; but nath'less to prevent
Her lawless course, they labour'd all in vain,
Nor could their laws her liberty restrain.

Mr. Colvin calls attention to the fact that Drayton begins his poem, as does Keats, with a festival of Pan, and that in a later passage he "gives hints for the wanderings on which Keats sends his hero (for which antiquity affords no warrant) through earth, sea and air" (EML, p. 94). But the hints are vague, and I think that he owed his plan of the poem to another work. In Sandys's *Ovid*, where Keats found not only a version of the main story, but also many of the episodes with which he embellishes and at times overloads it, was an introductory poem, which to Sandys expressed "the minde of the frontispiece and the argumente of this worke". It reads into Ovid a high moral purpose of which Ovid was quite innocent, and the commentary which Sandys adds to each book of the *Metamorphoses* interprets the poem throughout in the same spirit. There can be little doubt that the strong appeal which Ovid made to Keats was due, in part at least, to this allegorising vein which was entirely in accord with Keats's own temper at the time, and seemed at once to interpret and to justify his own attitude to Greek legend. With the subject of *Endymion* in his mind, and as yet no definite scheme on which to treat it, he opened his *Sandys* and read on the second page the following lines, some of which at least have a distinct relation with the development of *Endymion*:—

FIRE, AIRE, EARTH, WATER, all the Opposites
That strove in *Chaos*, powrefull LOVE unites;
And from their discord drew this Harmonie,
Which smiles in *Nature*: who, with ravisht eye,
Affects his own made Beauties. But our *Will*,
Desire, and *Powres Irascible*, the skill
Of PALLAS orders; who the *Minde* attires
With all *Heroick Vertues*: This aspires
To *Fame* and *Glorie*; by her noble Guide
Eternized, and well-nigh Deified

But who forsake that faire *Intelligence*,
To follow *Passion* and voluptuous *Sence;*
That shun the Path and Toyles of HERCULES;
Such, charm'd by CIRCE's luxurie, and ease,
Themselves deforme: 'twixt whom, so great an ods;
That these are held for Beasts, and those for Gods.

There are many ideas here which have their parallel in the adventures of Endymion and the progress of his soul towards its ideal; and it is difficult to believe that Keats was not largely indebted to it.*

The motto, chosen by Keats from Shakespeare's seventeenth sonnet, occurred to him quite by chance. Writing to Reynolds, 22nd November, 1817, he is discussing Shakespeare's poems, in which, at the time, he was much engrossed. Then he says, "He (*i.e.*, Shakespeare) overwhelms a genuine Lover of poesy with all manner of abuse, talking about—

'a poet's rage
And stretched metre of an antique song'.

Which, by-the-by, will be a capital motto for my poem, won't it?"

The original Dedication and Preface to *Endymion* ran as follows:—

INSCRIBED,

WITH EVERY FEELING OF PRIDE AND REGRET

AND WITH "A BOWED MIND,"

TO THE MEMORY OF

THE MOST ENGLISH OF POETS EXCEPT SHAKESPEARE,

THOMAS CHATTERTON

PREFACE

"In a great nation, the work of an individual is of so little importance; his pleadings and excuses are so uninteresting; his 'way of life' such a nothing, that a Preface seems a sort of impertinent bow to strangers who care nothing about it.

"A Preface, however, should be down in so many words; and such a one that by an eye-glance over the type the Reader may catch an idea of an Author's modesty, and non-opinion of himself—which I sincerely hope may be seen in the few lines I have to write, notwithstanding many proverbs of many ages old which men find a great pleasure in receiving as gospel.

"About a twelvemonth since, I published a little book of verses; it was read by some dozen of my friends who lik'd it; and some dozen whom I was unacquainted with, who did not.

"Now, when a dozen human beings are at words with another dozen, it becomes a matter of anxiety to side with one's friends—more especially when excited thereto by a great Love of Poetry. I fought under disadvantages. Before I began I had no inward feel of being able to finish

and as I proceeded my steps were all uncertain. So this Poem must rather be considered as an endeavour than a thing accomplished; a poor prologue to what, if I live, I humbly hope to do. In duty to the Public I should have kept it back for a year or two, knowing it to be so faulty; but I really cannot do so,—by repetition my favourite passages sound vapid in my ears, and I would rather redeem myself with a new Poem should this one be found of any interest.

"I have to apologise to the lovers of simplicity for touching the spell of loneliness that hung about Endymion; if any of my lines plead for me with such people I shall be proud.

"It has been too much the fashion of late to consider men bigoted and addicted to every word that may chance to escape their lips; now I here declare that I have not any particular affection for any particular phrase, word, or letter in the whole affair. I have written to please myself, and in hopes to please others, and for a love of fame; if I neither please myself, nor others, nor get fame, of what consequence is Phraseology?

"I would fain escape the bickerings that all Works not exactly in chime bring upon their begetters—but this is not fair to expect, there must be conversation of some sort and to object shows a man's consequence. In case of a London drizzle or a Scotch mist, the following quotation from Marston may perhaps stead me as an umbrella for an hour or so: 'let it be the curtesy of my peruser rather to pity my self-hindering labours than to malice me'.

"One word more—for we cannot help seeing our own affairs in every point of view—should any one call my dedication to Chatterton affected I answer as followeth: 'Were I dead, Sir, I should like a book dedicated to me'."

"Teignmouth,
19th March, 1818."

This was rejected because of the criticisms of Reynolds, and as Lord Houghton remarks, "many as were the intellectual obligations the poet owed to his friend, the suppression of this faulty composition was perhaps the greatest". Keats replied to Reynolds as follows:—

"Teignmouth,
9th April, 1818.

"My Dear Reynolds,

"Since you all agree that the thing is bad, it must be so—though I am not aware there is anything like Hunt in it (and if there is, it is my natural way, and I have something in common with Hunt). Look it over again, and examine into the motives, the seeds, from which any one sentence sprung.

[1] The quotation is from Marston's Preface to *The Fawn*, addressed "to the Equal Reader". There is some evidence in Keats's vocabulary that he had been reading Marston and certainly the "undersong of disrespect to the public," of which he speaks in the letter to Reynolds (*infra*) would receive in Marston ample encouragement.

"I have not the slightest feel of humility towards the public, or to anything in existence but the Eternal Being, the Principle of Beauty, and the Memory of great Men. When I am writing *for myself*, for the mere sake of the moment's enjoyment, perhaps nature has its course with me; but a Preface is written to the public—a thing I cannot help looking upon as an enemy, and which I cannot address without feelings of hostility. *If I write a Preface in a supple or subdued style, it will not be in character* with me as a public speaker.

"I would be subdued before my friends, and thank them for subduing me; but among multitudes of men I have no feel of stooping; I hate the idea of humility to them.

"I never wrote one single line of poetry with the least shadow of public thought.

"Forgive me for vexing you, and making a Trojan horse of such a trifle, both with respect to the matter in question, and myself; but it eases me to tell you · I could not live without the love of my friends; I would jump down Ætna for any great public good—but I hate a mawkish popularity. I cannot be subdued before them. My glory would be to daunt and dazzle the thousand jabberers about pictures and books. I see swarms of porcupines with their quills erect 'like lime-twigs set to catch my winged book,' and I would fright them away with a torch. You will say my Preface is not much of a torch. It would have been too insulting 'to begin from Jove,' and I could not (set) a golden head upon a thing of clay. If there is any fault in the Preface it is not affectation, but an undersong of disrespect to the public. If I write another Preface it must be done without a thought of those people. I will think about it. If it should not reach you in four or five days, tell Taylor to publish it without a Preface, and let the dedication simply stand—

"'Inscribed to the Memory of Thomas Chatterton'.[1]

"I am ever

"Your affectionate friend,

"JOHN KEATS."

The variant readings, as supplied in the notes, are selected by Mr. Forman's courteous permission from his transcript of them given in his 1900 edition of Keats's complete works. Of bk. i., says Mr. Forman, only one MS. survives, a quarto written out for press, but containing numerous rejected readings. Of bks. ii.-iv. there is (1) a MS. book into which Keats wrote the poem; (2) the quarto foolscap copy written out for press (as of bk. i.). Woodhouse (*Poems*, II.) gives a list of rejected readings in bk. i."

[1] Chatterton was a poet for whom Keats always had a deep admiration, though the influence which he exerted upon his style was never very great. Cf. however sonnet *To Chatterton*, p. 319, general introduction, pp. li, lv, notes to *Eve of St. Agnes*, *Eve of St. Mark*, and *Where be ye going, you Devon Maid*, and Appendix C, p. 594.

BOOK I

13. *From our dark spirits. Such the sun, the moon.* HBF supplies the following reading:—

From our dark Spirits, and before us dances
Like glitter on the points of Arthur's Lances.
  Of these bright powers are the Sun, and Moon,

which is noticeable in its suggestion of Keats's interest in mediæval themes, with which he showed later such vital sympathy. For its rejection here we may compare the rejection in *Hyperion*, i. 205 of the delicate but inappropriate line which tells how Hyperion's palace door flew open "Most like a rosebud to a faery's lute".

21. *the dooms We have imagined for the mighty dead:*—*Cf.* Thomson's *Seasons*, *Winter*, 432, "And hold high converse with the mighty dead" (HBF). There is some evidence that Keats knew Thomson well (*cf.* Appendix C). This line in particular was a favourite with him, for he makes use of it elsewhere. *Cf. Sonnet written in Disgust of Vulgar Superstition*, 8:—

And converse high of those with glory crown'd.

39-57. The wish here expressed was actually fulfilled (*vide* Introduction to poem).

*63. The idea of introducing his story by a festival of Pan was probably suggested to Keats, as Mr. Colvin has pointed out, by his reading of Drayton's *Man in the Moon* (*vide* Introduction to *Endymion*), with certain borrowed touches from Chapman's *Homeric Hymn to Pan*, and from the sacrifice to Pan in Browne's *Britannia's Pastorals* (bk. i. song 4). Mr. Colvin also suggests as a source Ben Jonson's Masque, *Pan's Anniversary*, but I have been unable to trace any definite resemblance, though it is highly probable that Keats had read it. In nearly all Elizabethan pastoral poetry the figure of Pan plays a large part, and in Fletcher's *Faithful Shepherdess*, to which Keats was obviously indebted in *Endymion* (*vide* Introduction), the priest of Pan is a leading character.

85, 86. *edg'd round with dark tree tops:*—*Cf. Ode to Psyche*, 54, 55, and note.

*142-44. The story of Apollo's exile is referred to in Ovid, *Met.* ii. and thus rendered in *Sandys*:—

  thee (*i.e.* Apollo) from thy selfe expeld
Then *Elis*, and *Messenian* pastures held
It was the time, when, cloth'd in Neat-herds weeds
Thou play'dst upon unequal sevenfold Reeds,

on which Sandys comments "(he) was then banished heaven for a yeere, for killing the Cyclops who made the lightning which slew his son Phaeton, who liable to humane necessities, was enforced to keep the cattell of Admetus, King of Thessaly, or rather kept them for love of his

daughter". *Cf.* also Ovid, *Met.* vi. 124. Keats was also familiar with the story in Spenser, *Faerie Queene*, iii. 11. 39:—

He loved Isse for his dearest Dame,
And for her sake her cattell fedd awhile,
And for her sake a cowheard vile became:
The servant of Admetus cowheard vile,
Whiles that from heaven he suffered exile.

It is referred to by Shakespeare, *The Winter's Tale*, iv. 4. 30.

153, 154. *From his right hand*, etc.:—

From his right hand there swung a milk-white vase
Of mingled wines, outsparkling like the Stars.—MS.

157, 158. *Wild thyme . . . from the rill*:—

Wild thyme, and valley lillies white as Leda's
Bosom, and choicest strips from mountain Cedars.—MS.

Both this and the previous alteration are obvious improvements in sound and sense.

158. *Leda's love.* *Cf.* Spenser, *Faerie Queene*, iii. 11. 32:—

Then was he turn'd into a snowy swan
To win fair Leda to his lovely trade:
O wondrous skill, and sweet wit of the man
That her in daffadillies sleeping made
From scorching heat her daintie limbes to shade!
Whiles the proud bird, ruffing his fethers wyde,
And brushing his faire brest, did her invade
She slept, yet twixt her eielids closely spyde
How towards her he rusht, and smiled at his pryde.

Or *Prothalamium*, 43:—

The snow which doth the top of Pindus strew,
Did never whiter shew,
Nor Jove himselfe when he a swan would be,
For love of Leda, whiter did appeare,
Yet Leda was they say as white as he.

The story is taken by Spenser from Ovid, *Met.* vi. which Keats also knew.

170. *Ganymede*:—The love of Jove for his cupbearer Ganymede is alluded to by Chaucer and by almost all of the Elizabethans. The story is to'd in Ovid, *Met.* x., and expounded at some length in Sandys's commentary.

*205, 206. *sounds forlorn . . . Triton's horn*:—An obvious reminiscence of Wordsworth's famous sonnet *The world is too much with us*, which Keats had already used in *Sleep and Poetry*, 189, 190. Both Keats and Wordsworth, moreover, must have been acquainted with Spenser's *Colin Clout's come home againe*, where the poet says of the fishes —

Of them the shepheard which hath charge in chief,
Is *Triton*, blowing loud his wreathed horn:

. . . .

And *Proteus* eke with him does drive his heard
Of stinking Seales and Porcpisces together
With hoary head and deawy dropping beard—244-50.

And a little further on in the poem, Spenser says of "a headland thrust far into the sea" that it "seemed to be a goodly pleasant lea".—283.

243. Keats had already made use of the story of Syrinx and Pan in *I stood tip-toe*, 156-62 (*q.v.* note).

293. *the unimaginable lodge*
For solitary thinkings; such as dodge
Conception to the very bourne of heaven:—

There can be little doubt that this passage, which has been selected for admiration by more than one critic, owes something to Marston, with whom we know Keats to have been familiar. *Cf. Antonio and Mellida* (1st part), iv. 1. 18-22:—

for when discursive powers fly out
And roam in progress through the bounds of heaven,
The soul itself gallops along with them,
As chieftain of this winged troop of thought,
Whilst the dull lodge of spirit standeth waste. . . .

The word *lodge* is used again by Marston, in a somewhat strange metaphorical sense, in *Ant. and Mell.* (2nd part), v. 2. 148.

Both here (l. 293) and in 306 the quotation marks were omitted in the first edition of the poem.

*319. *But in old marbles ever beautiful*:—"Doubtless meant to refer to the Elgin Marbles" (HBF). On Keats's appreciation of the Elgin Marbles, *vide* Sonnets, pp. 274, 275, and note. This passage shows clearly Keats's instinctive feeling for the spirit of sculpture (*cf.* also bk. ii. 197, 198, and the opening of *Hyperion*).

328. *Hyacinthus*, a Spartan youth beloved of Apollo, who slew him accidentally when playing at quoits. Apollo in great grief at his loss turned him into a flower on whose petals are inscribed the letters *αι αι* (alas!). The story is told at length in Ovid, *Met.* x., and constantly alluded to in English poetry, *cf. e.g.* Milton, *Lycidas* "like to that sanguine flower inscribed with woe," and Spenser, *Faerie Queene*, iii. 11. 37. Keats makes use of the legend in its later form (for which he may have been indebted to Lemprière) which attributes the death of Hyacinthus to Zephyrus, who, himself in love with Hyacinthus, and jealous of the rivalry of Apollo, blew the quoit into Hyacinthus's face. Keats in taking this version adds an exquisite touch to the picture, suggesting in the wind and rain that often herald a glorious sunrise the visit of the penitent Zephyrus to weep his fault before the arrival of the angry Sun-god. For the natural picture, noticed by Keats in other places, *cf. I stood tip-toe*, 3-7:—

the sweet buds . . .
Had not yet lost those starry diadems
Caught from the early sobbing of the morn.

In the same spirit, though without the same felicity of expression, Keats recalls in the twanging of the bowstring the story of "Niobe all tears" (*Hamlet*, I. 2. 149), which he knew in Spenser, *Faerie Queene*, iv. 7. 30, in Chapman's *Iliad* (xxiv. 535-45), and as told at length in Ovid, *Met.* vi. Phrases in Sandys's translation of Ovid as well as something of its spirit (*the bowstring twangs—pale lips*) suggest that Keats had lately been reading this version of the story, though he far surpasses Ovid in the human sympathy with which he invests it. Particularly noticeable is the manner in which by the use of the epithets *caressing* and *motherly* he communicates the whole pathos of the situation.

334. *raft*:—Used by Keats as past part. of the Spenserian verb (to tear or cut off) of which *raft* is the perfect. *Cf. Faerie Queene*, i. 1. 24, "He raft her hatefull head without remorse".

335. *Branch down sweeping from a tall ash top*:—Keats, like Chaucer, occasionally forms the first foot of this line with only one syllable. *Cf.* *e.g. Prologue to Canterbury Tales*, "Al bismotred with his habergeoun" (77). "For to delen with no swich poraille" (247).

347. *After the Argonauts, in blind amaze*:—The story is not told in Lemprière nor have I been able to trace it to any of the usual sources of Keat's classical knowledge. Apollonius Rhodius relates it in *Argonautica*, ii. 670, thus rendered by Fawkes (Chalmers, *English Poets*, xx. [illegible]) —

So toiled the Greeks: nor yet the morning light
Had passed the doubtful confines of the night,
To Thynia's neighbouring isle their course they bore
And safely landed on the desert's shore,
When bright Apollo showed his radiant face
From Lycia hastening to the Scythian race.
His golden locks that flowed with grace [illegible]
Hung clustering like the branches of the [illegible].
In his left hand, his bow unbent he bore,
His quiver pendent at his back he wore,
The conscious island trembled as he [illegible]
And the big rolling waves [illegible]

Keats may have obtained the story [illegible] of Green (1780), but this seems improbable, [illegible] lonius elsewhere, and had he read the [illegible] drawn upon it further. But as Mr F[illegible] in the *Argonautica* was a favourite [illegible] Apollo so finely described by Apo[illegible] beautiful limbs suddenly shone [illegible] 56, ed. Buxton Forman). *It* [illegible] hypothesis, that Shelley had [illegible] and it is rendered somewhat [illegible] Rhodius represents Apollo [illegible] whilst Shelley suggests and [illegible]

a far finer picture. It is worth noticing that these stories suggested by the games of the holiday makers are all of them episodes in the life of Apollo.

394. *Whose eyelids curtain'd up their jewels dim*:—*Cf. The Tempest*, i. 2. 408, "The fringed curtains of thine eye advance". *Cf. Pericles*, iii. 2. 99-101:—

Her eyelids, cases to those heavenly jewels
Which Pericles hath lost,
Begin to part their fringes of bright gold.

These two passages seem here to have combined in Keats's mind. He makes use of the first of them again, though with less success, in ii. 561-4:—

I saw this youth as he despairing stood:
Those same dark curls blown vagrant in the wind;
Those same full fringed lids a constant blind
Over his sullen eyes.

The use of the metaphor by Keats is of peculiar interest as the lines in *The Tempest* on which it is founded were severely censured by Pope and Arbuthnot in *The Art of Sinking in Poetry*, and praised with the subtlest discrimination in Coleridge's *Lectures on Shakespeare* (*Lecture* ix., 1811-12).

405, 406. *old tale Arabian*:—"The allusion is to the Eldest Lady's story in *The Porter and the Three Ladies of Bagdad*" (HBF). The lady tells of her visit to a city wherein the king and the queen and all the inhabitants except the prince have been turned into black stones for their preference of fire worship to the faith of Mahomet. The prince alone, who had been taught the true religion by his nurse, was found, untouched by the enchantment, engaged in prayer, fasting, and reading the Koran. Keats, like his contemporaries Wordsworth, Coleridge, Shelley, and Scott, took great pleasure in the marvels of the *Arabian Nights*, and they have left slight traces of their influence upon his poetry. Hence he drew the name Caf (*Hyp*. ii. 53), and it was probably the *Arabian Nights* that suggested the simile in the *Fall of Hyp*. (i. 48, and note), and the use of the word *magian* (*Endymion*, iii. 265, *Staffa*, etc). His love of oriental names, which he introduces occasionally with singular effect, may have been fed from the same source.*

408. *Peona, his sweet sister*:—The name Peona has been explained by Mr. W. T. Arnold as taken from Lemprière's mention of Pæon, one of the sons of Endymion, and by Mr. Colvin as a combination of this with a recollection of Spenser's Pæana (*Faerie Queene*, iv. 9). It seems more likely that the recollection of Spenser's name was associated in Keats's mind with the Pæon of Ovid, *Met*. xv., whose healing powers are closely paralleled by the watchful care with which Peona attends her sick brother. This side of Peona's character is still further developed in the first draft of the poem, in lines which stood at 440 (*q.v.* notes); and Endymion definitely recognises it; for at the close of the poem, when he announces his intention of retiring to a hermit's cell, he makes her his deputy in the words:—

Through me the shepherd realm shall prosper well;
For to thy tongue will I all health confide.—iv. 863, 864.

Cf. also introductory note to bk. iv.

It is worth noticing that Ovid mentions Pæon in reference to the sickness of Hippolytus, another votary of Cynthia, and that the names of Pæon and Cynthia are coupled together as the sanative influences over his life:—

Had not *Apollo's* son imploid the aid
Of his great art; I with the dead had staid.
But when by potent hearbs and *Paeon's* skill
I was restor'd, against stern *Pluto's* will:
Lest I, if seene, might envie have procur'd;
Me, friendly Cynthia in a cloud immur'd.
. . . .
One of the lesser gods, here in this grove,
I Cynthia serve, preserved by her love.

It is worth noting also that the "wise Pæon" is mentioned by Spenser as the son of Apollo and "the lilly-handed Liagore" who healed Marinell of the grievous wounds inflicted on him by Britomart (*Faerie Queene*, iii. 4. 41).

411. The just omission in the printed text of a passage of thirteen lines which marred the draft by their vulgarity of phrase is responsible for the loss of a rhyme to this line.*

440-42. In place of these lines stood originally the following passage, which has a special interest in its possible relation with Keats's source for the name Peona (*vide* note to 408):—

When last the Harvesters rich armfuls took,
She tied a little bucket to a Crook,
Ran some swift paces to a dark wells side,
And in a sighing-time return'd, supplied
With spar cold water; in which she did squeeze
A snowy napkin, and upon her knees
[illegible] her poor Brother's face.
. . .

She brought him ruby wine; then let him smell,
Time after time, a precious amulet,
Which seldom took she from its cabinet.
Thus was he quieted to slumbrous rest.

*469. Followed in MS. by the three lines:—

From woodbine hedges such a morning feel
As do those brighter drops, that twinkling steal
Through those pressed lashes, from the blossom'd plant. . . .

—HBF

For other passages altered by Keats to get rid of the Huntian use of "feel" *cf. In a drear-nighted December* and note, and *Hyperion*, i 189, note

494, 495. For these lines the MS. originally reads:—

More forest-wild, more subtle-cadenced
Than can be told by mortal: even wed
The fainting tenors of a thousand shells
To a million whisperings of Lilly bells;
And mingle too the Nightingale's complain
Caught in its hundredth echo; 'twould be vain. . . .

495. *Dryope*, the wife of Andremon, bore a child to Apollo. On the bank of a lake sacred to the Nymphs she broke off the branch of a tree-flowering lotus, that her little son might amuse himself with it. The maiden Lotis had already been turned into the lotus plant, and Dryope was punished with the same transformation. The story is told by Ovid, *Met.* ix., with an emphasis upon the relations of Dryope and her child which may have suggested the picture to Keats. The allusion is not likely, in spite of the opinion of most critics, to be to the other Dryope, mother of Pan and wife of Hermes, for in Chapman's *Homeric Hymn to Pan*, whence Keats drew his knowledge of her, she is distinctly represented, in a grotesque passage, as terrified at the ugliness of her child.

512-14. Keats is here, perhaps, thinking of the beautiful passage in Spenser, *Faerie Queene*, vii. 6. 42, *ff*, where the poet describes Diana bathing in the Molanna, and observed by Faunus.*

515. At no time did Keats's critical judgment stand him in better stead than when it led him to reject the following passage which originally stood here:—

And I do pray thee by thy utmost aim
To tell me all. No little fault or blame
Canst thou lay on me for a teasing Girl;
Ever as an unfathomable pearl
Has been thy secrecy to me: but now
I needs must hunger after it, and vow
To be its jealous Guardian for aye.*

531. *Out-facing Lucifer*:—Mr. Forman quotes as a parallel to this passage Ovid, *Met.* ii. 114, 115. Sandys renders it thus:—

Cleare *Lucifer* the flying stars doth chase,
And after all the rest resigns his place,

adding the significant comment "*Lucifer* is here saide to fore-runne *Aurora*, or the morning: and last of all to resign his place, in that the last starre which shineth. This is the beautiful planet of *Venus*; which when it riseth before the Sunne, is the Morning starre, and setting after it, the Evening."

*550. *tighten* : lighten *first edition*. Keats often forgot to cross his t's. This passage, like the glorious description of the rising sun in lines 530-32, owes something to Sandys's rendering of Ovid, *Met.* ii., where the poet is describing the adventures of Phaeton with the horses of the sun. The *snorting four* are thus described:—

Meane while the Sunne's swift Horses, hot *Pyröus*
Light *Æthon*, fiery *Phlegon*, bright *Eöus*,
Neighing aloud, inflame the Ayre with heat;
And, with their thundering hooves, the barriers beat.

"The track of his wheeles," comments Sandys, "is the Ecliptick line, and the beasts he encounters, the figures in the Zodiac." Hence, perhaps, the reference in line 553; *cf.* also *Endymion*, iii. 363-65.

562. *Young Mercury . . . had dipt his rod in it, i.e.*, the Caduceus, of which Keats had read in the *Faerie Queene*, where Spenser, describing the Palmer's staff, writes:—

Of that same wood it fram'd was cunningly,
Of which *Caduceus* whilome was made,
Caduceus, the rod of *Mercury*,
With which he wonts the *Stygian* realmes invade
Through ghastly horrour and eternall shade:
Th' infernal feends with it he can asswage,
And *Orcus* tame, whom nothing can perswade,
And rule the *Furyes*, when they most do rage:
Such vertue in his Staffe had eke this Palmer sage.
—ii. 12. 41.

Cf. also *Faerie Queene*, iv. 3. 42, and *Troilus and Cressida*, ii. 3. 14.

*646. *along the dangerous sky*: in safe deliriousness MS.*

666. *upon that alp*. *Cf.* note to Sonnet XVII. (poems of 1817).

749. *that . . . dreams And fitful whims of sleep are made of*. An obvious reminiscence of *The Tempest*, iv. 1. 156:—

we are such stuff
As dreams are made on, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep.

Keats had just been reading the play (*vide Letter to Reynolds*, 17th April, 1817).

*770. *Mr. Forman notes that the phrase nothing base is applied by* Tennyson "to the coinage of his predecessor Wordsworth"; it had already been used by Leigh Hunt in the *Story of Rimini*, ii. 26.—

She he loved could have done *nothing base*.

776-81. The original reading of this passage ran.—

To fret at myriads of earthly wrecks.
Wherein lies happiness? In that which becks
Our ready minds to blending pleasurable:
And that delight is the most treasurable
That makes the richest Alchymy. Behold
The clear Religion of Heaven! Fold
A Rose leaf, etc.

This, says Mr. Forman, was altered to:—

. To fret at sight of this world's losses. For behold
Wherein lies happiness Peona. Fold
A rose leaf, etc.

Finally the text as we have it was sent to the publisher in the following letter:—

"MY DEAR TAYLOR,

"These lines as they now stand about 'happiness' have rung in my ears like a chime a mending. See here,

'Behold
Wherein lies happiness, Peona? fold, etc.'

"It appears to me the very contrary of blessed. I hope this will appear to you more eligible. (*Then follows the reading of the text.*)

"You must indulge me by putting this in, for setting aside the badness of the other, such a preface is necessary to the subject. The whole thing must, I think, have appeared to you, who are a consecutive man, as a thing almost of mere words, but I assure you that when I wrote it, it was the regular stepping stone of the Imagination towards a truth. My having written that argument will perhaps be of the greatest service to me of anything I ever did. It set before me the gradations of happiness, even like a pleasure thermometer, and it is my first attempt towards the chief attempt in the drama. The playing of different natures with joy and sorrow. Do me this favour, and believe me,

"Your sincere friend,
"J. KEATS."

The whole passage therefore must be regarded as of the utmost importance in the interpretation of the poem, whilst particular attention must be paid to the lines finally added; for they contain a truth which Keats thought essential to the development of his idea, which he had, evidently, not fully grasped when he conceived the poem, but which only grew upon him as he proceeded with it and came afterwards to revise it. The gradations of happiness thus appear to be, (1) the sensuous delight in nature and romance; (2) the pleasures of friendship and human sympathy; (3) love, which feeds upon itself and is of its essence self-sacrificing. This stage is all-sufficient for most men. (4) communion with the ideal—in itself higher than them all, yet only to be gained by one who has passed through them all. The pursuit of this ideal is the subject of the whole poem, and its development corresponds with the plan here laid down. It gives the key beforehand to the adventures of Endymion under the sea, and explains the perplexities of his relations with Phœbe. Keats is perfectly right in speaking of these lines as a "preface necessary to the whole". Without them lines 775, 776, are unsupported by what follows, and the whole of the fourth book extremely difficult to comprehend. His conception is thus a somewhat crudely expressed, but intensely interesting, foretaste of the sketch of the progress of the poet's soul presented in the *Fall of Hyperion* (*vide* Introduction to that poem).

786. *Æolian* : Eolian 1818.

790. *where* : were 1818.

796. The rhymelessness of this line is unaccounted for in the draft.

802. *Cf.* the phrase (l. 769) high-fronted honour—a common Elizabethanism.

*831. *How tiptoe Night holds back her dark-grey hood.* This beautiful line owes, perhaps, a suggestion to both Shakespeare and Milton. In *Romeo and Juliet*, iii. 5. 10:—

jocund day
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops.

In *Comus*, 188:—

the gray-hooded Even
Like a sad Votarist in Palmer's weed
Rose like the hindmost wheels of *Phœbus* wain.

835-42. This passage may have been in Shelley's mind when, in 1819, he wrote his well known lyric *Love's Philosophy.*

862. *Latona*:—The mother of Apollo and Cynthia, to whom she gave birth in Delos; hence the allusion in 966.

*944. *Proserpine*:—One of Keats's favourite classical stories. *Cf.* note on *Lamia*, i. 63.

947. *Echo*:—A legend already treated by Keats in *I stood tip-toe*, 165-80, *q.v.* note.

975. *And come instead demurest meditation,*
To occupy me wholly, and to fashion
My pilgrimage for the world's dusky brink:—

It is impossible not to detect in these lines the spirit of Milton's *Il Penseroso*, with its conception of Melancholy, described by Milton as *demure*, which, in contrast with the more thoughtless pleasures of his earlier life, is to be the guide of his closing years

BOOK II

1-43. This passage has been much attacked by some critics (*e.g.* Courthope, *Liberal Movement in English Literature*, 181) as illustrative of the weakness of Keats's general temper and attitude to life; but it is essentially suitable to its context, as an introduction to the book which presents Endymion's search for love, and it naturally follows upon the comparison of love and heroism at the close of the preceding book. The same charge, moreover, might equally well be made against Shakespeare for writing the plays to which Keats refers, especially, *e.g.* *Troilus and Cressida* and *Romeo and Juliet*, wherein the wars of Troy and the quarrels of Montagues and Capulets are, as Keats suggests, totally subordinated to the love stories. Keats doubtless knew the *Troilus and Cresseyde* of Chaucer, to which Woodhouse thinks that he alludes here, but it is probable that Shakespeare's play is more definitely in his mind; partly because of the other references to Shakespeare at the beginning of the book (*cf.* 27, *Romeo and Juliet*, 31, *Much Ado about Nothing* and *Cymbeline*), and because we know Keats to have been engrossed in Shakespeare study at the time, partly also because

there are actual traces in this book of words and phrases probably suggested by *Troilus and Cressida*. The word *close*, as Woodhouse notes, means *embrace;* it is so used by Shakespeare in this very play (iii. 2. 51), "an 'twere dark you'ld close sooner" (for the noun *cf. Twelfth Night*, v. 1. 161, "the close of lips"). So the form *pight* (60) is in *Troilus and Cressida*, v. 10. 24, whilst in 92 the application of *mealy* to the wings of a butterfly, "afraid to smutch even with mealy gold the water clear," used again, in 996, with less appropriateness, of the wings of a bee, recalls *Troilus and Cressida*, iii. 3. 78, 79:—

Men like butterflies
Show not their mealy wings but to the summer.

Pastorella is the heroine of book vi. of the *Faerie Queene*, always a favourite with Keats. Her capture by bandits is described in *Cantos* x. and xi.

*143. The loss of rhyme here is due to a change in the text from the first draft. The passage originally ran:—

Whoso encamps
His soul to take a city of delight
O what a wretch is he: 'tis in his sight.

149. *pebble bead MS.* (*fide* HBF): pebble head 1818. The reading adopted is undoubtedly correct.

197. The story of the flood from which *Deucalion* and *Pyrrha* alone escaped is told by Ovid, *Met.* i. Keats again alludes to it in *Lamia*, i. 333 (*q.v.* note).

Orion was the son of Neptune, and a great hunter. Coming to Chios, he wooed the daughter of Oionopion, Merope; and Oionopion, having drugged him, blinded him in his sleep and cast him out on the sea shore. An oracle foretold that he would regain his sight if he journeyed to the East and exposed his eyes to the rays of the rising sun. So Apollodorus, i. 4. 3; according to earlier legends (Homer, *Od.* v. 121) Orion married Aurora and was in consequence killed by Diana. So Spenser, *Faerie Queene*, vii. 7. 39. It is interesting to know that we owe this magnificent line to an afterthought, the original reading *Or blind Orion waiting for the dawn*, being tame in comparison, and, moreover, entailing a false rhyme. Hazlitt, who, we are told by Haydon, could never be persuaded to acknowledge Keats's genius, was much impressed by this line, for he makes it the motto of his Essay *On a landscape of Nicolas Poussin* (*Table Talk*, 232, ed. Bohn; first published, 1821). He thus opens his essay: "Orion, the subject of the landscape, was the classical Nimrod; and is called by Homer 'a hunter of Shadows himself a shade'. He was the son of Neptune: and having lost an eye in some affray of the gods and men, was told that if he would go to meet the rising sun, he would recover his sight. He is represented as setting out on his journey, with men on his shoulders to guide him, a bow in his hand, and Diana in the clouds greeting him. He stalks along, a giant upon earth, and reels and falters in his gait, as if just awakened out of sleep,

or uncertain of his way—you see his blindness, though his back is turned. Mists rise around him, and veil the sides of the green forests; earth is dark and fresh with dews, the 'gray dawn and the Pleiades before him dance' and in the distance are seen the blue hills and sullen ocean. Nothing was ever more finely conceived or done . . . one feeling of vastness, of strangeness, of primeval forms pervades the painter's canvas, we are thrown back upon the first integrity of things. This great and learned man . . . alone has a right to be considered as the painter of classical antiquity." Does it not seem likely that Keats had this picture in his mind when he wrote the line, even indeed that he had heard Hazlitt praise it? Letters written in April and May, 1817, suggest that Keats had already enjoyed something of Hazlitt's society in the previous winter, and he might again be seeing him in London at the very time he was writing this book. Both were frequent visitors at Haydon's studio. We know that any remark of Hazlitt's would sink deep into Keats's mind, for Hazlitt's "depth of taste" was to him "one of the three things to rejoice at in this age" (*Letter to Haydon*, 10th Jan., 1818). This hypothesis receives some support from the presence of Diana in Poussin's picture, thus connecting it with the heroine of Keats's poem, whilst the power of a great painting to kindle his imagination is amply illustrated by the influence upon him of Titian's *Bacchus and Ariadne* (*cf. Sleep and Poetry*, 335; *Endymion*, iv. 196) and Claude's *Enchanted Castle* (*cf. Epistle to Reynolds*, 26; *Ode to the Nightingale*, vii. 9).

230. *vast antre*:—A reminiscence of *Othello*, i. 3. 140, "of antres vast and deserts idle". This great speech wherein Othello tells how he won Desdemona's love must have especially impressed Keats. In an *Acrostic* (10) he again borrows from it, referring to the Anthropophagi mentioned by Othello in line 144 of the same scene.

277. *the fog-born elf, Whose flitting lantern*, etc.:—The will o' the wisp who "misleads night-wanderers laughing at their harm" (*A Midsummer-Night's Dream*, ii. 1. 39) described by Milton (*Paradise Lost*, ix. 634-42) as

a wandring Fire
Compact of unctuous vapor, which the Night
Condenses, and the cold invirons round,
Kindl'd through agitation to a Flame,
Which oft, they say, some evil Spirit attends,
Hovering and blazing with delusive Light,
Misleads th' amaz'd Night-wanderer from his way
To Boggs and Mires, and oft through Pond or Poole,
There swallow'd up and lost, from succour farr

The first draft of *Endymion* reads *bog* for *swamp*, and was thus slightly nearer to Milton.*

282. *raught* HBF, following MS.; caught 1818.

318. *boughs among* HBF, following MS.; among the zephyr boughs 1818.

360. *Arion* the poet, on his voyage from Italy to Greece, was robbed

and cast overboard by the sailors; but the Dolphins, who had gathered round the ship to hear his song, bore him safely back to Tænarus. *Cf.* Spenser, *Faerie Queene*, iv. 11. 23:—

Then was there heard a most celestiall sound,
Of dainty musicke, which did next ensew
Before the spouse: that was *Arion* crownd;
Who playing on his harpe, unto him drew
The eares and hearts of all that goodly crew,
That euen yet the Dolphin, which him bore
Through the *Ægaean* seas from Pirates vew,
Stood still by him astonisht at his lore,
And all the raging seas for joy forgot to rore.
So went he playing on the watery plaine.

363. The rhyme to *lyre* is lost by the rejection of the following passage in the draft:—

To seas Ionian and Tyrian. Dire
Was the love lorn despair to which it wrought
Endymion—for dire is the bare thought
That among lovers things of tenderest worth
Are swallow'd all, and made a blank—a dearth
By one devouring flame: and far far worse
Blessing to them become a heavy curse
Half happy till comparisons of bliss
To misery lead them. 'Twas even so with this. . . .

387. *After a thousand mazes overgone*:—A classical construction which we should hardly expect to find in Keats at this period. It is probably due to the influence of Milton, which was by no means confined, as is often represented, to *Hyperion*. *Cf. Comus*, 48, "after the Tuscan mariners transformed". For other Miltonisms, *cf. End.* iv. 365, note; iii. 133, etc.

400. "Woodhouse notes that '*tenting swerve*' meant in the form of the top of a tent" (HBF); *cf.* Glossary.*

This picture of Venus and Adonis was probably suggested partly by Shakespeare's *Venus and Adonis*, and partly by Spenser's Gardens of Adonis (*Faerie Queene*, iii. 6. 46-49; *cf.* also iii. 1. 35-40). Keats's version is closer to Spenser in that in both writers Cupid is represented as being present. The story is also related at length in Ovid, *Met.* x., a book which Keats had certainly been reading quite lately, as the picture of Cybele (640 *q.v.*) is taken from the tale of Atalanta which Ovid represents Venus as relating to Adonis.

443. *Ariadne*:—*Cf. Sleep and Poetry*, 336 (note). It is worth noticing that the wine, fruit and cream with which Cupid presents Endymion are all associated with a well-known love story. The legend of the love of Vertumnus for Pomona is told in Ovid, *Met.* xiv. Amalthea the daughter of Molossos King of Crete fed Jupiter with goat's milk. As a reward she was made a constellation; and one of the horns of the goat, presented to

her in commemoration, became the horn of plenty with the magic power *of pouring forth fruits and flowers at will.* The horn of Amalthea is mentioned by Milton (*Paradise Regained*, ii. 356) in his account of the banquet provided by Satan for Christ, and it is significant that in Milton as in Keats it is followed by a reference to the Hesperides:—

> Nymphs of *Diana's* train, and *Naiades*
> With fruits and flowers from *Amalthea's* horn,
> And Ladies of th' *Hesperides.*

475, 476. *drew Immortal tear-drops down,* etc:—So in *Il Penseroso* Orpheus "drew iron tears down Pluto's cheek".

532, 533. *mute . . . coy excuse:*—So Milton to his Muse in *Lycidas* "hence with denial vain and *coy excuse*".

This whole passage (526-533) in its earliest form (given by HBF) affords a striking example of the weak side of Keats's poetic genius at this time:—

> Queen Venus bending downward, so o'ertaken,
> So suffering sweet, so blushing mad, so shaken
> That the wild warmth prob'd the young sleeper's heart
> *Enchantingly; and with a sudden start*
> His trembling arms were out in instant time
> To catch his fainting love.—O foolish rhyme
> What mighty power is in thee that so often
> Thou strivest rugged syllables to soften
> Even to the telling of a sweet like this.
> Away! let them embrace alone! that kiss
> Was far too rich for thee to talk upon.
> Poor wretch! mind not those sobs and sighs! begone!
> Speak not one atom of thy paltry stuff,
> That they are met is poetry enough.

535. *love's* 1818; Love's HBF, MS.

541. *dyes* 1818; dies HBF, MS.

563. *These fringed lids a constant blind:*—*Cf.* i. 394, note.

585. *Ætnean*: Etnean 1818.

639. *Forth from a rugged arch . . . Came mother Cybele:*—This wonderful picture of Cybele has been supposed to have drawn its inspiration from an engraving in Spence's *Polymetis*, but it was certainly suggested by Sandys's translation of Ovid, *Met.* x. wherein Hippomenes and Atalanta came to the "fane" of the "Mother of the gods" "obscured by *dark* and secret shade" "a *gloomy* grot much like unto a cave" (The description of the place under the earth reached by Endymion is compared in line 625 to "dusk places in times far aloof Cathedrals call'd"). They pollute the shrine and are changed into lions whom

> Cybel checks
> With curbing bits, and yokes their stubborn necks.

A study of the draft and cancelled readings shows still closer debts to

this passage. In 639 for "*rugged*" arch we read "*gloomy*," and for "*dusk*" "*dark*," and in 646-7:—

nervy *tails*
cowering their *tufted* brushes to the *dust* (original draft).

Cf. Their *tufted tails* whisk up the *dust* (Sandys).

The full reading of the earlier drafts was as follows. The first draft ran:—

About her majesty, and her pale brow
With turrets crown'd, which forward heavily bow
Weighing her chin to the breast. Four lions draw
The wheels in sluggish time—each toothed maw
Shut patiently—eyes hid in tawny veils—
Drooping about their paws, and nervy tails
Cowering their tufted brushes to the dust.

This was revised thus:—

About her majesty, and front death-pale
With turrets crown'd. Four tawny lions hale
The sluggish wheels; solemn their closed maws
Their surly eyes half shut, their heavy paws
Uplifted lazily, and nervy tails
Vailing their tawny tufts.

Cf. also Spenser, *Faerie Queene*, iv. 11. 28.

685. *So sad, so melancholy, so bereft*:—*Cf.* the sonnet *On a Dream* (p. 285):—

So play'd, so charm'd, so conquer'd, so bereft.

This parallel was noted by Rossetti.

688. *dancing before the morning gates of heaven*:—A reference to the Hours or Seasons who kept the gate of clouds at the entrance of Olympus, and with the Graces attended upon Venus. *Cf.* Milton, *Paradise Lost*, iv. 266-68:—

Universal *Pan*
Knit with the *Graces* and the *Hours* in dance
Led on th' Eternal Spring.

In Chapman's *Homeric Hymn to Apollo*, well known to Keats, they are represented as dancing before the sun god:—

But here the fair haired *Graces*, the wise *Hours*
Harmonia, *Hebe*, and sweet *Venus'* powers
Danced, and each other's palm to palm did cling.

And in the description of the palace of Sol with which Ovid opens bk. ii. of the *Met.* we read (in Sandys),

Sol clothed in purple sits upon a throne
Which clearly with translucent Emralds shone:
With equall-raigning *Houres* on either hand,
The Days, the Months, the Yeares, the Ages stand.
The fragrant Spring with flowry chaplet crown'd
Wheateares, the brows of naked Summer bound:

Rich Autumne smear'd with crusht Lyæus blood;
Next hoary headed Winter quivering stood.

This last passage was obviously in Keats's mind when he wrote the lines about the Hours in bk. iv. 420 25, *q.v.*

690. *old Atlas' children*:—*i.e.* the Pleiades, daughters of Atlas by Pleione, one of the Oceanides. They, too, dance before the morning sun. *Cf.* Milton, *Paradise Lost*, vii. 373:—

the gray
Dawn, and the *Pleiades* before him danc'd
Shedding sweet influence.

691. *One of shell-winding Triton's bright hair'd daughters?*:—A clear reminiscence of Milton, *Comus*, 865—"scaly Triton's winding shell". It is noticeable, however, that Keats alters the meaning of the epithet *winding* and applies it not to the shell as Milton in *Comus*, but to Triton himself, perhaps with a recollection of *Lycidas*, 28, where the gray-fly *winds her sultry horn.* Triton was the son of Neptune and Amphitrite, whose duty was to stir or calm the waves by blasts upon his shell. In the passage about the *Hours* both in Ovid (*Met.* ii.) and Milton (*Paradise Lost*, iv.) Triton is also mentioned; hence perhaps his presence here.

715. *doting* II, HBF; doating 1818.

793. *vailed* MS., HBF; veiled 1818, etc.

823, 824. *Is grief contain'd In the very deeps of pleasure*:—An anticipation of the idea upon which Keats wrote his great *Ode on Melancholy*:—

Ay, in the very temple of Delight
Veil'd Melancholy has her sovran shrine.

The reading in the draft, which gives "shrine" for "deeps," draws the passages still closer together.

830. *Long ago 'twas told*, etc.:—On Keats's instinctive feeling for the natural origin of all the great classical stories *cf. I stood tip-toe*, 123, and note.

841. *ears Whose tips are glowing hot*.—Mr. Forman compares with *Lycidas*, 76, 77:—

But not the praise,
Phœbus repli'd, and touch'd my trembling ears.

Keats, therefore, probably means by his line "those who are eager to gain poetic fame". But even so the passage is obscure.

842. *centinel stars*:—The spelling of "centinel" suggests an Elizabethan source, but the phrase is really Campbell's. *Cf. Soldier's Dream* (publ. 1804), "And the sentinel stars set their watch in the sky".

866. *Æolian* : Eolian 1818.

875. *Alecto*, daughter of Nox, and the most terrible of all the Furies It was "*Alecto* with swolne snakes and Stygian fire" that raised fierce passion in Myrrha's breast (Ovid, *Met.* x., Sandys); and later she asks herself:—

Nor fearst the Furies with their hissing haire
Who on the faces of the guilty stare
With dreadful torches?

Keats may have remembered that it is Alecto whom Juno sends (Vergil, *Aen.* vii. 324) to stir up war between the Trojans and Latins.

876. *Hermes' pipe*:—Hermes was sent by Zeus to carry off Io who had been changed by Hera into a cow, and was guarded by the hundred-eyed Argos. He succeeded in lulling Argos to sleep by the music of his flute, and after cutting off his head returned with Io. Mr. Forman suggests that the vivid impression made upon Keats by this story was due to the reading of Cary's Dante (*Purgatory*, canto xxxii.), for on the fly leaf of his copy he wrote the sonnet *As Hermes once*, etc. (*q.v.* p. 285). But it is doubtful whether Keats, when he wrote bk. ii. of *Endymion*, had read much Dante. His interest in Dante was chiefly stimulated by Bailey and seems to have begun a little later. Anyhow the story was known to him elsewhere, both, as Mr. Forman points out, in Ovid, *Met.* i., where it is treated in detail, and in Milton's description of the cherubim:—

four faces each
Had, like a double *Janus*, all thir shape
Spangl'd with eyes more numerous then those
Of *Argus*, and more wakeful then to drouze,
Charm'd with *Arcadian* Pipe, the Pastoral Reed
Of *Hermes*, or his opiate Rod.

—*Paradise Lost*, xi. 128-33.

936. *Arethusa*, a nymph in attendance on Diana, was loved by Alpheus a river god in whose stream she was bathing; she fled his pursuit and calling upon Diana for help was changed into a stream. The story is told at length in Ovid, *Met.* v., whence Keats borrowed it. Its introduction into *Endymion* was doubtless in a measure suggested by the part played by Diana—its significance in the allegory of the poem has already been pointed out (*vide* Introduction, p. xl). It is by his sympathy with the lovers that he enters into the third stage of his pilgrimage—beneath the sea, and advances nearer to the consummation of his own quest.

960. In the 1818 edition inverted commas stand at the end of this line and beginning of 961, and after "criminal" and before "Alas" in 963.

994. *more unseen Than Saturn in his exile*:—A first suggestion of the picture with which Hyperion opens.

BOOK III

The exordium to this book is eminently characteristic of Keats both at his worst and at his best. Beginning in an attack upon the Tory government (with a thought, doubtless, of the critics who supported it), written in a confused jumble of inappropriate metaphors that read with ludicrous effect, it develops into his most marvellous interpretation of the beauty of the moon, described with delicate observation and the subtlest musical cadence.

*7. *Fire-branded foxes*:—*Cf. Book of Judges*, xv. 4, 5. Keats rarely draws

upon the Bible for suggestions of phrase or idea, but of [illegible] [illegible] attributed to the influence of Wordsworth, who in the *White Doe of Rylstone* alludes to the "*fervent din*" of the music in the abbey.

71. *And Tellus feels his forehead's cumbrous load*:—i.e. the forehead of *Oceanus*, but it was not so understood by the printer, who gave *her* in the first edition; and though the mistake was corrected in the errata at the end of the volume Mr. W. T. Arnold notes this as one of the examples of Keats's ignorance and compares with line 918, where also he misjudges Keats. He imagines that the *his* is meant to refer to *Tellus*; but this argues a misconception of the picture, which is of huge moonlit billows thundering in upon the shore that seems to tremble at their weight—a magnificent conclusion to Keats's presentation of the varied splendours of the moon.

78. *Vesper*; "amorous glow-worm of the sky" (*Ode to Psyche*, 27):—A name given to Venus as the evening star.

80. *How chang'd, how full of ache, how gone in woe!*:—The phrasing of this line may have been caught from a line which Keats had read in Sandys's commentary on Ovid, *Met.* iv.:—

How pale they look, how wither'd, how forlorn.

97. A series of classical reminiscences particularly dear to the Elizabethans. *Cf. e.g.* Marlowe's *Hero and Leander*; for Orpheus, Milton *L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso*, and for Pluto *The Winter's Tale*, iv. 4. 116-18, and Milton, *Paradise Lost*, iv. 269-72 (Keats's favourite passage):—

Proserpin gathring flours
Her self a fairer Floure by gloomie *Dis*
Was gatherd, which cost *Ceres* all that pain
To seek her through the world.

120-36. Mr. Sidney Colvin (EML, p. 103) notices that "the description of the sunk treasures cumbering the ocean floor challenges comparison, not all unequally, with the famous similar passage in Shakespeare's *Richard III.*". *Cf. Richard III.*, i. 4. 21-33.

133. *Ancient Nox . . . behemoth . . . leviathan*:—Milton is suggested by the application of the epithet *ancient* to Night (*cf. Paradise Lost*, ii 970, 986) and by his allusions to *behemoth* (*Paradise Lost*, vii. 471) and *leviathan* (*Paradise Lost*, vii. 412). It was principally due to the influence of Bailey that Keats first came to appreciate the genius of *Paradise Lost*, so that it is especially interesting to notice in this third book, written at Oxford in Bailey's company, several Miltonic phrases and expressions which we might not, perhaps, expect to find in his work at so early a date. *Cf.* the Miltonic use of the indefinite adjective in 593 and 867 to express limitless space. It should, however, be noted that the word *vast* in this sense is to be found not in Milton but in Shakespeare (*Pericles*, iii. 1. 1). *Cf.* also notes to iii. 202, 615; iv. 365, etc.

142. Mr. Robert Bridges compares this passage with Wordsworth's account of the influence of nature upon his childhood. A parallel even more forcible is to be found in the account which Coleridge gives (*Nightingale*, 98-105) of the effect of the moon upon his own child:—

I deem it wise
To make him Nature's playmate. He knows well
The evening star: and once when he awoke
In most distressful mood (some inward pain
Had made up that strange thing, an infant's dream)
I hurried with him to our orchardplot,
And he beholds the moon, and hushed at once
Suspends his sobs, and laughs most silently
While his fair eyes that swam with undropt tears
Did glitter in the yellow moonbeam.

180. *orby:*—The form of the word throws an interesting light on Keats's love of -y adjectives; for in the draft he wrote *orbed*. The form *orby* is Chapman's.

192. *An old man sitting calm and peacefully:*—The episode of Glaucus and Scylla, introduced by Keats in order to develop still further his conception that only after active sympathy with the fate of others could Endymion realise his aspirations, was probably suggested to him by his reading of Ovid, *Met.* xiii., xxiv. Keats treats the story, however, with absolute freedom. In Ovid Glaucus, enamoured of Scylla, applies to Circe for aid; Circe proffers her own love instead, is spurned by Glaucus, and in revenge turns Scylla into a monster with a hundred barking mouths. Keats, desiring to read more meaning into his version, makes Glaucus submit to the charms of Circe, forgetting for the time his allegiance to Scylla. By chance he discovers Circe among the beasts who were once, like himself, her lovers, and realises his true condition. Then Circe, enraged, sends Scylla into a deathlike trance and casts a spell of palsied age upon Glaucus. Thus Keats makes the punishment of Glaucus the result of his temporary infidelity, perhaps following out the idea suggested in the introductory poem in Sandys which contrasts with a baser passion the powerful love of Nature that leads to Fame and Glory, adding

But who forsake that faire Intelligence
To follow Passion and Voluptuous sence
Such, charm'd by *Circe's* luxurie and ease,
Themselves deforme.

Glaucus is punished by the apparent death of Scylla and the paralysis in himself of all power of advance, and is only saved by the sympathetic strength of Endymion who is in pursuit of the ideal. Thus whilst Endymion is given an opportunity of rising out of his own fatal self-absorption to help another, the fate of Glaucus throws additional light upon the problem which is before Keats's mind all through the poem—the relation of love in its different forms to higher ambitions of the soul. In Ovid Glaucus

eats a herb which, he has noticed, gives life to the fishes he has caught, and thereby he becomes a god. In Keats he thirsts for a larger life and like Endymion pursues with love a maid above him; whilst his temporary infidelity to Scylla affords a contrast with the supposed infidelity of Endymion to Cynthia presented in bk. iv.

202. This line, not in 1818 edition, was first restored to the text from the MS. by Mr. Forman. It is found in the margin of Hunt's copy.

244. *giant . . . That writhes about the roots of Sicily*:—"It is not clear whether the reference is to Briareus or Enceladus, since both were supposed to have been imprisoned under Mount Etna" (HBF). Keats is probably thinking of Enceladus, whom he generally identifies with Typhon, though he makes two persons of them in *Hyperion* (*q.v.*), transferring however the powers of Typhon to Enceladus. "Typhon from earth's gloomy entrails raised" is mentioned in a passage from Sandys's *Ovid* of which Keats made clear use in *Hyperion*, ii. 70-72. He may also have remembered translating from Vergil, *Aeneid*, iii. 577-82, the lines:—

> Fama est Enceladi semiustum fulmine corpus
> Urgeri mole hac, ingentemque insuper Aetnam
> Impositam ruptis flammam expirare caminis,
> Et fessum quotiens mutet latus, intremere omnem
> Murmure Trinacriam et caelum subtexere fumo.

It is noticeable also that Ovid in the very passage upon which Keats is drawing in this book, mentions Glaucus in his search for Circe as passing

> High Aetna on the jaws of Typhon cast.

This reference makes the allusion certain. Briareus, on the other hand, is a mere name to Keats.

282. *Look'd high defiance*:—Another phrase with a Miltonic ring, *cf. Paradise Lost*, iv. 873, "in his look defiance lours".

301, 302. *hadst thou never loved an unknown power*, etc.:—It is by reason of the high aspirations which guide Endymion's life that he is able to save Glaucus.

364. *Æthon*:—*Cf.* note to *Endymion*, i. 550.

406 *From where large Hercules wound up his story*:—This awkward and ambiguous line is probably an example of the way in which Keats sometimes allowed his rhyme to lead his sense. To one who knew *Lycidas* as well as Keats "promontory" naturally suggested "story" (*cf. Lycidas*, 94, 95) The death of Hercules is told in Ovid, *Met.* ix. and his labours alluded to. His last labour was to sustain heaven on his shoulders, on which Sandys comments, "The fable goes how Atlas, who sate on a mighty mountain and supported Heaven on his back, desired Hercules, having heard of his surprising strength to ease him for a while in bearing his burden; who readily undertook it. Hercules," he adds, "had travelled to the uttermost bounds of the earth to increase his knowledge by conferring with Atlas." Hence the point of the allusion here.

411. *Circe* was the daughter of Helios by Perse the Oceanid—Sandys calls her *Phœbean Circe.* It was at Æaea, the island where she lived, that Odysseus visited her (*Odyssey*, bk. x.) and Keats in his description of the transformation of her late lovers into beasts is rather drawing upon Homer's description of her treatment of the followers of Odysseus than upon Ovid, who confines his story to her dealings with Glaucus and Scylla. Keats would also remember the description of Circe in *Comus*.

461. *Amphion* was the son of Zeus and Antiope and husband of Niobe (*cf.* i. 337). Hermes presented him with a lyre, upon which he played so beautifully that the stones moved of their own accord and without human intervention built up the walls of Thebes. It is evident from this passage, and still more from line 1002, that Keats, working from memory, is confusing him with another mythical musician, *Arion* (*cf.* ii. 360). *Amphion* had no connection with the sea.

530. *Python* was the huge serpent that inhabited Parnassus and was killed by Apollo (Ovid, *Met.* i.). *Boreas,* the North, and the most uproarious, wind. *Cf. e.g.* 'the ruffian Boreas' of *Troilus and Cressida,* i. 3. 38, and the Masque in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Maid's Tragedy,* i. 1, where Cynthia asks that all the winds should be loosed :—

only *Boreas*
Too foul for our intention, as he was,
Still keep him fast chained.

545. *ruddy drops* :—*Cf. Julius Cæsar,* ii. 1. 289. "The *ruddy drops* that visit my sad heart."

565. *Into the dungeon core of that wild wood* :—It is interesting to notice that Milton uses the word *dungeon* to suggest the gloom of the impenetrable wood where his enchanter Comus lurks. *In this close dungeon of innumerous bowes. Comus,* 349.

615. *such hellish spite With dry cheek who can tell ?*—The strange transposition in the order of words as well as the cadence of the sentence forcibly recalls Milton, *Paradise Lost,* xi. 494, 495 :—

Sight so deform what heart of Rock could long
Drie-ey'd behold ?

It is not at all in keeping with Keats's natural manner at this period. *Cf.* note, line 133.

*625. *like a common weed*
The sea-swell took her hair :—

These beautiful lines recall *Sleep and Poetry,* 376-80 :—

as when ocean
Heaves calmly its broad swelling smoothness o'er
Its rocky marge, and balances once more
The patient weeds ; that now unshent by foam
Feel all about their undulating home.

653. *Æolus* : Eolus 1818 ; so in line 951.

811. *Through* HBF ; though 1818.

835. The vivid use of the word *shoulder'd* recalls Clarke's account of Keats's admiration on first reading Spenser—"What an image that is—'sea-shouldering whales'!" The line in Spenser "Spring-headed *Hydraes*, and sea-shouldering whales" is to be found in *Faerie Queene*, ii. 12. 23.

853. *Paphian army*, *i.e.*, army of lovers. The isle of Paphos was sacred to Venus.

859. *veil their eyes Like callow eagles at the first sunrise*:—"This simile must surely be a reminiscence of Perrin's *Fables Amusantes* or some similar book used in Mr. Clarke's school. I remember the Fable of the old eagle and her young stood first in the book I used at school" (HBF). But surely an Elizabethan source would be at once more likely and more inspiring; *cf.* Beaumont and Fletcher, *The Humourous Lieutenant*, i. 1:—

The Royal Eagle
When she hath try'd her young ones 'gainst the sun
And found them right; next teacheth them to prey. . . .

And *cf.* Spenser, *Faerie Queene*, i. 10 47:—

Yet wondrous quick and persant was his spright
As eagles eye, that can behold the sunne.

865. *Beauty's paragon.* Spenser, *Faerie Queene*, vii. 7. 50:—

So Venus eeke, that goodly paragone.

So Drummond, *Poems*, *Part* ii., *Madrigal*, iii., calls his lady "beauty's fairest paragon". The draft of this and the previous line reads:—

At his right hand stood winged Love, elate
And on his left Love's fairest mother sate.

899. *Nais* the mother of Glaucus, according to some authorities beloved by Neptune.

918. *Visit thou my Cythera*: etc.:—Mr. Forman by restoring the draft reading supplied by Woodhouse has freed Keats from the stigma cast upon him by the text of previous printed editions, *Visit my Cytherea*, which suggested to Mr. Arnold and others that Keats was not aware that Cythera was the name of the island and Cytherea the epithet of Venus as its queen. Fortunately we are not also obliged to incorporate with it the vulgar line which closes the couplet in the draft:—

Visit thou my Cithera: thou wilt find
Cupid a treasure, my Adonis kind.

927, 928. *pleach'd*:—Mr. W. T. Arnold first noticed that Keats had probably borrowed this word from Shakespeare, *Much Ado about Nothing*, i.i. 1. 7. The matter is made doubly certain by the fact that a few lines later Shakespeare also uses the word "coverture" introduced by Keats into his next line.

*973. *Æolian*: Eolian 1818. So in line 1000, the 1818 edition reads Egean for Ægean.

979. *when thou hast smil'd*:—So of the moon in iii. 144, "I oft have dried my tears when thou hast smil'd"

994-1004. *Oceanus.* The mention of Oceanus here, though his kingdom had already passed away from him, may have been suggested by the somewhat parallel scene of the marriage of the Thames and the Medway in Spenser, *Faerie Queene*, iv. 11. 18:—

Next came the aged *Ocean*, and his Dame
Old *Tethys*, th' oldest two of all the rest;
For all the rest of those two parents came,
Which afterwards both sea and land possest:
Of all which *Nereus*, th' eldest, and the best,
Did first proceed, then which none more upright,
Ne more sincere in word and deed profest;
Most voide of guile, most free from fowle despight,
Doing him selfe, and teaching others to doe right.

Nereus is the "Ægean seer" of line 1000, as Spenser tells us in his next stanza "expert in prophesies," the reference to Nereus following, in Keats as in Spenser, upon a reference to Oceanus. It is noticeable also that a few stanzas later Spenser brings Arion on to the scene and tells his history—in Keats by error of memory or slip of pen *Amphion* (but *cf.* note to l. 461). "The gray-eyed Doris" Spenser alludes to in stanza 48 as one of the Nereides, *i.e.* the daughter and not the wife of Nereus, but Ovid, *Met.* ii. *init.*, a passage we know that Keats studied in Sandys very carefully (*vide Hyperion*, ii. 21, note) gives us:—

Grey *Doris* and her daughters heavenly faire,
Some sit on Rocks, and dry their sea-greene haire.

And on Doris Sandys gives a marginal note. "Wife of Nereus and mother to the sea nymphs". *Thetis* Spenser does not mention in this passage, but the whole feast is presided over as in Keats by Neptune who is accompanied by his queen Amphitrite (iv. 11. 11) in a passage which offers several points of comparison with the lines of Keats:—

First came great *Neptune* with his three forkt mace
That rules the Seas, and makes them rise or fall; (*cf.* 945-50).
His dewy lockes did drop with brine apace (*cf.* 890-2).
Under his Diademe imperiall:
And by his side his Queene with coronall
Fair *Amphitrite*, most divinely faire, (*cf.* 1003).
Whose yvorie shoulders weren covered all,
As with a robe, with her owne silver haire,
And deckt with pearles, which th' Indian seas for her prepaire (*cf.* 1003).
These marched farre afore the other crew:
And all the way before them as they went,
Triton his trompet shrill before them blew (*cf.* 888).
For goodly triumph and great jollyment
That made the rocks to roare, as they were rent. (*cf.* 888).

Into this scene Glaucus also is introduced, though playing a subordin-

ate part, whilst Venus, introduced by Keats for purposes of his own story, has no *raison d'être* in Spenser's scene, and is therefore absent.

This similarity is extraordinarily interesting as showing Keats's deep knowledge of Spenser, especially where he deals with classical themes. It is not in the least to be supposed that he definitely copied the passage—the mistake as to Amphion would hardly have occurred in that case—but it had sunk into his mind, so that, when desirous of representing a similar scene himself, he drew upon it unconsciously. A comparison between the two passages as independent treatments of a similar theme would have interesting results. Spenser's picture is of a far more sustained beauty and is nowhere marred by the faults of taste from which the work of Keats at this period is never free for any long space. At the same time Keats rises in places to a higher plane of emotion, and where Spenser is content with presenting a picture of serene beauty, Keats is more dramatic, and realises more fully the human significance in which the legends took their rise.

1015. After this line the MS. originally read:—

They gave him nectar—shed bright drops, and strove
Long time in vain. At last they interwove
Their cradling arms, and carefully conveyed
His body towards a quiet bowery shade.

BOOK IV

This book is so important to Keats's conception of the relation which the pursuit of ideal beauty and truth bears to actual life, that it will, perhaps, be well to give some analysis of its development with indications as to the probable significance of the allegory.

At the end of Book III. Endymion is rewarded for his sympathy with Glaucus and Scylla by a renewed vision of Cynthia and a promise of eternal happiness. He is roused from his prayers of thanksgiving by the voice of an Indian maiden lamenting her lost lover (iv. 40). She typifies intense human love, which is keenest when brought into being in sorrow, and Endymion is all the more susceptible to it by reason of his awakened human sympathy, so that he cannot choose but love her, and strive to console her in her grief (124; *cf. Sleep and Poetry*, 124, 125, where "the agonies of human hearts" is represented as an essential to the poet's development, and the *Fall of Hyperion*, i. 147-49). Yet in loving her he feels that he is disloyal to Cynthia, and his heart is "cut in twain" between his love for the actual and the ideal (85-97). The maiden urges upon him that his impulse to human love is the just law of his being, that all nature incites to it (1[illegible]), but she fails to ease his heart of its perplexity, and only after she has sung to him the *Ode to Sorrow*, laying stress again on sorrow as the surest bond of human love, does she win him to surrender. Even then, as he submits to her call, he hears a warning note, *Woe to Endymion!* sound through the

forest (321). Then two heavenly steeds appear and bear the lovers through the air (347). A comparison with *Sleep and Poetry* (125-54) suggests that these steeds are meant to typify the rekindling of the poet's imagination—now called upon to act on a mind which has become exquisitely sensitive to deep human passion. A vision follows naturally upon this state of mind. The steeds bear them through the realm of sleep (370), and, as they pass, Morpheus dreams of Endymion's coming apotheosis (375-89), whilst Endymion himself has a vision of like import (406-33). Then, while his dream of happiness still retains its reality to him and Cynthia still seems to be bending over him, he is conscious of the presence of his human lover by his side (440), and he is again lost in perplexity; though as the imagination loses vitality the ideal seems to slip from him and the actual once more asserts her supremacy (470). He rekindles his imagination to a more conscious effort (481, "he roused the steeds"), and as he beholds the beauty of the moon and once more the ideal regains its hold upon him, his human love begins to fade; he cannot take her with him; her steed drops to earth, and he is left alone (512). And now for the time he seems to have lost both. His imagination which has separated him from his human love is not vital enough to compensate for her loss—without her lacks its necessary inspiration; whereas without the presence of the ideal in his heart, even his earthly love proves herself a shadow. There follows a state of spiritual exhaustion (525-51) in which he has neither strength to feel the loss nor hope to surmount it, nor alertness of mind to realise the joy that awaits him in the future (559-61). From this state he reaches earth and once more finds his human love. Overcome with the intensity of his passion he persuades himself that he has found the root of his mistake. He should not have attempted to reconcile a deep sympathy with the realities of life with impossible aspirations—rather should he avoid both and live in an exquisite enjoyment of the present (the peculiar temptation of the poet, *cf. Sleep and Poetry*, 100-21, and Introduction to *Fall of Hyperion*, p. 515) recognising the nobility of his aspirations, but postponing them to another world (668). He tries to satisfy his imagination by drawing a picture of such an existence (670-720). But his fancies are "vain and crude" (722). And the maiden only gives voice to his own inner feeling when she tells him that she may not be his upon these terms. Endymion is destined for higher things (763).

Once more he is in bitter perplexity. But now at last he realises that he is at home, in Caria—*i.e.* he becomes conscious of the existence around him of that large world of reality which he had deserted in his pursuit of the ideal. Peona comes forward to meet him (800). She typifies the perfection of the practical as opposed to the imaginative mind, one of those who, contented with fulfilling their sphere in the world of action:—

> seek no wonder but the human face,
> No music but a happy-noted voice (*Fall of Hyperion*, i. 163, 164).

Peona calls upon him to fulfil his place in the world, and, seeing the maiden in his company, rejoices that he is also to share the pleasures of intense human love (811-2). But Endymion has at last realised wherein his mistake has lain. His passion for the maiden, like his quest for the ideal, has been too self-absorbed, he has allowed it to narrow his outlook, and only when he has renounced this passion in a wider love of humanity can he truly attain his goal. And so he will renounce his Indian maid, giving her to the care of his sister, and devote his life to that study which shall at once foster his imagination and minister to the real needs of the world (860-64). The pleasures which his sister has held out to him are real enough for those who have no thirstings after the imaginative life (851, 852; *cf.* the contrast developed in the *Fall of Hyperion* (i. 161-81) between the man of action and the dreamer), but such a life is impossible for him (853-57). His renunciation costs him such anguish that for the time life seems impossible to him and a state of apathy follows, in which he longs for death (960); but the necessary purification of his soul has been effected. He is spiritualised (992), and thus at last the different impulses of his nature are reconciled and he is at peace.

The whole book should be compared with *Sleep and Poetry* and with the *Fall of Hyperion*. *Cf.* also *Endymion*, i. 769, etc., and notes. The view here presented of the development of the poet's mind in its search for ideal beauty and truth is fully borne out by many passages in the *Letters*.

1-29. *This invocation to the Muse of English poetry*, who sits "rapt in deep prophetic solitude" till the poets of the East, of Greece, Rome and Italy have sung their songs, should be compared with Keats's other utterances upon English poetry and his own genius, especially with the famous passage in *Sleep and Poetry* (163-312). Here, as in *Sleep and Poetry*, there is a deep recognition of the greatness of the past, mingled with a feeling of despondency at the present, the same ambition for himself blended with that humility which naturally accompanies his abiding reverence for "the eternal Being, the Principle of Beauty and the Memory of great Men". Particularly interesting is the tribute to Dante (15), to whom Keats had just been introduced, in the version of Cary, by his friend Bailey. The idea of tracing the genius of poetry through Greece, Rome and Italy to England may have been suggested to Keats by Gray's *Progress of Poesy*.*

*66. *Hermes' wand*:—The magic Caduceus, "opiate rod" of Milton, *Paradise Lost*, xi. 133; *cf. Endymion*, i. 562, note, ii. 876; and *Lamia*, i. 133.

68. *Hyacinthus*:—*Cf.* i. 322, and note.

*97. *for them in twain* MS. reading, restored by HBF; *in twain for them* 1818, etc.

111. *Thou art my executioner*:—A reminiscence of the words of Phoebe to her lover Silvius in *As You Like It*, iii. 5. 8, "I would not be thy executioner".

136-45. In place of these lines the draft reads:—
"Canst thou do so? Is there no balm, no cure
Could not a beckoning Hebe soon allure
Thee into Paradise? What sorrowing
So weighs thee down what utmost woe could bring
This madness—Sit thee down by me, and ease
Thine heart in whispers—haply by degrees
I may find out some soothing medicine."—
"Dear Lady," said Endymion, "I pine,
I die—the tender accents thou hast spoken
Have finish'd all—my heart is lost and broken.
That I may pass in patience still speak:
Let me have music dying, and I seek
No more delight—I bid adieu to all.
Didst thou not after other climates call
And murmur about Indian streams—now, now—
I listen, it may save me—O my vow—
Let me have music dying!" The ladye
Sitting beneath the midmost forest tree
With tears of pity sang this roundelay—

*167, 168. *A lover would not tread*
A cowslip on the head:—

A reminiscence of Sabrina's song (*Comus*, 898-900):—

Thus I set my printless feet
O're the Cowslips Velvet head,
That bends not as I tread.

185. *Brimming the water-lily cups with tears*:—An echo of *Lycidas*, 150, "And Daffadillies fill their cups with tears". The music and cadence of Milton's earlier poems were evidently running in Keats's head at the time that he wrote this Ode. *Cf.* the sound of 266, "*And all his priesthood moans*," with *Lycidas*, 48, "*And all their echoes mourn*," and "*To the silver cymbals' ring*," with *Ode on the Nativity*, 208, "*In vain with cymbals ring*". In his use of the short line of three beats Keats is driven back of necessity upon his old master (*cf. I stood tip-toe*, 48, note), and his alternation of short lines with decasyllabics gains much of the metrical charm of Milton's *Ode on the Nativity*. That this poem was in his mind seems additionally probable not only from his use of the epithet *Osirian*, but from the obvious parallelism in idea between lines 257-67 and stanzas xix.-xxv. of Milton's Ode, which tell how all the heathen deities vail their might before the infant Christ. For other Miltonisms in this book *cf.* 365, note.

193. This marvellous picture of *Bacchus and his crew* "is in fact the Bacchus and Ariadne of Titian in the National Gallery, translated into verse" (Houghton). Keats had already made use of it in *Sleep and Poetry* (335) where he vividly describes the picture. The conquest of the East by Bacchus, which gives suitability to his introduction into the roundelay

sung by the Indian maid, is suggested by Keats in a passage glowing with all the colour of the East. Lemprière asserts that Bacchus is the Osiris of the Egyptians and that he was drawn by lions and tigers, but even here it is probable that where Keats is not drawing entirely on his imagination, he is developing suggestions which are to be found in Ovid, *Met* iii. and iv., the passage which was also (with *Carmen* lxiv. of Catullus) the inspiration of Titian's picture. The more important lines are thus rendered by Sandys:—

The dames and Maids from usual labour rest
That wrapt in skins, their hair-laces unbound
And dangling Tresses with wild Ivy crown'd
They leavy speares assume. . . .

. . . .

The Matrons and new-married wives obey:
Their webs their unspun wool aside they lay.

In the lines which follow Bacchus is thus addressed:—

Thy conquests through the *Orient* are renown'd
Where tawny India is by Ganges bound
. . . Thou hold'st in awe
The spotted lynxes, which thy chariot draw
Light *Bacchides*, and skipping *Satyrs* follow,
Whilst old *Silenus*, reeling still doth hollow:
Who weakly hangs upon his tardy Asse.
What place so'ere thou entrest, sounding brasse,
Loud Sacbuts, Tymbrels, the confused cryes
Of Youths and Women, pierce the marble skyes.

* Titian's *Bacchus and Ariadne* is also finely described by Lamb, *Essays of Elia—Barrenness of the imaginative faculty in the productions of modern art*

221. Followed originally by the line · "We follow Bacchus from a far country" (written 'countree' in margin of Hunt's copy).

250. *Nor care for wind and tide*:—A line recalling the mysterious motion of the phantom ship in the *Ancient Mariner* "withouten wind withouten tide". Another slight coincidence occurs in the next stanza where Coleridge tells us that "the western wave was all aflame". Keats uses the same phrase to describe the faces of the Bacchanals (l. 201). In the draft, after line 136, comes a passage, in which Keats uses the word ladye with accent on the last syllable, and Mr. Forman notices that "its use was defended by Coleridge". . . . See the *Ballad of the Dark Ladýe.* This accentuation is retained by Keats in line 886, whilst the line which stood originally after 221 (*vide* previous note) again gives a Coleridgian accentuation (*cf. Ancient Mariner*, 570, "all in my own countree"). Similarly as in the *Ancient Mariner* we read that the sun was "no bigger than the moon," so in lines 497, 498:—

The moon put forth a little diamond peak,
No bigger than an unobserved star.

and the passage is itself more suggestive of Coleridge than the mere parallelism of a commonplace phrase would suggest (*cf. Ancient Mariner*, 209-12). Each of these parallels is trivial in itself, but if taken together they show that Keats had been reading Coleridge, and are significant examples of the manner in which the books that he read gained an irresistible hold over him. And proof is here given external evidence, for among his letters we find the following, dated November, 1817, *i.e.* exactly when he was writing the fourth book of *Endymion* :—

"My dear Dilke, Mrs. Dilke or Mr. W. Dilke, whoever of you shall receive this present, have the kindness to send per bearer "Sibylline Leaves," and your petitioner shall ever pray as in duty bound. Given under my hand this Wednesday morning of November, 1817,

"JOHN KEATS.

"*Vivat Rex et Regina—amen.*"

From the passages quoted above we may conjecture that the volume was sent.*

354. *Muse of my native land, am I inspir'd?* :—An unfortunate line that was seized upon for ridicule, in itself quite just, by a contemporary review.

362-66. The presence of the word *snuff* in *Hyperion* is explained by critics as showing the influence of Milton on that poem (*cf. Paradise Lost* x. 272. "He snuffed the smell of mortal change on earth"). Its presence here goes perhaps to swell the evidence afforded in these notes that Milton's influence upon Keats was far more general than is often supposed. *Cimmerian* (375) is of course a reminiscence of the *Cimmerian desert* of *L'Allegro* (10) whilst the treatment of sleep in lines 370-85 recalls

the drowsie frighted steeds
That draw the litter of close-curtain'd-sleep.
—*Comus*, 553, 554.

Perhaps also 426 "To sway their floating morris" may be a reminiscence of *Comus*, 116, the "wavering Morrice".

392-97. An interesting passage in connection with Keats's treatment of Nature; lines 391-93 may be placed with *I stood tip-toe*, 72-75, as a vivid reminiscence of his own childhood "when he frequently loitered over a rail of a foot bridge that spanned . . . a little brook near Edmonton" (Clarke). The reference to *Skiddaw*, as Mr. Arnold pointed out, is a purely literary reminiscence, and must be regarded as a tribute to Wordsworth, for at that time Keats had not visited the Lakes.

400. Endymion's dream suggests the identity of Diana and the Indian maiden, though he does not realise its significance. In his delineation of the dream Keats introduces the well-known traditional characteristics of the different gods and goddesses: the peacocks of Juno, the shield of Pallas, the thunderbolt of Jove, the goblet of Hebe, goddess of youth, and the bugle, attribute of Diana in her *rôle* of huntress queen. For the

source of the lines on the Seasons, etc., *cf.* ii. 688, note, and also Thomson's *Seasons, Summer*, 120:—

round thy beaming car,
High-seen, the Seasons lead, in sprightly dance
Harmonious knit, the rosy-fingered Hours,
The Zephyrs floating loose, the timely rains,
Of bloom ethereal the light-footed dews
And, softened into joy, the surly storms.

For the reference to *Icarus* in 442, *cf* *Sleep and Poetry*, 303.

429, 430 *its mistress' lips*, etc.:—These two lines, weak as they are, show an unmistakable improvement on those which stood in the MS.:—

Its Mistress' Lips? Not thou? Ah, Ah, Ah, Ah!
'Tis Dian's, here she comes, look out afar.

486. *silverly* MS., HBF; silvery 1818

510. The absence of a rhyme to this line is unaccounted for.

536. *Semele* the mother of Bacchus by Jove. Hence Keats supposes that she must have quaffed delicious draughts before his birth.

548. *led* MS., HBF; let 1818.

548. *This Cave of Quietude*:—"There could not be a truer description of apathy" (Mrs. Owen, *John Keats, a Study*, p 101). The whole description of the den of the soul's quiet seems made out of the real stuff of experience, and stands out with a strange vividness from its vague and somewhat fantastic surroundings.

*567. *Hesperus*, the star of Evening: frequently, therefore, invoked in epithalamia. *Cf.* Ben Jonson's famous *Epithalamion* written for the marriage of Lord Ramsay (1608), every stanza of which ends with the line:—

Shine Hesperus, shine forth, thou wished star!

But there is an additional appropriateness in the introduction of Hesperus here, for, as evening star, he was the natural forerunner of Diana herself. *Cf.* Ben Jonson's well-known *Hymn to Diana*:—

Queen and huntress, chaste and fair,
Now the sun is laid to sleep,
Seated in thy silver chair,
State in wonted manner keep.
Hesperus entreats thy light
Goddess excellently bright.

Zephyrus, "flowery Zephyrus," as Sandys calls him, was "the West wind, the nourisher of life," and thus supposed to be enamoured of Flora, the goddess of flowers and Spring. So in *Paradise Lost*, v. 16, Adam addresses Eve

with voice
Milde, as when *Zephyrus* on *Flora* breathes.

The rest of the song is a pure ebullition of Keats's fancy on the relations of the signs of the Zodiac and the planets. Keats, apparently, was not

himself certain as to whether it had a clear enough bearing either upon the situation he was describing, or upon the character of the different planets; for he sent the passage to Reynolds asking him to vote for it pro or con (*Letter to Reynolds*, 22nd November, 1817). Keats seems to have been interested in the astronomical application of ancient mythology, for he bought later a copy of Hyginus, *Auctores Mythographi Latini* and made some use of it for *Hyperion*. Here he was probably drawing on the commentary to Sandys's *Ovid*, and has no other object than to present the signs of the Zodiac that are propitious to man as triumphing over those which were regarded as hostile. Thus Castor and Pollux (the Gemini) who are under the direction of Apollo are represented as subduing Leo and the Bear, both hostile, and the Centaur, another hostile planet, is also put to flight.

Aquarius, "the winter sign of the zodiac, was the name given to Ganymede as a constellation. He was represented as a boy pouring wine out of a goblet; and because an abundance of raine is poured upon the earth from the clouds when the Sunne is in that signe, he is said to be Jupiter's Cup-bearer" (Sandys). Keats's lines are a development of this idea.

Andromeda, "bound to a rock for the pride of her mother Cassiope who durst contend in beauty with the Nereides: for which a sea-monster was sent by Neptune to infest the country" (Sandys, *Met.* iv. commentary). Perseus, "*Danae's son*," slew the monster and freed Andromeda, who was afterwards turned into a constellation.

569. Followed in the MS. by two lines fortunately omitted in the text:—

He stay behind—he glad of lazy plea?
Not he! not he!

611. Daphne fled the love of Apollo, and was changed into a laurel. Ovid tells the story in *Met.* i. *Cf.* Spenser, *Faerie Queene*, iii. 11. 36.

632. *to* : too 1818.

651. *cloudy phantasms*, etc.:—A reminiscence of *Comus*, 204:—

a thousand *fantasies*
Begin to throng into my memory
Of calling shapes, and beckning shadows dire,
And *airy* tongues, that syllable men's names
On Sands, and *Shoars*, and desert Wildernesses.

Itself, perhaps, indebted to the *Faithful Shepherdess*, i. 1. 112:—

Voices calling me in dead of night
To make me follow.

Mr. Forman refers "for the explanation of this speech" to bk. ii., 199-214, where Endymion hears a voice from the deep cavern saying:—

He ne'er is crown'd
With immortality, who fears to follow
Where airy voices lead: so through the hollow,
The silent mysteries of earth, descend.

693. *tarn*:—The use of this word is another (*vide* 394) suggestion of the influence of Wordsworth at this period. *Tarn* to the modern reader is quite a familiar word, but it was at this time confined to the Lake district, so that Wordsworth in his 1807 poems thought it necessary to explain its meaning in a footnote, "a small Mere or Lake mostly high up in the mountains". Keats shows how he has been impressed by the superb picture of Helvellyn in *Fidelity*:—

> There sometimes does a leaping fish
> Send through the tarn a lonely cheer;

by allowing the word to pass, quite naturally, into his own vocabulary.

701. *I'll kneel to Vesta, for a flame of fire*:—*Cf.* Ovid, *Met* xiv (Sandys) "Chaste *Vesta* with thy ever burning fire". She was the Roman goddess of the hearth.

713. *Delphos*, or as it is more commonly called by Keats, *Delphi*, was the shrine from which the priestess of Apollo gave forth her prophecies. *Cf.* i. 499 and the allusion in ii. 80-82. Milton, however, only used the form *Delphos*, *cf.* the *Ode on the Nativity* (178) with which Keats was familiar (*cf.* note to iv. 185), "steep of *Delphos*," and *Paradise Regained*, i. 458.

739. The rhymelessness of this line is unaccounted for. Mr. Forman's reading "kisses gave," is, he tells us, a pencil insertion in the margin of the MS. The 1st *Ed.* reads "gave and gave".

756. *Ask me no more!*—An anticipation of a famous phrase usually associated with Tennyson. Keats repeats it in a rejected reading of the *Cap and Bells*, lix. 4.

764. *lovelorn, silent, wan*:—A cadence which Keats caught from Chatterton, and uses in one or two places *Cf. Eve of St. Agnes*, ii., "meagre, barefoot, wan," and *Hyperion*, i. 18, note.

774. The subject of Hyperion is already in the poet's mind. For other passages which suggest this *cf.* the treatment of Oceanus (iii. 994-93) and the reference to "Titan's foe" (iv. 943), to "Saturnus' forelock," and "his head shook with eternal palsy" (iv. 956), oaths which could hardly have occurred to Keats in this place if he had not already thought on the subject of his next classical poem.

818, 819. There is in these lines a curious though vague suggestion of Wordsworth. The first of them recalls the contrast in the *Ode on Intimations*, etc., between the gladness of thoughtless childhood and the sobered happiness of experience, and the expression "common day" recalls the lines in the *Prospectus to the Excursion* where we are told of Paradise and the Elysian groves that:—

> the discerning intellect of Man,
> When wedded to this goodly universe
> In love and holy passion, shall find these
> The simple produce of the *common day*.

Both these poems Keats had been studying deeply in September; and in *Endymion*, where he is attempting to present his own conception of the progress of the soul, Wordsworth's solution of the problem must often

himself certain as to whether it had a clear enough bearing either upon the situation he was describing, or upon the character of the different planets; for he sent the passage to Reynolds asking him to vote for it pro or con (*Letter to Reynolds*, 22nd November, 1817). Keats seems to have been interested in the astronomical application of ancient mythology, for he bought later a copy of Hyginus, *Auctores Mythographi Latini* and made some use of it for *Hyperion*. Here he was probably drawing on the commentary to Sandys's *Ovid*, and has no other object than to present the signs of the Zodiac that are propitious to man as triumphing over those which were regarded as hostile. Thus Castor and Pollux (the Gemini) who are under the direction of Apollo are represented as subduing Leo and the Bear, both hostile, and the Centaur, another hostile planet, is also put to flight.

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> When wedded to this goodly universe
> In love and holy passion, shall find these
> The simple produce of the *common day*.

Both these poems Keats [illegible]

[illegible]

have been in his mind. And this passage of Keats grows in significance if it is considered in this relation.

878, 879. *no little bird, Tender soever, but is Jove's own care*:—One of the few passages in which (and here rather unfortunately) Keats is perhaps indebted to the Bible. *Cf. St. Matthew*, x. 29. But it is more probable that Keats is thinking of *Hamlet*, v. 1. 231, "we defy augury: there's a special providence in the fall of a sparrow. If it be now, 'tis not to come: if it be not to come it will be now."

935. *nor much it grieves To die, when summer dies on the cold sward. Cf. Ode to the Nightingale*, 6 and note.

953. *Rhadamanthus*, one of the "three sons of Jupiter; who for their justice were fained to judge the soules in another world" (Sandys, on Ovid, *Met.* ix.).

970. *Wan as primroses gather'd at midnight By chilly finger'd spring*:— A fine example of the manner in which Keats's imagination found its material in a loving observation of Nature. *Cf. Ode to Maia*, and note. The phrase "chilly-fingered spring" was probably suggested by Collins's *How sleep the brave*, 3, "When Spring with dewy fingers cold".

1003. *Cf. I stood tip-toe*, 141, 142. "On the smooth wind to realms of wonderment".

LAMIA, ISABELLA, THE EVE OF ST. AGNES AND OTHER POEMS

Lamia, Isabella, The Eve of St. Agnes and Other Poems, as the volume of 1820 was styled, contains, with the exception of a few sonnets and short lyrics, all the best work of the eighteen months which extended from April, 1818, to September, 1819. Beginning chronologically with *Isabella* and ending with the *Ode to Autumn* it is surely the richest volume ever produced in so short a time, and by a poet not yet twenty-five years of age; and it is upon this book that the claim of Keats "to be among the English poets," ultimately rests. Towards the end of 1819 Keats began to prepare it for the press, for in December he wrote to his sister: "I have been very busy since I saw you, and shall be for some time, in preparing some Poems to come out in the Spring". The publication was somewhat delayed, for in June we find him still occupied with the final revision, and writing to Brown: "My book is coming out with very low hopes, though not spirits, on my part. This shall be my last trial; not succeeding I shall try what I can do in the apothecary line." The volume actually appeared about 10th July, and in the next month he wrote to Brown: "My book has had good success among the literary people and I believe has a moderate sale." A little later he writes again: "The sale of my book is very slow though it has been very highly rated. One of the causes I understand from different quarters, of the unpopularity of this new book, and the others also, is the offence the ladies take at me. On thinking the matter over, I am certain that I have said nothing in a spirit to displease any woman I would care to please; but still there is a

tendency to class women in my books with roses and sweetmeats,—they never see themselves dominant."

[illegible] an excellent criticism of the volume in the *Indicator* [illegible]

of *Endymion*, which he had not criticised before. But the most interesting criticism, perhaps, was that of Lamb in the *New Times* for 19th July (*vide* note on *Isabella*, xlvi.).

On the *Advertisement*, *vide* Introduction to *Hyperion*, p. 487.

LAMIA

Lamia was planned and a small part of it written before Keats left Hampstead for Shanklin, at the end of June, 1819, for the language in which he tells Reynolds on 12th July that he has "proceeded pretty well with *Lamia*, finishing the first part which consists of about 400 lines" proves that his correspondent knew something of the poem already. Then he left the poem for more than a month; for writing to Bailey on 15th August he records no more progress. *Lamia* is still "half finished". However he had concluded his work upon it by 5th September, when he sent a specimen (ii. 122-45) to his publisher, Taylor. Keats himself regarded *Lamia* as the most successful of his compositions: "I am certain," he writes to his brother (18th Sept., 1819,) "there is the sort of fire in it which must take hold of people in some way. Give them either pleasant or unpleasant sensation—what they want is a sensation of some sort." For a criticism of the poem *vide* Introduction, p. xli. It is indeed an admirable example of impassioned narrative only vitiated in certain places by lapses into the bad taste of his earlier poems, by a recurrence of faulty rhymes (*cf* i. 17, 18; 35, 36; 57, 58; 233, 234; 277, 278, etc.), and some unfortunate coining of words. *Lamia* was founded upon a story told in Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholie*, quoted by Keats at the close of the poem (*q.v.*). For its classical embellishments he drew as usual upon Sandys and Spenser. The vocabulary shows signs of his intimacy with Spenser, Milton and the Elizabethans, with a slight tendency to the laxities of *Endymion* and the 1817 volume.

The versification is closely modelled upon the *Fables* of Dryden, from which Keats learnt how to relate his metre with his sentence structure and to use both the triplet and the Alexandrine with striking *success*. The influence of Dryden upon the verse as a rule acts merely as a restraint upon his earlier vices of style, but occasionally, as in the following lines, Keats directly reproduces the epigrammatic and antithetical style of his model:—

> So threw the *goddess* off, and won his heart
> More pleasantly by playing *woman's* part,
> With no more *awe* than what her *beauty* gave,
> That, while it *smote*, still guaranteed to *save*

As would naturally be expected, considering Keats's recent study of Milton, there are several traces throughout the poem of Miltonic style and reminiscence.

The variant readings supplied, by permission of Mr. Forman, from the corrected printer's MS., and from two leaves of the draft of book ii. in the possession of Lord Houghton, are of particular interest as showing Keats's power of criticising his own worst faults of style and taste. It is noticeable also that some of them are made in order to secure a correct quantity to a classical proper noun (*e.g.* ll. 78, 115, 174, 225). It is probable that Woodhouse was the authority to whom Keats referred such matters, for at the beginning of the proof sheets of *Lamia*, corrected by Woodhouse, is a list of all the classical names in the poem with their quantities carefully marked.

1-6. *before the faery broods Drove Nymph and Satyr*, etc. :—Mr. Buxton Forman has called attention to the striking parallel between this passage and Sandys, Ovid, *Met.* i. 192-95 :—

Our Demigods, Nymphs, Sylvans, Satyrs, Faunes
Who haunt clear Springs, high Mountains, Woods and Lawnes,
(On whom since yet we please not to bestow
Celestial dwellings) must subsist below.

He adds that in bk. vi. "we find Latona daughter of Coeus the Titan called Titania, a name suggestive of fairy-land to any English imagination, and sufficient to account for the presence of 'King Oberon' in line 3". But it is not necessary to go to bk. vi. for Titania, for the name occurs in this very book, in which we also find the story of Jupiter's employment of Hermes to slay Argus, which may have suggested lines 10, 11, where Hermes is represented as desirous "to escape the sight of his great summoner". As a matter of fact, however, the association of the fairies of English folklore with characters of classical mythology was common in Elizabethan literature. An interesting illustration of this is to be found in Spenser (*Faerie Queene*, ii. 10. 70, 71), who tells how Prometheus :—

did create
A man, of many parts from beasts deryv'd
And then stole fire from Heaven to animate
His worke . . .
The man so made he called *Elfe*, to wit
Quick, the first author of all *Elfin* kynd,
Who, wandering through the world with wearie feet
Did in the *gardins* of *Adonis* find
A goodly creature, whom he deemed in mynd
To be no earthly wight, but either Spright,
Or Angell, th' Authour of all womankynd ;
Therefore a Fay he her according hight,
Of whom all Faeryes spring, and fetch their lignage right.

This stanza and the following suggested some of the names used by Keats in the *Cap and Bells* (iv. notes), written by him only a few months later.

There is an interesting passage, which also illustrates this point, in Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholie* (pt. i. sect. ii. mem. i. subs ii.) "Terrestrial devils are these *Lares, Genii, Fauns, Satyrs, Woodnymphs, Foliots, Fairies, Robin Goodfellows, Trolli*, etc., which as they are most conversant with men, so they do them most harm. Some think it was they alone that kept the heathen people in awe of old, and had so many idols and temples erected to them. Of this range were Dagon among the Philistines, . . . Isis and Osiris amongst the Egyptians, etc. Some put our Fairies into this rank which have been in former times adored with much superstition. . . . These are they that dance on heaths and greens."

58. *Ariadne's tiar*:—The constellation of seven stars into which Ariadne was translated after her marriage with Bacchus Keats is thinking of the *Titian* which inspired him in the *Ode to Sorrow* (*End.* iv. 196, *q.v.*), wherein the circlet of stars is placed above Ariadne's head as a symbol of her coming transfiguration. *Cf.* also Spenser, *Faerie Queene*, vi. 10. 13:—

> Looke how the crowne which *Ariadne* wore
> Upon her yvory forehead, that same day
> That *Theseus* her unto his bridal bore,
>
> . . . .
>
> Being now placed in the firmament,
> Through the bright heaven does her beames display,
> And is unto the starres an ornament,
> Which round about her move in order excellent.

63. *As Proserpine still weeps for her Sicilian air*:—The story of Proserpine who was beloved by Pluto and carried off to Hell, but upon her mother's entreaty was allowed to return to earth for half the year, was especially dear to Keats. Milton's well-known allusion to

> that faire field
> Of *Enna*, where *Proserpin* gathring flours
> Her self a fairer Floure by gloomie *Dis*
> Was gatherd, which cost *Ceres* all that pain
> To seek her through the world (*Paradise Lost*, iv. 268-72)

was singled out by him on his notes on *Paradise Lost* as one of "two specimens of a very extraordinary beauty in the *Paradise Lost*; they are of a nature as far as I have read unexampled elsewhere". And so in a letter to Bailey (18th July, 1818), he writes: "When I see you the first thing I shall do will be to read you that about Ceres and Proserpine". The cadence of Milton's lines he imitated in *Hyperion*, ii. 54: to the story he alludes in the *Fall of Hyperion*, i 37, 38:—

> Proserpine return'd to her own fields,
> Where the white heifers low.

Cf. also *Endymion*, i. 944.

The story is told at length in Ovid, *Met* v., and Keats would also know it in Spenser, and in the allusion in *The Winter's Tale* (iv. 4. 116).

75. *Deaf to his throbbing throat's long, long melodious moan:—Cf. Hyperion*, iii. 80. Apollo then

> Thus answer'd, while his white melodious throat
> Throbb'd with the syllables.

78. *bright Phœbean dart:* mission'd phœbean dart MS. (quoted HBF), emended by Keats to avoid the false quantity.

81. *star of Lethe:*—Hermes is so called because it was his duty to lead the souls of the dead to Hades (*cf. Odyssey*, xxiv. *init.*). The phrase "star of" is an Elizabethanism (*cf.* Beaumont and Fletcher "star of Rome"). We are not surprised to find that the expression appealed irresistibly to the only contemporary of Keats who could be said to equal him in his passion for Elizabethan literature. Charles Lamb, reviewing *Lamia* in the *New Times*, 19th July, 1820, calls this "one of those prodigal phrases which Mr. Keats abounds in, which are each a poem in a word, and which in this instance lays open to us at once, like a picture, all the dim regions and their inhabitants, and the sudden coming of a celestial among them".

Lines 81, 82, with their inversion *not delay'd* and the phrase *rosy eloquence* suggest a recent study of Milton. So too line 92 the phrase *brilliance feminine* and *cf.* ii. 26, note.

115. *lifted her Circean head:* lifted up her circean head MS. (quoted HBF) amended for the same reason as line 78.

133. *Caducean:*—*Cf. Endymion*, i. 562, note.

139. *self-folding like a flower That faints into itself at evening hour:*—Nowhere perhaps in *Paradise Lost* does Milton show more delicacy in observation of nature, nor more insight into the simple charm of his heroine, than in that line in which Eve tells the time of day by its effect upon the garden which she tended with such loving care:—

Just then returned, *at shut of Evening Flours.*—(*Paradise Lost*, ix. 278.)

Keats, at least, was peculiarly impressed by it, for he reproduces part of Milton's phrase in two places (*Hyperion*, ii. 36, and *Sonnet* xxix. p. 287). Here he develops the picture with an added touch peculiarly characteristic of himself. So line 220, "Now on the moth-time of that evening dim" is a development of the same poetic method noticeable in the original line of Milton. *Cf.* also *Lamia*, ii. 107, "at shut of day".

144. *green-recessed woods:*—*Cf. Hyperion*, iii. 41 where the isolation of Apollo's isle is described:—

> Throughout all the isle
> There was no covert, no retired cave
> Unhaunted by the murmurous noise of waves,
> Though scarcely heard *in many a green recess.*

149. *grass, therewith besprent, Wither'd at dew:*—*Cf. Comus*, 452, "Knot grass dew besprent".

158. *brede:*—*vide* Appendix C, p. 583.

173, 174-76. *She fled into that valley they pass o'er*, etc.:—Here again

the MS. (quoted HBF) shows false quantities and was emended. Originally these lines ran:—

She fled into that valley they must pass
Who go from Corinth out to Cencreas,
The rugged paps of little Perea's rills.

212. *Mulciber*:—The name for Vulcan used by Milton, *Paradise Lost* i. 740. So also Spenser, *Faerie Queene*, iii. 11. 26.

225. *port Cenchreas*, harbour Cenchreas, MS.

244. *syllabling*:—The use of syllable as a verb again recalls *Comus* (208), "and airy tongues, that syllable mens names". The voice which "syllables" the name of Lycius is, like the voices in *Comus*, itself unearthly, and fraught with dire consequences to him that hears it.

248. *Orpheus*:—Perhaps the Miltonic touch in the preceding passage leads Keats unconsciously to this story to which Milton alludes both in *L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso*.

251. *his eyes had drunk her beauty up*:—*Cf.* Burton's *Anatomy of* [illegible] him—*drink to* [illegible] " *cf.* also *Ode* [illegible] '" and notes. [illegible] d in printed text:—

Thou to Elysium gone, here for the vultures I.

333. *Pyrrha's pebbles*:—The story how, after the flood which destroyed mankind, Deucalion and Pyrrha peopled the world by casting stones behind them which became men, is told at length in Ovid, *Met.* i. The juxtaposition of Adam and Pyrrha savours of the commentary of Sandys, who always parallels, where it is possible to do so, the stories of the Bible and of Classical Mythology. It is noticeable, also, that Milton thus represents Adam and Eve repentant:—

. . . thir port
Not of mean suiters, nor important less
Seem'd thir Petition, then when th' ancient Pair
In Fables old, less ancient yet then these,
Deucalion and chaste *Pyrrha* to restore
The Race of Mankind drownd, before the Shrine
Of *Themis* stood devout. —*Paradise Lost*, xi. 8-14.

Cf. also Spenser, *Faerie Queene*, bk. v., Introduction, 2.

377. *dreams*": dreams 1820.

LAMIA II

26. *slope*:—A Miltonic reminiscence. *Cf. Hyperion*, i. 204.

39. *That but a moment's thought is passion's passing bell* —*Cf. Hyperion*, i. 173, note.

45. After this line stood in MS. an additional couplet (quoted HBF) —

Too fond was I believing, fancy fed
In high deliriums, and blossoms never shed!

47. *My silver planet*:—Lycius perhaps recurs to his former conjecture (*cf.* i. 267) that the Lamia is one of the Pleiades.

81. *She burnt, she lov'd the tyranny*:—The MS. reading of the passage which follows, besides showing some alterations of detail, contains the following additional lines:—

Became herself a flame—'twas worth an age
Of minor joys to revel in such rage.
She was persuaded, and she fixt the hour
When he should make a Bride of his fair Paramour.
After the hot[t]est day comes languidest
The colour'd Eve, half-hidden in the west;
So they both look'd, so spake, if breathed sound,
That almost silence is, hath ever found
Compare with nature's quiet. Which lov'd most,
Which had the weakest, strongest, heart so lost,
So ruin'd, wreck'd, destroy'd: for certes they
Scarcely could tell . . . they could not guess
Whether 'twas misery or happiness.
Spells are but made to break.

This was rightly replaced by Keats by the reading in the text; but the first two lines are interesting in the parallel they afford to the idea in the *Ode on Melancholy*:—

Or if thy mistress some rich anger shows,
Emprison her soft hand, and let her rave:

whilst the exquisite lines that follow—"After the hottest day . . . quiet," eminently characteristic of Keats, we can ill afford to lose. "So ruin'd, wreck'd, destroy'd," in its collocation of adjectives, repeats a favourite mannerism of Keats—*cf. Hyperion*, i. 18, note; *Eve of St. Agnes*, ii. 3.

89 *Fit appellation for this dazzling frame*:—An additional variation of this line "Of fit sound for this soft ethereal frame," again suggests Milton.

141, 142. The Houghton fragment gives the following four lines between 141 and 142:—

And so till she was sated—then came down
Soft ligh[t]ing on her head a brilliant crown
Wreathed turban-wise of tender wannish fire
And sprinkled o'er with stars like Ariadne's tiar.

These were probably omitted because the comparison to Ariadne's tiar had already been employed in i. 578.

187. *Ceres' horn*:—*Cf. Fall of Hyperion*, i. 35:—

Still was more plenty than the fabled horn
Thrice emptied could pour forth at banqueting.

237. *Unweave a rainbow*:—Mr. Forman quotes Haydon's *Autobiography* which tells how "Keats and Lamb, at one of their meetings at Haydon's house, agreed that Newton had destroyed all the beauty of the rainbow,

by reducing it to the prismatic colours". Many critics, from Leigh Hunt onwards, have blamed Keats for the introduction of this passage, and treated it as though it expressed his own settled point of view. But his general attitude to science can hardly be inferred from this one place; nor is it fair to compare it, as it has been compared, with the position taken up with regard to science in Wordsworth's *Prefaces*. The lines have here an obvious dramatic value, and Keats's final word with regard to science is no more summed up in them than Wordsworth's is summed up in the Poet's *Epitaph*, when the man of science is described as

a prying fingering slave
One that would peep and botanise
Upon his mother's grave.

Both the Poet's *Epitaph* and these lines of Keats present a point of view, and figure truly the influence which science exercises upon a certain narrow type of mind. If Keats had been writing a defence of poetry, he would not have admitted for a moment that science had power to affect the things of the imagination; he would have been the first to insist, to borrow the words of Leigh Hunt, that "there will be a poetry of the imagination as long as the first causes of things remain a mystery".

Keats's lines have often been compared with Campbell's poem *The Rainbow*, where a similar idea is expressed:—

Triumphal arch that fills the sky
When storms prepare to part
I ask not proud Philosophy
To teach me what thou art

. . . .

When science from Creation's face
Enchantment's veil withdraws
What lovely visions yield their place
To cold material laws!

It should be remembered that *The Rainbow* was only written in 1819, and made its first appearance in the *New Monthly* of December, 1820.*

293. *as heart-struck and lost, He sank supine beside the aching ghost.* The MS. (quoted HBF) reads:—

From Lycius answer'd, as he sunk supine
Upon the couch where Lamia's beauties pine,

and gives the speech of Apollonius (296 *et seq*) thus:—

from every ill
That youth might suffer have I shielded thee
Up to this very hour, and shall I see
Thee married to a Serpent? Pray you Mark,
Corinthians! A Serpent, plain and stark!

298. *prey?"* prey? 1820.

ISABELLA OR THE POT OF BASIL

"This adaptation of Boccaccio," says Lord Houghton, "was intended to form part of a collection of Tales from the great Italian novelist, versified by Mr. Reynolds himself. Two by Mr. Reynolds appeared in the *Garden of Florence* (publ. 1821). *Isabella* was the only one Keats completed." He began the poem in February, 1818, and writes to Reynolds on 27th April that it is finished. The poem is founded on the *Decameron*, Day iv. Novel 5, the heading of which runs: "The three brethren of Isabella slew a gentleman that secretly loved her. His ghost appeared to her in her sleep, and showed her in what place they had buried his body. She, in silent manner, brought away his head, and putting it in a pot of earth, such as flowers, basil and other sweet herbs are usually set in, she watered it a long while with her tears. Whereof her brothers having intelligence, soon after she died with mere conceit of sorrow." Keats follows his source very closely, but he alters the scene of the tragedy from Messina to Florence, and the number of Isabella's brothers from three to two. He adds, also, as the motive of the murder, their desire to wed their sister to a rich noble, and develops, in some places with inartistic insistence, their intense greed for gold. In his treatment of the two main characters and their passion, and in the spirit in which he tells the story he is, of course, completely independent of Boccaccio (*cf.* Introd., p. liv). Reynolds was delighted with the poem, and felt it to be unsuited to publication with his humbler stories. "You ought to be alone," he writes, and again: "I am confident that the *Pot of Basil* hath that simplicity and quiet pathos which are of sure sovereignty over all hearts" (*Letter from Reynolds* quoted by HBF).*

It was probably the Italian source of the story which suggested to Keats the employment for this poem of the *ottava rima*, the favourite metre of the Italian narrative poets. This measure had been a popular one with the Elizabethans, and had been recently reintroduced into English poetry by Hookham Frere (*The Monks and the Giants*) and by Byron (*Beppo* and *Don Juan*) for the mock heroic. Keats employs it with striking success, and for the first time shows complete mastery over his verse, avoiding the danger, common to the use of this stanza in narrative poetry, of giving it too epigrammatic a finish; and never, except perhaps at the close of xlviii., allowing the search for a rhyme to lead him into bathos, but sustaining throughout a delicate and subtly modulated rhythm well suited to the emotion of the story. In command of language, too, he shows a distinct advance. Once or twice, perhaps, does he fall below the high poetic standard which his conception demands, in the ludicrous ending of xvi., and in the common-place and off-hand adieu of Lorenzo, "Good-bye! I'll soon be back," of xxvi. His vocabulary, too, is singularly free alike from the natural faults of his earlier work and the direct influence of the work of his predecessors. For the first time the -y adjectives are kept under due control and the

only licence he allows himself is in the use of nouns as verbs, *anguished* (vii.) (used again in *Hyp.*) and *fear* (found however in Shakespeare), and verbs as nouns, *assail* (xx.) and *pierce* (xxxiv.) neither of them supported by good authority. The word *leafits* (liv.) has been regarded as Keats's invention and the NED. gives no precedent for its use in English poetry. But Coleridge had employed it in *The Nightingale* (*Lyrical Ballads*, 1798), though in later editions of the poem he substituted the commoner word *leaflets*

The variant readings are supplied from the MS of the poem, in Keats's handwriting, now in the British Museum. The poet's alterations from them afford several fine examples of his rapidly developing taste and feeling in all matters connected with his art. Woodhouse evidently follows BM. but his copy is corrected in several places to the version of the text.

I. 6 *each to be the other by:* each to be each other by BM.

VII. 7, 8. *"Lorenzo!"—here she ceas'd*, etc. BM reads:—

"Lorenzo, I would clip my ringlet hair
To make thee laugh again and debonnair."
"Then should I be," said he, "full deified;
  And yet I would not have it, clip it not:
For, lady, I do love it where 'tis tied
  About the neck I dote on, and that spot
That anxious dimple it doth take a pride
  To play about—Aye lady, I have got
Its shadow in my heart and ev'ry sweet
Its mistress owns there summed all complete

and on the opposite page records the following rejected passage:—

Lorenzo in the twilight Morn was wont
To rouse the clamorous Kennel to the Hunt;
And then his cheek inherited the Ray
  Of the outpouring Sun; and ere the Horn
Could call the Hunters to the Chace away
  His voice more softly woke me: Many a Morn
From sweetest Dreams it drew me to a Day
  More sweet; but now Lorenzo holds in scorn
His Health; and all those bygone Joys are Dreams
To me—to him, I mean—so chang'd he seems.

XII. *Theseus' spouse:*—A reference to the story of Ariadne, known to Keats in Ovid, *Met.* viii. (to which he is here alluding) and impressed on his imagination by the famous picture of Titian. *Cf.* notes to *Endymion*, iv. 196, and *Lamia*, i. 58.

XIV. *proud-quiver'd:*—Mr. Forman thinks it necessary to delete the hyphen, understanding the passage as meaning "many loins once proud,

now quivered," but in spite of MS. authority this change from the first edition does not seem desirable. The compound adjective is quite in Keats's manner at this period, and the significance of the whole phrase "once proudly equipped with quivers," *i.e.* who once delighted in hunting, quite intelligible. The *soft-conchèd* of the *Ode to Psyche* is a similar adjective-compound—the *soft* being half independent of the *conched* and applying directly to the noun *ear* which follows.

XV. Mr. Forman points out the debt of this stanza to Dryden's *Annus Mirabilis*:—

For them alone the Heav'ns had kindly heat,
In Eastern Quarries ripening precious Dew;
For them the Idumæan Balm did sweat,
And in hot Ceilon spicy Forrests grew.

XVII. 5. *The hawks of ship-mast forests*:—*i.e.* "ready to pounce on the trading vessels as they came in" (Palgrave, *Golden Treasury Keats*).

After xvii. BM gives the following additional stanza:—

Two young Orlandos far away they seem'd,
  But on a near inspect their vapid Miens—
Very alike,—at once themselves redeem'd
  From all suspicion of Romantic spleens—
No fault of theirs, for their good Mother dream'd
  In the longing time of Units in their teens
Of proudly bas'd addition and of net—
And both their backs were mark'd with tare and tret.

XIX. 1, 7, 8. *O eloquent and famed Boccaccio!* etc. BM reads in place of these lines:—

O eloquent Boccace of green Arno!
For venturing one word unseemly mean,
In such a place, on such a daring theme.

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XXXIII. *Hinnom's vale*:—It was in Hinnom's vale that Ahaz "burnt his children in the fire after the abominations of the heathen" (2 *Chronicles*, xxviii. 3). Thus the crime of the two brothers comes upon them like the smoke which betokened to Ahaz that he had murdered his children.*

XXXVIII. 7, 8. *Go shed one tear*, etc.:—

Go shed a tear upon my hether bloom
And I shall turn a diamond in my tomb.—BM.

Woodhouse follows the same reading, but changing *I* to *it* and *my* to *the*.

XL. 3. *the taste of earthly bliss:* the heaven of a kiss BM.

XLI. Mr. F. S. Storr has communicated to me the following interesting note upon this stanza. "Browning was discussing the relations of Tennyson to Keats and quoted these lines as an instance of Keats's supreme mastery of language, adding 'They have to me an additional pathos because they record a personal experience. It is what Keats, poor fellow, must himself have seen many a night in the early stages of consumption!'" "I cannot vouch," adds Mr. Storr, "for the exact words, as I made no note of them at the time, but I can still hear Browning's delivery of 'and see the spangly gloom froth up and boil'."

XLVI., XLVII. Mr Colvin has justly called attention to these stanzas as containing some of Keats's finest work "The swift despairing gaze of the girl, anticipating with too dire a certainty the realisation of her dream: the simile in the third and fourth lines, emphasising the clearness of that certainty, and at the same time relieving its terror by an image of beauty: the new simile of the lily, again striking the note of beauty, while it intensifies the impression of her rooted fixity of posture and purpose: the sudden solution of that fixity, with the final couplet, into vehement action, as she begins to dig 'more fervently than misers can'; then the first reward of her toil, in the shape of a relic not ghastly, but beautiful both in itself and for the tenderness of which it is a token: her womanly action in kissing it and putting it in her bosom, while all the woman and mother in her is in the same words revealed to us as blighted by the tragedy of her life: then the resumption and continuance of her labours, with gestures once more of vital dramatic truth as well as grace: to imagine and write like this is the privilege of the best poets only, and even the best have not often combined such concentrated force and beauty of conception with such a limpid and a flowing ease of narrative" (EML, p 153) It must be a satisfaction to Mr. Colvin to find that in his selection of this passage for especial praise he has been anticipated by the finest critic of Keats's own time. In the *New Times* for 19th July, 1820, appeared a review of the *Lamia* volume only recently unearthed by Mr. E V. Lucas and attributed by him to Lamb, on evidence which seems to me indisputable. Lamb tells the story of *Isabella* and speaks of it as "the finest thing in the volume". On reaching this point of the narrative he breaks out: "Her arrival at the place digging for the body, is described in the following stanzas, than which there is nothing more awfully simple in diction, more nakedly grand and moving in sentiment, in Dante, in Chaucer, in Spenser" (here follow stanzas xlvi.-liii.). He concludes his criticism with a comparison of *Lamia* and *Isabella*. *Lamia* is "for younger impressibilities. To *us* an ounce of feeling is worth a pound of fancy; and therefore we recur again, with a warmer gratitude, to the story of Isabella and the pot of basil, and those never

30

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cloying stanzas which we have cited, and which we think should disarm criticism, if it be not in its nature cruel; if it would not deny to honey its sweetness, nor to roses redness, nor light to the stars in heaven; if it would not bay the moon out of the skies, rather than acknowledge she is fair" (*Works of Charles and Mary Lamb*, ed. by E. V. Lucas, 1903, vol. i. 200, 470).*

XLVIII. 6. *Three hours they labour'd.* Three hours were they BM.

L. 1. *With duller steel,* etc. BM reads:—

With duller sliver than the Persean sword
They cut away no foul Medusa's head
But one's . . .

And in line 6:—

If ever any piece of Love was dead. . . .

Woodhouse corrects this to

With fond caress, as if it were not dead,

and records, with pencil on the opposite page, another reading:—

The ghastly Features of her lover dead.

Perséan:—i.e. of Perseus, the slayer of the Medusa.

LI. *fringed:* single BM.

LXI. *your "Well-a-way!":* you well away BM.

THE EVE OF ST. AGNES

Keats began the *Eve of St. Agnes* at Chichester towards the end of January, 1819,[1] and finished it on his return to Hampstead in February. Writing to his brother in America on 24th February, he says of his visit to Sussex, "I took down some thin paper and have wrote on it a little poem called *St. Agnes' Eve*, which you shall have as it is when I have finished the blank part of the rest for you". Its composition therefore followed immediately upon the laying aside of *Hyperion*. On 5th September he writes to John Taylor, from Winchester, to say that he is engaged in revising it, and upon the text of no other poem does he seem to have expended greater pains. The rough draft still extant in the Locker-Lampson collection and the Woodhouse transcript of it exhibit a large number of variant readings, whilst the transcript of the poem by George Keats, now in the British Museum, seems to have been made from a different MS. altogether. For a complete account of the readings in the Locker-Lampson MS. reference must be made to Mr. Buxton Forman's edition. The most interesting variants are recorded below.*

[1] Not improbably on the Eve of St. Agnes itself, *i.e.* 20th January; for we know that Keats was back in Hampstead early in February, that he spent about a fortnight at Bedhampton, whence he writes a letter on 24th January, and that he was for a few days, only just before this, at Chichester.

Leigh Hunt, in an article in the *London Journal* for 21st January, 1835 (quoted by HBF) explains the legend on which the poem is based by a reference to Brand's *Popular Antiquities* where Ben Jonson is quoted:—

> And on sweet St. Agnes'[1] night,
> Please you with the promis'd sight—
> Some of husbands, some of lovers,
> Which an empty dream discovers.

But the subject was more probably suggested to Keats by a passage in Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholie* (pt. iii. sect. ii. mem iii. subs. i). "'Tis their only desire if it may be done by Art, to see their husbands picture in a glass, they'll give anything to know when they shall be married, how many husbands they shall have, by *Crommyomantia*, a kind of divination with Onions laid on the Altar on Christmas Eve, or by fasting on *St. Agnes'* Eve or Night, to know who shall be their first husband."*

II. 3. *meagre, barefoot, wan:*—A favourite collocation of epithets producing a cadence which had been suggested to Keats by Chatterton *Cf Excellent Ballad of Charitie,* "withered, forwynd, deade," etc. Keats had [illegible] "lovelorn, silent, wan," and

Keats had been making a study of Cary's *Dante* on his Scotch tour in the previous summer, the passage alluded to (quoted by HBF) being as follows:—

As, to support incumbent floor or roof,
For corbel is a figure sometimes seen,
That crumples up its knees into its breast;
With the feign'd posture, stirring ruth unfeign'd
In the beholder's fancy; so I saw
These fashion'd, when I noted well their guise.
Each as his back was laden, came indeed
Or more or less contracted; and it seem'd
As he, who show'd most patience in his look,
Wailing exclaim'd: "I can endure no more".

III. Followed in *Woodhouse MS.* by the additional stanza:—

But there are ears may hear sweet melodies,
And there are eyes to brighten festivals,
And there are feet for nimble minstrelsies,
And many a lip that for the red wine calls.—
Follow, then follow to the illumined halls,
Follow me youth—and leave the eremite—
Give him a tear—then trophied banneral
And many a brilliant tasseling of light
Shall droop from arched ways this high baronial night.

V. 1. *At length burst in the argent revelry:* At length step in the urgent revelers, *Woodhouse MS.*, which gives 3-6:—

Ah what are they? the idle pulse scarce stirs,
The muse should never make the spirit gay;
Away, bright dulness, laughing fools away—
And let me tell of one sweet lady there. . . .

VI. Between VI. and VII. BM has the following additional stanza:—

'Twas said her future lord would there appear
Offering as sacrifice—all in the dream—
Delicious food even to her lips brought near:
Viands and wine and fruit and sugar'd cream,
To touch her palate with the fine extreme
Of relish: then soft music heard; and then
More pleasures followed in a dizzy stream
Palpable almost: then to wake again
Warm in the Virgin morn, no weeping Magdalen.

*VII. 3. *She scarcely heard* : Touch'd not her heart, *Woodhouse MS.*

4. *saw many a sweeping train Pass by*:—An interesting letter to John Taylor, dated 11th June, 1820, shows that this passage was misunderstood

by the printer. "In reading over the proof of *St. Agnes' Eve* sinc[e] Fleet Street, I was struck with what appears to me an alteration seventh stanza very much for the worse. The passage I mean thus:—

> her maiden eyes incline
> Still on the floor, while many a sweeping train
> Pass by.

'Twas originally written:—

> her maiden eyes divine
> Fix'd on the floor, saw many a sweeping train
> Pass by.

My meaning is quite destroyed by the alteration. I do not use *tra[in]* for *concourse of passers by*, but for *skirts sweeping along the floor*."

high disdain:—A Miltonic phrase. *Cf. Paradise Lost*, i. 98: to be found also, however, in Coleridge's *Christabel*, 416 (*cf.* note to xxiv.-xxvii.).

VIII. 1. *regardless*: uneager BM.

XI. 8. *Mercy, Porphyro!* Mercy, Jesu! BM.

XIII. 9. *St. Agnes' wool* is that shorn from two lambs which (allusive to the Saint's name) were upon that day brought to Mass, and offered whilst the Agnus was chanted. The wool was then spun, dressed and woven by the hands of the nuns (Palgrave).

XIV. 3. *hold water in a witch's sieve*:—The power of rendering a sieve impervious to water was regarded as one of the commonest signs of witchcraft. *Cf. Macbeth*, i. 3. 8:—

> But in a sieve I'll thither sail.

5, 6. *it fills me with amaze*, etc: about these thorns [illegible] Be'lzebub BM.

6. XV. 2, etc. *Porphyro*: Lionel *Woodhouse MS*, and so throughout.

XV. *brook Tears*:—*i.e.* "to check or forbear them" (*EVL* [illegible]) meaning which the word *brook* can never bear. Keats [illegible] words, and somewhat stretched the meaning of others [illegible] member no other example of an actual mistake in [illegible] archaism.*

XVI. 1, 2. *like a full-blown rose* full-blown [illegible] heated BM. more rosy than the rose, Heated [illegible]

8 *Go, go!* O Christ BM

XVII. 1-3. *I will not harm her, etc.*—

> I will not harm her, by the [illegible]
> Swear'th Porphyro,—[illegible]
> When my weak [illegible]

XVIII. 1. *Ah! why wilt thou affright* : How canst thou terrify BM.
3. *Whose passing-bell*:—*Cf. Hyperion*, i. 173 and note; *Lamia*, ii. 39.

*XIX. *Never on such a night*, etc. :—This passage is explained by Mr. Forman by a reference to Dunlop's *History of Fiction*. "The demons, alarmed at the number of victims which daily escaped their fangs since the birth of our Saviour, held a council of war. It was there resolved that one of their number should be sent to the world with instructions to engender on some virgin a child who might act as their vicegerent on earth, and thus counteract the great plan that had been laid for the salvation of mankind." This "monstrous debt" was, as Mr. Forman rightly points out, "his monstrous existence which he owed to a demon and repaid when he died or disappeared through the working of one of his own spells by Viviane". At the same time I cannot agree with Mr. Forman in thinking that Dunlop's *History of Fiction* was the source upon which Keats drew, for the simile was obviously suggested to his mind by the storm which he conceives as bursting out upon the meeting of Porphyro and Madeline, as before on the meeting of Merlin and Viviane, and no mention of the storm is made in Dunlop. But I have not yet been able to trace the reference.

XXI. 8, 9. *Woodhouse MS.* reads:—

There he in panting covert will remain
From Purgatory sweet to view what he may attain.

On the opposite page "all that" is suggested in place of "what".

XXII. 4. *mission'd spirit*: spirit to her BM.
9. *like ring-dove fray'd and fled.* A reminiscence, as Mr. Read has suggested, of Spenser, *Faerie Queene*, v. 12. 5:—

he them chast away
And made to fly like doves, whom th' eagle doth affray.

XXIII. 2. *its little smoke, in pallid moonshine, died*:—A picture of delicate but vivid imagination, recalling to the mind Sir Walter Scott's account of how Wordsworth "told Anne (Scott) a story the object of which, as she understood it, was to show that Crabbe had no imagination. Crabbe, Sir George Beaumont, and Wordsworth were sitting together in Murray's room in Albemarle Street. Sir George, after sealing a letter, blew out the candle which had enabled him to do so, and exchanging a look with Wordsworth, began to admire in silence the undulating thread of smoke which slowly rose from the expiring wick, when Crabbe put on the extinguisher. Anne laughed at the instance, and inquired if the taper was wax, and being answered in the negative, seemed to think that there was no call on Mr. Crabbe to sacrifice his sense of smell to the admiration of beautiful and evanescent forms. In two other men I should have said, 'Why, it is affectations,' with Sir Hugh Evans; but Sir George is the man in the world most void of affectations; and then he is an exquisite

painter, and no doubt saw where the incident would have succeeded in painting." Keats saw here, as often, with the eye of a painter.*

XXIV.-XXVII. "This sumptuous passage occupied the poet's care very considerably. The following opening stands cancelled in the Locker-Lampson MS :—

A Casement tripple arch'd and diamonded
With many coloured glass fronted the Moon
In midst w[h]ereof a shi[e]lded scutcheon shed
High blushing gules; she kneeled saintly down
And inly prayed for grace and heavenly boon;
That blood red gules fell on her silver cross
And her white hands devout."—HBF.

And the rough draft of these stanzas shows many false starts to lines, as well as many words and phrases which the poet did not allow to stand in his final version

XXV. *She knelt*: prayed BM. *so . . . so*: too . . . too *Woodhouse MS.*, BM.

These stanzas (xxiv.-xxvii.) have been selected for especial praise by many famous critics, among them Leigh Hunt, Hazlitt, and Lamb. Particularly interesting is Lamb's criticism. "Such is the description that Mr. Keats has given us, with a delicacy worthy of Christabel, of a high-born damsel, in one of the apartments of a baronial castle, laying herself down devoutly to dream on the charmed Eve of St. Agnes, and like the radiance, which comes from those old windows upon the limbs and garments of the damsel, is the almost Chaucer-like painting, with which this poet illumines every subject he touches. We have scarcely anything like it in modern description. It brings us back to ancient days, and

Beauty making-beautiful old rhymes."

This parallel in the delineation of Madeline and that of Christabel,

splendour, Coleridge by a reticence fully as eloquent.—

Her gentle limbs did she undress
And lay down in her loveliness

In *La Belle Dame sans Merci*, Keats approaches more closely to the manner of Coleridge.[1]

[1] Keats in all probability took a few hints from Christabel in points of detail. The *mastiff bitch* was doubtless responsible for the *wakeful bloodhound* of stanza xl., and Christabel's chamber carved so curiously :—

Carved with figures strange and sweet,
All made out of the carver's brain,
For a lady's chamber meet:
The lamp with twofold silver chain
Is fastened to an angel's feet—

may have given a suggestion for the "carved angels" of stanza iv. as well as for the "chain-droop'd lamp" of xl.

Another interesting parallel is to be found in Browne, *Brit. Past.*, i. 5. 807 *et seq.*, which, says Mr. W. T. Arnold (*Keats*, xliii.), "I do not think that any one can read without being convinced that Keats had them in mind when he wrote the lines on Madeline". The passage runs:--

And as a lovely maiden, pure and chaste,
With naked ivory neck, a gown unlaced,
Within her chamber, when the day is fled,
Makes poor her garments to enrich her bed:
First, puts she off her lily-silken gown,
That shrinks for sorrow as she lays it down;
. . . .
Her breasts all bare, her kirtle slipping down,
. . . .
Prepares for sweetest rest. *

XXIX. 7. *clarinet: Woodhouse MS.*, BM. Clarionet 1820.

9. *The hall door shuts again, and all the noise is gone*:—On reading to Clarke the MS. of the *Eve of St. Agnes* Keats told him that this line "came into my head when I remembered how I used to listen in bed to your music at school".

It seems likely that in his contrast between the "rude wassailers" in the castle and the emotion of his hero Keats is indebted, though unconsciously, to a similar contrast between Hamlet's refined nature and his grosser uncle. *Cf.* especially *Hamlet*, i. 4. 8-12:—

The King doth wake to-night and takes his rouse,
Keeps *wassail*, and the swaggering up-spring reels;
And as he drains his draughts of *Rhenish* down,
The *Kettle-drum* and trumpet thus bray out
The triumph of his pledge.

This is borne out by stanza xxix. where the *bloated wassailers* (*cf.* the phrase "*bloat king*" applied to *Claudius*, iii. 4. 182), are represented as

Drown'd all in Rhenish and the sleepy mead.

The original reading in xxxix. 7, *Drenching mead* again suggests how Keats's mind turned to Shakespeare for his presentation of this side of his story. *Cf. Macbeth*, i. 7. 67:—

When in swinish sleep
Their *drenched* natures lie as in a death;

whilst the *porter, with uneasy sprawl*
With a huge empty flaggon by his side

is no distant relation to the guardian of Macbeth's castle.

XXX. *While he*, etc:—The description of the banquet prepared for Madeline, like that of the banquet in the *Fall of Hyperion* (i. 30, etc.) owes much to the famous description in Milton of the meal prepared by Eve for the Archangel:—

fruit of all kindes, in coate,
Rough, or smooth rin'd, or bearded husk, or shell
She gathers, Tribute large, and on the board
Heaps with unsparing hand: for drink the Grape
She crushes, inoffensive moust, and meathes
From many a berrie, and from sweet kernels prest
She tempers dulcet creams (*Paradise Lost*, v. 341-347)

For the whole stanza Keats drew upon his Elizabethan reading. ✓*Tinct* is a word only found in Spenser (*Shep. Cal*, November); for the use of *soother* he was in a measure indebted, as Mr. Forman has noticed, to Milton's use of the superlative "the *soothest* shepherd" (*Comus*, 823), *though he gives it a different meaning—softer; the argosies are probably* suggested by Marlowe or Shakespeare; whilst *Samarcand* and *Fez* are both perhaps drawn from Milton (*Paradise Lost*, xi. 389, 403).

XXXIII. *La belle dame sans mercy*:—*Cf.* note to Keats's poem of that name.

XXXV. 9. *For if thou diest, my Love, I know not where to go*:—It is interesting to know that this beautiful line, so expressive of the pure simplicity of Madeline's whole character, as Keats has conceived it, was an afterthought. BM reads for lines 8, 9:—

See while she speaks his arms encroaching slow
Have zon'd her, heart to heart—loud, loud the dark winds blow.

XXXVI. 1-7. In place of the text BM reads here:—

For on the midnight came a tempest fell.
More sooth for that his close rejoinder flows
Into her burning ear;—and still the spell
Unbroken guards her in serene repose
With her wild dream he mingled as a rose
Marryeth its odour to a violet.
Still, still she dreams.—louder the frost wind blows.

The phrase *solution sweet* is Miltonic, both in its inversion of the adjective and in its appositional relation with the rest of the sentence.

XXXVIII. 3. *vermeil dyed*:—*Cf.* Milton's *vermeil-tinctured lip* (*Comus*, 752).

XXXIX. 4. *The bloated wassailers . . . Drown'd all in Rhenish*:—*Cf.* note to xxix.

8, 9. *Awake! arise!* etc. Woodhouse reads here:—

Put on warm clothing, sweet, and fearless be
Over the Dartmoor black I have a home for thee.

The alteration in the first of them is a fortunate escape from bathos; the reading in the latter is intensely interesting, as affording us a clue to the

scenery in which the imagination of Keats had localised his story. The reading of the text *Southern* gives just that touch of warmth which throughout the poem is reserved for the lovers, whilst our knowledge that *Dartmoor* was first written suggests inevitably that the home which awaited Madeline "opened on the foam of perilous seas".

XL. 9. *the long carpets rose along the gusty floor*:—Critics from Hunt onwards have commented on the anachronism of the introduction of carpets here. But the poem belongs by right to no definite period of the world's history. Thus Mr. Forman's quotation from Rossetti's *King's Tragedy* showing how the unchronological flaw could be avoided "And the rushes shook on the floor" seems hardly to the point; for Rossetti is writing a strictly historical ballad in which accuracy of local colour may justly be demanded, whilst Keats's poem is entirely imaginative. It is noticeable that though the carpets have been mentioned twice before (in stanzas xxviii. and xxxii.) no critic has objected to them there.

XLI. 3. *the Porter*:—*Cf.* note to xxix.

XLII. 6-9. *were long be-nightmar'd*, etc.:—

Were all benightmared. Angela went off
Twitch'd with the Palsy; and with face deform
The beadsman stiffen'd, twixt a sigh and laugh
Ta'en sudden from his beads by one weak little cough.—BM.

7. *with meagre face deform*:—Mr. Read compares Spenser, *Faerie Queene*, iv. 8. 12.

With heary glib deformed and meiger face.

Ode to the Nightingale:—Written early in May, 1819, when Keats was living with Charles Brown at Wentworth Place, Hampstead, and first published in the following July in the *Annals of the Fine Arts*, a quarterly magazine edited by James Elmes. Of the origin and circumstances of composition of the poem Brown writes: "In the spring of 1819 a nightingale had built her nest near my house. Keats felt a tranquil and continual joy in her song: and one morning he took his chair from the breakfast table to the grass-plot under a plum-tree, where he sat for two or three hours. When he came into the house, I perceived he had some scraps of paper in his hand, and these he was quietly thrusting behind the books. On inquiry, I found those scraps, four or five in number, contained his poetic feeling on the song of our nightingale. The writing was not well legible; and it was difficult to arrange the stanzas on so many scraps. With his assistance I succeeded, and this was his 'Ode to a Nightingale,' a poem which has been the delight of every one." The original draft of the poem has recently come to light and was reproduced in facsimile in the *Monthly Review* for March, 1903, accompanied by a valuable commentary by Mr.

Sidney Colvin, entitled *A Morning's Work in a Hampstead Garden*. Mr. Colvin proves conclusively that the Keats MS. which he reproduces is the original draft, "written while the main and essential work of composition was actually going on in the poet's brain. . . . Hence we may dismiss Haydon's account of the ode having been recited to him by Keats in the Hampstead fields 'before it was committed to paper' as one of the ornamental flourishes characteristic of that writer; whose viridness of statement is seldom found, when we have opportunity to test it, to coexist with strict accuracy."

Brown's account of the genesis of the poem, written twenty years later, is inaccurate in detail. For example, the Ode was not written on four or five scraps, but upon two half sheets of notepaper, and the difficulty of arranging the stanzas in order was not due to piecing these together, but rather because of the odd in and out arrangement of the stanzas on the two sheets. But in spite of such a slip of memory as this there is no reason to doubt the substantial truth of Brown's statement, for he is generally found to be a trustworthy authority, nor to regard as a legend the story that Keats "was quietly thrusting away the scraps behind the books". It receives some support at least from a letter written some six months before wherein he tells Woodhouse, "I feel assured that I should write from the mere yearning and fondness I have for the beautiful, even if my night's labours should be burnt every morning, and no eye ever shine upon them" (22nd October, 1818).

The readings of the draft, as they have not before been given in any edition of Keats, are recorded in full in the following notes. The final text shows remarkably few alterations from it, a signal proof of the readiness with which language of supreme poetic felicity came naturally to the poet, according to his own ideal, "as leaves to a tree". It is, however, interesting to notice that the two most famous lines

Charm'd magic casements, opening on the foam
Of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn,

show two vital corrections—"magic" for the tame "the wide," and "perilous" for the cacophonous and unsuggestive "keelless". On these alterations—"the former made after the whole line had been written down, and the latter instantly after the epithet 'keelless' had been tried and found wanting, depends, remarks Mr. Colvin, the special enchantment of the passage".

For a general criticism of the Ode, *cf.* Introduction, p. lx.

I. In the Draft (D) is a cancelled opening, "Small winged Dryad".

I. 1. *drowsy numbness pains* : painful numbness falls D *canc.*

4. *past* : hence D *canc.*

5. *'Tis not through envy of thy happy lot.*—Mr. Bridges compares Browne's *Britannia's Pastorals*, i. 3 164. "Sweet Philomela . . . I do not envy thy sweet carolling."

II. 2. *Cool'd a long age* : Cooling an age D *canc.*

2. *deep-delved earth* :—Suggested, as Mr. W. T. Arnold has pointed out, by Milton's *Death of a Fair Infant*, "Hid from the world in a low-delved tomb".

6. *true, the* : true and D.

7. *beaded* : cluster'd D.

10. *away* D, 1820; omitted by Dilke, BM, and *Annals*.

*III. 3. *the fever, and the fret* :—An unconscious reminiscence of Wordsworth's *Lines composed a few miles above Tintern Abbey* (52, 53)—a favourite poem with Keats—

the fretful stir
Unprofitable, and the fever of the world.

6. *pale, and spectre-thin, and dies* : pale and thin and old and dies D *canc.*

IV. 2. *Bacchus* :—Another reminiscence of the great picture by Titian which had already inspired two passages in his poetry. *Cf. Sleep and Poetry*, 335, and the *Ode to Sorrow* (*End.* iv. 196, and notes).

7. *Cluster'd* : clusted (*sic*) D *canc.*, but no alternative suggested.

10. "*sidelong*" D *canc.* as false start to line

IV. 10, V. 1-3. It is interesting to notice that Coleridge, in his poem of *The Nightingale*, well known to Keats (*cf. End.* iii. 144, and note) makes use of several similar words in describing the landscape in which his own bird sang:—

You see the glimmer of the stream beneath
But hear no *murmuring*; it flows silently
O'er its soft bed of *verdure*—All is still,
A *balmy night*, and though the stars be dim
Yet let us think upon the vernal showers
That gladden the green earth, and we shall find
A pleasure in the dimness of the stars.

V. 2. *Nor what* : followed in D by "blooms" (*canc.*)

VI. The feeling expressed in this stanza is essentially characteristic of Keats, and, as several critics have pointed out, had been expressed by him in a sonnet written some weeks earlier than this Ode.

Why did I laugh? I know this Being's lease,
My fancy to its utmost blisses spreads;
Yet would I on this very midnight cease,
And the world's gaudy ensigns see in shreds.

4. *quiet*: painless D. VI. 7. *forth*: thus D, *Annals*. VI. 10. *To D*: for D *canc.*, *Annals*.

VII. 5. *song* : voice D *canc.*

9, 10. *magic . . . perilous* : the wide . . . keelless D *canc.**

VII. This stanza has been blamed by Mr. Colvin "as a breach of logic which is also a flaw in the poetry contrasting the transitoriness of the human life, meaning the life of the individual, with the permanence of the song-bird's life, meaning the life of the type" (EML, p. 170) and he [illegible] sameness, which is assumed and does not satisfy". But these objections hardly seem to me to be serious. For the poet is not really thinking of the permanence of the song-bird's life, but rather of his song, with which he naturally identifies the bird, seeing that, apart from its song, it has no life for him.[1] I have never seen this objection raised against Wordsworth's lines *To the Cuckoo* to which it would be as applicable. Wordsworth, like Keats, addresses the bird as:—

> *The same* whom in my schoolboy days
> I listened to;

and the emotion of each poet is kindled by

> No bird, but an invisible thing,
> A voice, a mystery,

which has power, by reason of this very lack of individuality, to awaken in his mind the beauty and the glory of the past.*

It is interesting to observe that Wordsworth, in a passage which we know Keats to have studied, represents the ancient Greek as impressed with this same sense of contrast between the eternity of nature and the mutability of human life. The father, lamenting the loss of his child, would cast his hair as a votive offering upon the river Cephisus. . . .

> And, doubtless, sometimes, when the hair was shed
> Upon the flowing stream, a thought arose
> Of Life continuous, Being unimpaired;
> That hath been, is, and where it was and is
> There shall endure; existence unexposed
> To the blind walk of mortal accident;
> From diminution safe and weakening age;
> While man grows old, and dwindles, and decays;
> And countless generations of mankind
> *Depart, and leave no vestige where they trod.*
>
> —*Excursion*, iv. 752-62.

[illegible] of the type, Keats is once more recording the [illegible]

VIII. 2. *me back* : to me D *canc.* *my sole self!* unto myself D.
4. *deceiving* : deceitful D *canc.*

[1] So Meredith in his poem *The Lark Ascending*, delights in the bird's
Song seraphically free
From taint of personality.

3. 4. *Fancy . . . deceiving elf*:—Professor A. C. Bradley has called my attention to a similarity of phrase in Wordsworth's *Duddon Sonnets* xxiv. 10, "the Fancy, too industrious elf". This sonnet was written in 1820, and it seems likely that Wordsworth had seen the *Ode to the Nightingale* when it appeared in the *Annals of the Fine Arts* in the previous July. Haydon was the inspiring genius of that magazine, and would doubtless send him a copy of it. Wordsworth never appreciated the genius of Keats, and it is significant that he should here re-echo what is undoubtedly the weakest passage in Keats's great Ode.

9. *Was it a vision*, etc.:—

Was it a vision real or waking dream
Fled is that Music—do I wake or sleep.—D.
Vision? . . . music?—*Annals*.

Ode on a Grecian Urn:—Written most probably in May, 1819, and first published early in 1820 in no. xv. of the *Annals of the Fine Arts*. The *Annals* affords some variant readings, others are to be found in the MSS. of Sir Charles Dilke and at the British Museum. As Mr. Colvin points out, the poem was inspired by no single extant work of antiquity, but was imagined by a "combination of sculptures actually seen in the British Museum with others known to him only from engravings, and particularly from Piranesi's etchings. Lord Holland's urn (often spoken of as though it were the sole inspiration of the poem) is duly figured there in the *Vasi de Candelabri* of that admirable master" (EML, p. 174). It is difficult indeed to believe that the lines on the sacrifice and the picture of the "heifer lowing at the skies" were not suggested solely by the Elgin marbles.*

In his expression of the main idea upon which the poem is based—the permanent character of the beautiful in art as opposed to its mortality and change in nature and humanity—Keats was echoing a thought which must have been an inspiration to many of the greatest artists. It is concentrated by Leonardo da Vinci into one pregnant phrase which Keats might well have taken as the motto of his poem:—

Cosa bella mortal passa e non d'arte

and there can be little doubt that here, as often, Wordsworth was not without his influence upon him. *Cf.* the sonnet *Upon the Sight of a Beautiful Picture* (publ. 1815).

Praised be the Art whose subtle power could stay
Yon cloud, and fix it in that glorious shape;
Nor would permit the thin smoke to escape,
Nor these bright sunbeams to forsake the day;
Which stopped that band of travellers on their way,
Ere they were lost within the shady wood;
And showed the bark upon the glassy flood
For ever anchored in her sheltering bay.
Soul soothing Art, whom Morning, Noontide, Even,
Do serve with all their changeful pageantry;

Thou, with Ambition modest yet sublime,
Here, for the sight of mortal man, hast given
[illegible]

(*N.B.* espec [illegible] to the music of silence:—

music of finer tone; a harmony
So do I call it, though it be the hand
Of silence, though there be no voice.—*Excursion*, ii. 710.

And in another passage, well known to Keats, had actually suggested something of the phraseology by which to express it:—

sweetest melodies
Are those which are by distance made more sweet.[1]
—*Personal Talk*, 25, 26, publ. 1807.

But it was left for Keats to realise the full significance of the idea and to give it adequate expression.

In the *Epistle to Reynolds* (*vide* p 270) written 25th March, 1818, are to be found two anticipations of this Ode:—

The sacrifice goes on; the pontiff knife
Gleams in the Sun, the milk-white heifer lows,
The pipes go shrilly, the libation flows.—20-22.

Things cannot to the will
Be settled, but they tease us out of thought.—77, 78.

For Keats's use of *brede cf.* Appendix C, p. 583.

I. 8. *What men or gods* : what Gods or Men *Annals.*
9. *What mad pursuit?* what love? what dance? *Annals.*

II. 6 *nor ever can those trees be bare* : nor ever bid the spring adieu *Annals.*

III. 2. *ever* : never *Annals.*

IV. 7. *this folk* : its folk H.*

V. 9, 10. "*Beauty is truth,*" etc.:—
Beauty is truth, truth Beauty—That is all
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know.—*Annals.*

Ode to Psyche:—Writing to his brother George on 15th April, 1819, Keats sends this Ode and speaks of it as "the last I have written—the first and only one with which I have taken even moderate pains. I have for the most part dash'd off my lines in a hurry. This I have done leisurely,—I think it reads the more richly for it, and will I hope encourage me to write other things in even a more peaceable and healthy spirit.

[1] Wordsworth was himself indebted to Collins, *The Passions*, 60. "In notes by distance made more sweet."

You must recollect that Psyche was not embodied as a goddess before the time of Apuleius the Platonist who lived after the Augustan age, and consequently the goddess was never worshipped or sacrificed to with any of the ancient fervour—and perhaps never thought of in the old religion —I am more orthodox than to let a heathen goddess be so neglected." The copy of the poem included in the letter affords several variant readings. The Psyche legend was known to Keats in Spence (and Mr. Forman thinks that an engraving in Spence had suggested the picture in the first stanza), Mrs. Tighe and Spenser, and he had already treated it in *I stood tip-toe*, 140 (*vide* note). Keats's reference to the story in Apuleius may be due to Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholie*, which he was reading at the time. "If he be a man of extraordinary parts, they will flock afar off to hear him, as they did in Apuleius, to see Psyche. . . . Many mortal men came to see fair Psyche, the glory of her age: they did admire her, commend, desire her for her divine beauty, and gaze upon her but as on a picture" (pt. i. sect. ii. mem. iii. subs. xv.).

Palgrave suggests that in writing this Ode Keats had Gray and Collins in mind, but what literary obligation there is rather is to Milton. The opening couplet recalls both in idea and cadence the "bitter constraint and sad occasion dear" of Lycidas, and later on there is an obvious debt to the *Ode on the Nativity*. It is strange to read (*vide supra*) that Keats took unusual pains over the poem, for it is not flawless as are some of the other Odes which were apparently written far more rapidly; but despite occasional weaknesses in it, it is a magnificent example of that blending of a delicate feeling for Nature with a sense of the true significance of ancient legend which is peculiarly characteristic of him.*

This was, in all probability, the first of the Odes written by Keats in the Spring of 1819; it is interesting to notice how each of them re-echoes some of its phrases. *Cf.* also SC *Life* 352.

"Their lips touched not but had not bade adieu" (*cf. Grecian Urn*, iii. 2; its idea a contrast with ii. 7, and the *Ode on Melancholy*, iii. 2, 3) and "the casement ope at night" (*cf. Ode to the Nightingale*, vii. 9).

The manuscript letter supplies the following variant readings:—10. *roof*: fan. 14. *silver-white, and budded Tyrian*: freckle pink and budded Tyrian. 17. *bade*: bid. 23. *true*! true? 36. *brightest*: bloomiest.

32-5. *No shrine, no grove, no oracle, no heat*
Of pale-mouth'd prophet dreaming.

Cf. Milton, *Ode on the Nativity*, xix.:—

The *Oracles* are dumm,
No voice or hideous humm
Runs through the arched roof in words deceiving.
Apollo from *his shrine*
Can no more divine,
With hollow shreik the steep of *Delphos* leaving.
No nightly trance, or breathed spell,
Inspires the *pale-ey'd Priest* from the *prophetic* cell.

52-5. *Far, far around shall those dark-cluster'd trees*
Fledge the wild-ridged mountains steep by steep.
This wonderful passage affords a deeply interesting example of the way in which literary reminiscence combined in Keats's mind with accurate and impassioned observation to form some of his greatest pictures. The first appearance of the "*Mountain pine*" in his poems (*I stood tip-toe*, 123) is obviously *a purely literary reminiscence, and suggests neither feeling nor* observation. But he came across two passages in the *Faithful Shepherdess*, which had evidently sunk into some "backward corner of the brain". In the first Act he read:—

"Straighter than the straightest *pine upon the steep*
Head of an ancient *mountain.*"

In the fourth Act:—

"Sailing *pines* that *edge yon mountain in.*"[1]

Then, in the summer of 1818, he visited the Lakes, and seeing now with his own eyes what had before only been imaged in his mind, at once made it his own, touching it with a vivid imagination far beyond Fletcher's reach.

Far, far around shall those dark-cluster'd trees
Fledge the wild-ridged *mountains steep by steep.*

Of Lodore he had said in a letter to his brother Tom (29th June, 1818), "There is no great body of water, but the accompaniment is delightful; for it oozes out from a cleft in perpendicular rocks, all *fledged* with ash and other beautiful trees". An exactly parallel example of the manner in which Keats's imagination was stimulated by the combined influence of literature and nature is to be found in his debt for the picture (*q v.*) of the fallen Titans, to Chapman, Wordsworth and the Druid Stones near Keswick.

Fancy, included together with *Bards of Passion* and *I had a Dove* in Keats's Journal Letter to his brother and sister in America under the date 2nd Jan, 1819, and presumably written shortly before. Keats prefaces them with the words, "Here are the poems—they will explain themselves—as all poems should do without any comment".

This and the four following poems are written in the four-accent metre which Keats had employed in his lines to G A. W. (p. 16). It had been common in English poetry since Chaucer, but Keats's use of it suggests especially Milton and Fletcher; and while the poem is perfectly original and independent, the style of description and much of the cadence of the verse seem to recall *L'Allegro* Keats is hardly at home in the four-accent verse, which was not entirely suited to his genius. He is evidently troubled with the weight of his unaccented syllables (*e.g.*, ll 7, 8, 17, 38) and was never completely successful with the metre till he wrote the *Eve of St Mark.*

[1] In *Endymion*, i. 85, 86, we have a similar picture, in
The freshness of the space of heaven above,
Edg'd round with dark tree tops.

But of the lyrics written in this measure *Fancy* is certainly the most charming, the treatment of the Seasons is felicitous throughout and the language is nowhere marred (except perhaps in the use of "so" in 76) by the peculiar faults of Keats's style.

1. The story of "Ceres' daughter" (81) was a special favourite of Keats's (*vide Lamia* note). For Hebe (85) the goddess of youth and cupbearer of Jove, *cf. End.* iv. 415.

The following interesting variants and rejected passages are supplied by the manuscript letter:—

6. *Through the thought* : Towards heaven MS.

24, 25. *Even . . . there* : Vesper . . . then MS.

29. *bring, in spite* : bring thee spite MS.

33, 34. *All the buds*, etc.:—

All the faery buds of May
On spring turf or scented spray; MS.

43-45. *And, in the same moment*, etc.:—

And in the same moment hark
To the early April lark
And the rooks with busy caw MS.

57. *And the snake*, etc.:—

And the snake all winter-shrank
Cast its skin on sunny bank MS.

67, 68. For these two lines the manuscript letter gives six:—

For the same sleek throated mouse
To store up in its winter house.

O sweet Fancy let her loose!
Every sweet is spoilt by use
Every pleasure every joy
Not a Mistress but doth cloy.

89. *And Jove grew languid.* The letter here adds the following lines:—

And Jove grew languid. Mistress fair!
Thou shalt have that tressed hair
Adonis tangled all for spite
And the mouth he would not kiss
And the treasure he would miss;
And the hand he would not press
And the warmth he would distress
O the Ravishment—the Bliss—
Fancy has her there she is!
Never fulsome, ever new
There she steps! and tell me who
Has a mistress so divine?
Be the palate ne'er so fine
She cannot sicken.

Break the Mesh
Of the Fancy's silken leash
Where she's tether'd to the heart—
Quick break her prison string. . . .

ODE. *Bards of Passion and of Mirth*:—Included in *Journal Letter* to George and Georgiana Keats dated 2nd January, 1819. "From the fact that it is written in Keats's Beaumont and Fletcher, . . . and from internal evidence, we may judge it to be addressed to the brother poets of passion and mirth who wrote the tragi-comedy of *The Fair Maid of the Inn*" (HBF). Keats had written the poem on the blank page facing *The Fair Maid of the Inn*. The Ode, Keats explains to his brother, "is on the double immortality of poets," and after copying it he adds: "These (*i e*, the *Ode* and the *Fancy*) are specimens of a sort of Rondeau which I think I shall become partial to—because you have one idea amplified with [illegible]

[illegible]

But melodious truth divine
Philosophic numbers fine.

LINES ON THE MERMAID TAVERN:—Written in 1818 and sent to Reynolds in a letter dated 3rd February. It is another expression of Keats's delight in the Elizabethan dramatists. The Mermaid Tavern was their principal resort. Keats in his reference to it is probably indebted to *Master Francis Beaumont's Letter to Ben Jonson, written before he and Master Fletcher came to London with two of the precedent comedies, then not finished, which deferred their merry meetings at the Mermaid*:—

"I lie and dream of your full Mermaid wine."—line 6.

And again:—

"What things have we seen
Done at the Mermaid! heard words that have been
So nimble, and so full of subtle flame,
As if that every one from whence they came
Had meant to put his whole wit in a jest,
And had resolved to live a fool the rest
Of his dull life."

The rare word "bowse" was probably taken by Keats, as Mr. Forman suggests, from Sandys's Commentary to Ovid, *Met.* v. "I of the horses spring did never bowse," a trans. of Persius *in Prolo.*; *labra prolui.* The MS. gives the following conclusion to the poem:—

Souls of Poets dead and gone,
Are the winds a sweeter home,
Richer is uncellar'd cavern
Than the Merry Mermaid Tavern?

Robin Hood. The "Friend" is John Hamilton Reynolds (*vide* p. 537) to whom Keats sent the poem together with the *Lines on the Mermaid* in a letter dated 3rd February, 1818. In the letter the poem is headed "To J. H. R. in Answer to his Robin Hood Sonnets". It is prefixed by an attack upon modern poetry, especially that of Wordsworth, as having "a palpable design upon us," which suggests a contrast with the "great and unobtrusive poetry" of the Elizabethans. "I do not mean," he adds, "to deny Wordsworth's grandeur or Hunt's merit, but I mean to say we need not be teased with grandeur and merit when we can have them uncontaminated and unobtrusive. Let us have the old Poets and Robin Hood. Your letter and its sonnets gave me more pleasure than will the Fourth Canto of *Childe Harold* and the whole of anybody's life and opinions. In return for your dish of Filberts, I have gathered a few Catkins, I hope they'll look pretty." The reference in line 10 is probably to Reynolds having taken up the profession of Lawyer—on 14th February, 1818, Reynolds wrote his *Farewell to the Muses*, and Keats must have known of his intention by the time he wrote the poem. Perhaps in lines 47, 48, there is another side allusion to the same event.

18. *forest drear*, Milton, *Il Penseroso*, 119.

36. "*greene shawe*," Chaucer, *Friar's Tale*, "Wher ridestou under this greene shawe?"

To Autumn. The latest written of the Odes. Woodhouse adds a note to his copy of the 1817 volume stating that this poem was composed on Sept. 19, 1819. In a letter to Reynolds from Winchester dated Sept. 22, 1819, Keats says—"How beautiful the season is now—How fine the air—a temperate sharpness about it. Really without joking, chaste weather—Dian skies—I never liked stubble-fields so much as now—Aye better than the chilly green of the Spring. Somehow, a stubble-field looks warm—in the same way that some pictures look warm. This struck me so much in my Sunday's walk that I composed upon it."

The BM MS. shows two or three interesting variant readings.

In I. 6. "Sweetness" for "ripeness".

II. 6, 7. Dosed with a fume of poppies, while thy hook
Spares the next sheath and all its honied flowers;

9. Steady thy leaden head across the brook;

11. "oozing" for "oozings".*

Ode on Melancholy. Though there is no external evidence of the date of this Ode it can be attributed with certainty to the month of May, 1819. Keats was reading the *Anatomy of Melancholie* at the time, and the introductory verses in Burton may have helped to suggest the theme. He would also be familiar with the song in Fletcher's *Nice Valour* which Milton imitated in the opening to *Il Penseroso.*

Hence, all your vain delights,
As short as are the nights,
Wherein you spend your folly!
There's nought in this life sweet,
If man were wise to see't
But only melancholy,
Oh sweetest melancholy! etc.

For the significance of the Ode in relation with Keats's train of thought at the time *cf.* Introduction, p. lxi.

H supplies from MS. the following rejected opening to the poem, which Keats wisely discarded as out of keeping with the true spirit of the whole—

Though you should build a bark of dead men's bones,
And rear a phantom gibbet for a mast,
Stitch shrouds together for a sail, with groans
To fill it out, blood-stained and aghast;
Although your rudder be a dragon's tail
Long sever'd, yet still hard with agony,
Your cordage large uprootings from the skull
Of bald Medusa, certes you would fail
To find the Melancholy—whether she
Dreameth in any isle of Lethe dull.

III. 5. *in the very temple of Delight*, etc.:—*Cf. Endymion*, ii. 82, 83 (draft), "There is a grief contained In the very shrine of pleasure".

HYPERION

The idea of writing a poem on the subject of the fall of the Titans, with Apollo the god of light and song as its hero, to form, as it were, a companion poem to *Endymion*, occurred to Keats before he had finished *Endymion*. It is to this that he alludes when, on 28th September, 1817, he writes to Haydon, "I have a new romance in my eye for next summer," and the treatment of Oceanus in *Endymion*, bk. iii. 994-7 (*vide* note) written certainly within a few days of the letter to Haydon, contains the germ of the conception of Oceanus in *Hyperion*. Similarly in *Endymion*, iv. written in November, 1817, the line:—

Thy lute-voic'd brother will I sing ere long (774)

and the rather far-fetched oaths "by Titan's foe" (943) and

By old Saturnus' forelock, by his head
Shook with eternal palsy" (956-7)

suggest again that he is brooding over the story of the Titans. He referred to it again in the famous *Preface to Endymion* (April, 1818)—"I hope I have not in too late a day touched the beautiful mythology of Greece and dulled its brightness: for I wish to try once more, before I bid it farewell"; and it is highly probable that it was beginning to take definite shape, no longer as a romance but as an epic, before his departure, at the end of June, for the English lakes and Scotland. There is evidence from his letters that while he was away the subject was still in his mind, and writing to Woodhouse, some two months after his return, he refers to the theme of the poem as though it were well known to his friends that he was engaged upon it. "If (the poet) has no self, and if I am a poet, where is the wonder that I should say I would write no more? Might I not at that very instant have been cogitating on the characters of Saturn and Ops?" (27th October). In the next month, probably, as he watched by the bedside of his dying brother, he actually began to put the poem upon paper, for in December he writes to America that he has "gone on a little with it": and a few days later that "it is scarce begun" (*i.e.*, "scarce begun" in proportion to the length of the poem which at that time he contemplated). When, therefore, Brown asserts of the first few weeks after Tom's death, "It was then that he *wrote Hyperion*" he can only be understood as referring to the main portion of the work. On 14th February, 1819, Keats wrote, "I have not gone on with *Hyperion*". During the next three months he was chiefly occupied with the *Odes*, and whether he added to *Hyperion* we have no means of judging. Certainly, no more can have been written after April, for in that month Woodhouse had the MS. to read, and noted that "it contains two books and a half—about 900 lines in all". . . . "When Keats, after nearly a year's interruption of his

correspondence with Bailey, tells him in August 'I have been writing parts of my *Hyperion*' this must not be taken as though he had been writing them lately, but only that he had been writing them—like *Isabella*, and *The Eve of St. Agnes*, which he mentions in the same passage, since the date of his last letter"[1] (*Cf.* EML, pp. 228, 229). This letter to Bailey, therefore, does not fix the downward limit of the date of the composition of the poem, but it suggests, by its reference to "my *Hyperion*," that Keats had definitely projected his poem and discussed it among his friends before he went to Scotland, when he last saw Bailey. But it is evident that for some time after April, Keats contemplated proceeding with the poem, for it is not till 22nd September that he writes definitely to Reynolds, "I have given up *Hyperion*".*

Of the sources of the poem something has already been said (*cf.* Introduction, p. xliii). Notwithstanding the fact that critics almost unanimously assert that Keats was drawing upon information obtained from Lemprière and Tooke—even Mr. Colvin saying (EML, p. 165) that "he had nothing to guide him except scraps of ancient writers, principally Hesiod, as retailed by compilers of classical dictionaries" there is very little that cannot be ascribed with probability to a more inspiring source Apart from the intensely significant passages in Chapman's *Iliad*, quoted in the General Introduction, Keats would know the main points in the story from many references to it in previous English literature, *e g.* in Spenser, *Faerie Queene*, iii. 7. 47, or in *Paradise Lost*, i 510 *et seq.* where Milton mentions among those who attended the Council in Hell:—

> *Titan* Heav'ns first born
> With his enormous brood, and birthright seis'd
> By younger *Saturn*, he from mightier *Jove*
> His own and *Rhea's* Son like measure found;
> So *Jove* usurping reign'd. . . .
> All these and more came flocking.

Chapman's translation of the *Works and Days* of Hesiod (called by him the *Georgics*) would also be known to Keats, and it is difficult to believe that he did not read one of the translations of Hesiod's *Theogony*, well known at the end of the eighteenth century, *e g.*, that of Cooke, given in Chalmers's *English Poets* (1810), or that of Greene Anyhow, bks. ii. and iii. of Ovid's *Metamorphoses* (trans. by Sandys were certainly known to him, and in Sandys's observations on these books he would have found several translations of passages bearing upon the subject, from which he would cull a few suggestions. It is noticeable that Keats's version of the story, independent as it is both in construction and conception of any one original, contains many elements clearly taken from sources more literary than

[1] As a matter of fact, *Isabella* was written before Keats's last letter to Bailey, which is dated 18th July, 1818, and the fact that he includes it in his list only shows more clearly that Keats is not attempting to record his recent literary activity, but to give some account of his occupations during the long interruption of their intercourse, the exact duration of which he has for the moment forgotten.

Lemprière, whilst Lemprière supplies him with nothing which he could not have obtained elsewhere. One may add that he falls into the error, against which Lemprière particularly warns his readers, of confusing the Titans and the giants (*cf.* bk. ii. 19). His confusion of Greek and Latin names points also to the variety of sources upon which, in many cases unconsciously, Keats was drawing. Lemprière almost invariably gives the Latin name only.*

There is probably no fragment in our literature which we would rather see completed than *Hyperion;* and it is, therefore, interesting to conjecture as to the scheme on which Keats intended to carry on his work. It is obvious, from what he has written, that he was taking full advantage of the divergence of his different authorities to present the story and to interpret it in his own manner. In the first place we must consider what he has actually left us in the two and a half books that we possess. *Hyperion* begins *in mediis rebus.* Saturn and Oceanus are already deposed, many of their colleagues (most of them, it may be remarked, Giants not Titans, who, therefore, took part in the later war and not properly speaking in the Titanomachia at all) are already chained in torture (ii. 18); the kingdom of Hyperion himself, though as yet unassailed, is filled with portents of its coming doom. Bk. i. gives first the picture of the fallen Saturn whom Thea, wife of Hyperion, is summoning to the council of the Titans (1-157), and then a picture of Hyperion himself, conscious of impending fate, yet vowing resistance to the end. His father Coelus pities him and encourages him to resist, though he can afford him little hope, and Hyperion plunges into the night to join his brethren (-357). Bk. ii. presents us with the Titans in council, now joined by Saturn. Oceanus interprets to his brothers the meaning of their inevitable fall, speaking of the invincible beauty of his dispossessor, and Clymene, in a speech of like import, tells of the beauty of Apollo. But Enceladus scorns their words, calling upon the Titans to renew the struggle and gather around Hyperion who is still undisgraced (1-345). The sun god appears, but his dejected form only brings despondence upon the fallen gods, and suggests in no questionable manner the coming catastrophe. Bk. iii. relates the meeting of Apollo with Mnemosyne, and breaks off as the new god of light and song attains his invincible divinity. How was the poem to proceed? Woodhouse, who evidently knew Keats's original design, asserts that "the poem if completed would have treated of the dethronement of Hyperion, the former god of the Sun, by Apollo—and incidentally of those of Oceanus by Neptune, of Saturn by Jupiter, etc., and of the war of the Giants for Saturn's re-establishment—with other events, of which we have but very dark hints in the mythological poets of Greece and Rome. In fact, the incidents would have been pure creations of the poet's brain." It is evident that the execution of this scheme upon the same scale as the two and a half books actually written would require at least the ten books which tradition has always ascribed to the complete

poem as projected by Keats—a tradition borne out by the publishers' Advertisement to the volume which states "The poem was intended to have been of equal length with *Endymion*, but the reception given to that work discouraged the author from proceeding".

It may be said at once that the reason here given for the discontinuance of the poem is not only disproved by Keats's own attitude to this criticism (*vide* Introduction to *Endymion*) but also by a slight attention to dates; for the last of the hostile reviews upon *Endymion* had appeared in September, 1818; Keats's correspondence proves that the annoyance occasioned by them had certainly reached its height by October, whereas *Hyperion* was not begun before November (*vide supra*). If the reviews had any influence, therefore, they would have prevented his writing the poem at all, and not caused him to give up the work some time later. But we have, in fact, other evidence that Keats himself was not responsible for the Advertisement. In a copy of the volume formerly in the possession of the late Canon Ainger, Keats has himself firmly crossed out the whole of it, writing above it the remark, "I had no part in this; I was ill at the time"; and he has bracketed the statement concerning his discouragement at the reception of[1] *Endymion*, placing beneath it the words "This is a lie". This is intensely significant, and it gives a greater plausibility to a theory of which careful examination of the poem had previously convinced me: that Keats had modified his scheme of the poem considerably since his discussion of it with his friends, and that during the actual time of composition he had no intention whatever of writing an Epic in ten books. For there are obvious discrepancies between the scheme of the poem as presented by Woodhouse and the fragment as it actually exists. According to Woodhouse the depositions of Saturn and Oceanus are to be related incidentally. But to whom could the episodes be related and by whom? They might, it is true, be narrated in the council of the gods on Olympus, but this seems on the face of it improbable; and the interest of such a narration would be considerably lessened by the fact that the climax in the case of Saturn has already been alluded to by Coelus (i. 322-26), and in the case of Oceanus has been described with significant detail (ii. 236-39) Again, we are told that the subsequent wars of the Giants for Saturn's re-establishment are to follow; but surely, if the central event of the poem is to be the fall of Hyperion, any detailed account of such a war would be an inartistic anti-climax—it would naturally be alluded to, but could hardly be made the subject of elaborate treatment. There are other difficulties in the way of believing that Keats intended to narrate the wars of the Giants. In the first place many of the most conspicuous Giants are already "chain'd in torture," and "pent in regions of laborious breath" (ii. 22); in the second place Keats has already alluded to the most import-

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If Keats had intended to narrate this war, would he have spoilt his story by anticipating its most interesting feature? The poem, as far as it goes, is much too masterly to allow us to believe it. Moreover, the very phrasing "*in that second war*" is a characteristic and effective way of alluding, not to an event which the author intends to record, but rather to one which the reader is expected to know for himself, which bears upon the action, but is outside its immediate scope (*cf.* the superb phrase of Milton, from Keats's own favourite passage in *Paradise Lost* "which cost Ceres all that pain"). As a matter of fact Woodhouse's scheme, which presupposes a long poem, stands and falls with the Advertisement for which, as literary adviser of Messrs Taylor & Hessey, he was very likely responsible. Now if all these events referred to by Woodhouse are cut out or curtailed, what remains to fill a poem of 4000 lines? and if they are not cut out, but dealt with upon a scale suggested by the two and a half books that exist, how could the poem be so short as to justify Keats's repudiation of the Advertisement in so far as it relates to the length of the poem? The view, therefore, which I advance tentatively, as seeming to fit in both with the external evidence and with the contents and character of the poem as it stands, is that *Hyperion* would not have reached more than 1200—1500 lines, or four books of the length of the first and second. Conjecture as to what the unwritten one and a half books would have contained may seem impertinent, but it is irresistible, and may be justified on the ground that it may stimulate a renewed and more careful study of the poem itself. I conceive that Apollo, now conscious of his divinity, would have gone to Olympus, heard from the lips of Jove of his newly acquired supremacy, and been called upon by the rebel three to secure the kingdom that awaited him. He would have gone forth to meet Hyperion who, struck by the power of supreme beauty, would have found resistance impossible. Critics have inclined to take for granted the supposition that an actual battle was contemplated by Keats, but I do not believe that such was, at least, his final intention. In the first place he had the example of Milton, whom he was studying very closely, to warn him of its dangers;[1] in the second, if Hyperion had been meant to fight he would hardly be represented as already, before the battle, shorn of much of his power; thus making the victory of Apollo depend upon his enemy's unnatural weak-

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ness and not upon his own strength. One may add that a combat would have been completely alien to the whole idea of the poem as Keats conceived it, and as, in fact, it is universally interpreted from the speech of Oceanus in the second book. The resistance of Enceladus and the Giants, themselves rebels against an order already established, would have been dealt with summarily, and the poem would have closed with a description of the new age which had been inaugurated by the triumph of the Olympians, and, in particular, of Apollo the god of light and song. The events here suggested would have formed a part of the poem however long, and if we accept the view that it was not to attain the dimensions once supposed, it is hard to believe that there would have been room for more. The ignorance of Woodhouse and others as to the change which had come over Keats's conception since he had first discussed it among them as something after the conventional epic pattern, is easy to explain. He wrote the poem by his brother's bedside and immediately after his brother's death, when, probably, he was seeing little society but that of Brown. Then he laid it aside to write the Odes and some of his romantic poems, becoming engaged in work which was more congenial to him, and could be composed in greater freedom from an exact model; and there is no proof that he touched it again till he came to reconstruct it in the form of a vision.

Hyperion represents, as has been pointed out in the General Introduction, the height of Milton's influence upon Keats, its style as well as much of its treatment of subject being modelled on *Paradise Lost*. Milton's minor poems had fascinated Keats at an early period, and in the summer of 1817, partly owing to the enthusiasm of Bailey,[1] he first began to fall under the spell of Milton's masterpiece. Signs of its influence are apparent in the later books of *Endymion* (*vide* notes to *End.* iii. 133, 615, iv. 365) and early in 1818 Milton began to be his chief study. "I long to feast on old Homer," he writes to Reynolds (April 1818), "as we have on Shakespeare, and as I have lately upon Milton," and early in the next month followed the well-known comparison between Milton and Wordsworth (*Letter to Reynolds*, 3rd May, 1818). Writing to Bailey, (18th July) he refers to the "fine thing about Milton and Ceres and Proserpine" (*Paradise Lost*, iv. 268; *cf.* notes to *Hyp.* ii. 54) as "in his head," and in August of the next year he tells both Reynolds and Bailey that *Paradise Lost* is every day "a greater wonder" to him. He had already, however, discovered that Milton's style could not be imitated by him without the sacrifice of much that was essential to the expression of his own genius (*vide* p. li). Mr. Sidney Colvin remarks that "*Hyperion* is hardly Miltonic in the stricter sense" and justly points out the essential differences between the genius of the two poets (EML, p. 158); but in doing so, perhaps, he somewhat underestimates the persistence with which Keats reproduces the more obvious Miltonic effects, sometimes in conscious imitation, and oftener as an

[1] Severn also laid claim to this and spoke "with a natural pride in having been instrumental in turning Keats's attention to the noble beauty of *Paradise Lost*" (*Life of Severn*, Sharp, p. 40).

ant event of that war, the momentary victory of the Giants before their final overthrow. Enceladus, we are told,

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ness and not upon his own strength. One may add that a combat would have been completely alien to the whole idea of the poem as Keats conceived it, and as, in fact, it is universally interpreted from the speech of Oceanus in the second book. The resistance of Enceladus and the Giants, themselves rebels against an order already established, would have been dealt with summarily, and the poem would have closed with a description of the new age which had been inaugurated by the triumph of the Olympians, and, in particular, of Apollo the god of light and song. The events here suggested would have formed a part of the poem however long, and if we accept the view that it was not to attain the dimensions once supposed, *it is hard to believe that there would have been room for more. The ignorance of Woodhouse and others as to the change which had come over* Keats's conception since he had first discussed it among them as something after the conventional epic pattern, is easy to explain. He wrote the poem by his brother's bedside and immediately after his brother's death, when, probably, he was seeing little society but that of Brown. Then he laid it aside to write the Odes and some of his romantic poems, becoming engaged in work which was more congenial to him, and could be composed in greater freedom from an exact model; and there is no proof that he

minor poems had fascinated Keats at an early period, and in the summer of 1817, partly owing to the enthusiasm of Bailey,[1] he first began to fall under the spell of Milton's masterpiece Signs of its influence are apparent in the later books of *Endymion* (*vide* notes to *End* iii. 133, 615, iv. 365) and early in 1818 Milton began to be his chief study. "I long to feast on old Homer," he writes to Reynolds (April 1818), "as we have on Shakespeare, and as I have lately upon Milton," and early in the next month followed the well-known comparison between Milton and Wordsworth (*Letter to Reynolds*, 3rd May, 1818). Writing to Bailey, (18th July) he refers to the "fine thing about Milton and Ceres and Proserpine" (*Paradise Lost*, iv. 268; *cf.* notes to *Hyp.* ii. 54) as "in his head," and in August of the next year he tells both Reynolds and Bailey that *Paradise Lost* is every day "a

Colvin remarks that "*Hyperion* is hardly Miltonic in the stricter sense" *and justly points out the essential differences between the genius of the* two poets (EML, p. 158); but in doing so, perhaps, he somewhat underestimates the persistence with which Keats reproduces the more obvious Miltonic effects, sometimes in conscious imitation, and oftener as an

[1] Severn also laid claim to this and spoke "with a natural pride in having been instrumental in turning Keats's attention to the noble beauty of *Paradise Lost*" (*Life of Severn*, Sharp, p. 40).

ant event of that war, the momentary victory of the Giants before their final overthrow. *Enceladus, we are told,*

> plotted, and even now
> Was hurling mountains *in that second war,*
> Not long delay'd, that scar'd the younger Gods
> To hide themselves in forms of beast and bird.

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I question whether Milton himself uses this device on an average once in every hundred lines, as Keats does.

The "turn" can in many of these cases be clearly distinguished from the mere repetition of phrase (as 2, 3, 5, 7 and 8) but the dividing line between them is a vanishing one, so that it seems better to group them together, as having all the same *musical* effect upon the poem.

Miltonic inversions. This simple device is, of course, employed by all poets to aid them in overcoming the difficulties of metre and rhyme, but the excessive use of it is peculiarly associated with Milton and is one of the most obvious examples of the Latinism of his style. Keats, who used it sparingly elsewhere, employs it nearly fifty times in *Hyperion, e.g.;* palace bright (i. 176); metal sick (189); rest divine (192); stride colossal (195); radiance faint (304); children dear (309); palpitations sweet, and pleasures soft (313); etc., etc. And the effect is especially Miltonic when one adjective precedes the noun and another follows it; *e.g.* gold clouds metropolitan (i. 129); lithe serpent vast (i. 261); *cf. Paradise Lost,* iv. 870, faded splendour wan, etc.

Miltonic vocabulary. Under this heading may fairly be placed words which, not in Keats's ordinary prose vocabulary, are to be found in both Milton and *Hyperion.* Many of them are common to other writers of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries (*cf.* Glossary) but their presence in *Hyperion* is probably due to Keats's engrossing study of Milton at this period. Most noticeable among these are the following (further explanation, when necessary, will be added in the notes) argent (i. 284); colure (i. 274); essence (i. 232, ii. 331, iii. 104); gurge (ii. 28); inlet (i. 211); lucent (i. 239); oozy (ii. 170); orbed (i. 166); reluctant (i. 61); slope (i. 204). Notice also the spelling of sovran (iii. 115) and astonied (ii. 165).

It is noticeable also that in *Hyperion* for the first time Keats's vocabulary abounds in adjectives formed from substantives by the addition of -ed instead of -y. This is a formation used largely by Milton, and from this time onward by Keats also.

Miltonic reminiscence or intonation. Under this head must be classed lines and phrases which recall to the ear some well-known Miltonic cadence or combination of words. They cannot be regarded as direct borrowings, but they are indicative of the profound influence which Milton exercised in this poem over Keats's style and thought.

Came like an inspiration (ii. 109); *cf. Paradise Lost,* i. 711, rose like an Exhalation.

Dark, dark And painful vile oblivion seals my eyes (iii. 87), *cf. Samson Agonistes,* 80, O dark, dark, dark, amid the blaze of noon.

(The conjunction of the two epithets "painful vile" has also a Miltonic sound.)

No shape distinguishable (ii. 79); *cf.* The other shape If shape it might be call'd that shape had none Distinguishable (*Paradise Lost,* ii 667).

The meek ethereal Hours (i. 216); *cf.* th' ethereal Powers (*Paradise Lost*, xii. 577).

Soft delicious warmth (ii. 206); *cf.* soft delicious Air (*Paradise Lost*, ii. 400); soft Ethereal warmth (*Paradise Lost*, ii. 601).

Breath of morn (*Hyp.* i. 2); (*Paradise Lost*, iv. 641).

Season due (i. 265); (*Lycidas*, 7).

Repetition of "this":—

In thousand hugest phantasies (ii. 13) *cf.* a thousand phantasies (*Comus*, 205).

(The uncommon superlative "hugest" is also Miltonic.)

Locks not oozy (ii. 170); his oozy locks (*Lycidas*).

Some comfort yet (i. 21); *cf.* som solace yet (*Comus*, 348).

More striking passages of the same kind (*e g.* ii. 54, ii. 75, ii. 36) are reserved for treatment in the notes.

It was largely due to this excessive Miltonism that Keats abandoned the poem (*vide* letters quoted, p. li) and set about its reconstruction in the form of a vision, but his friends seem to have been enthusiastic in its praise and to have recognised its supreme poetic worth. Hunt, reviewing the 1820 volume in the *Indicator*, spoke of it as "a fragment—a gigantic one, like a ruin in the desert, or the bones of the mastodon. It is truly a piece with its subject, which is the downfall of the elder gods." The only dispassionate contemporary review of which we have knowledge is that of Jeffrey in the *Edinburgh* of August 1820 It is chiefly devoted to a criticism of *Endymion*, which Jeffrey had not noticed before, and only speaks, at the close, of *Hyperion* as "containing passages of some force and grandeur" but, he adds, "*it is sufficiently obvious that the subject* is too far removed from all sources of human interest to be successfully treated by any modern author. Mr. Keats has unquestionably a very beautiful imagination, and a great familiarity with the finest diction of English poetry; but he must learn not to misuse or misapply these advantages; and neither to waste the good gifts of nature and study on intractable themes, nor to luxuriate too recklessly on such as are more suitable" (For a reply to this criticism, *vide* EML, p. 153.) Byron was furious at this praise of the *Edinburgh* and makes several offensive references to it in his correspondence (Sept -Dec. 1820), *e g.* "of the praises of that dirty little blackguard Keates in the *Edinburgh*, I shall observe as Johnson did when Sheridan the actor got a pension; 'what, has *he* got a pension? then it is time I should give up mine!' Nobody could be prouder of the praises of the *Edinburgh* than I was, or more alive to its censure. . . . At present all the men they have ever praised are degraded by their insane article. Why don't they review 'Solomon's *Guide to Health*'? It is better sense and as much poetry as Johnny Keates." (*Letters and Journals*, ed. Prothero, v. 120)

But in spite of this he recognised the genius of *Hyperion*. In *Don Juan*. (xi. 60) he attempted to compromise matters, and to sneer and praise at the same time. . . .

"John Keats, who was killed off by one critique
Just as he really promised something great
If not intelligible, without Greek
Contrived to talk about the gods of late,
Much as they might have been supposed to speak.
Poor fellow! His was an untoward fate;
'Tis strange the mind, that very fiery particle,
Should let itself be snuffed out by an article."

In a letter to Murray (Aug. 1821, Prothero, v. 331) he admitted that "his *Hyperion* is a fine monument and will keep his name" and a few months later wrote in a manuscript note to his earlier attack on Keats (*vide* note to *Sleep and Poetry*, 230), "His fragment on *Hyperion* seems actually inspired by the Titans and is as sublime as Æschylus". Shelley, whom neither vanity nor jealousy ever touched, always recognised the greatness of the poem, which was to him the finest of all Keats's work. "If *Hyperion* be not grand poetry, none has been produced by our contemporaries," he writes to Peacock (15th Feb., 1821) whilst in his unpublished letter to the *Quarterly Review* he remarks: "The great proportion of this piece is surely in the very highest style of poetry". Medwin states that Shelley "considered the scenery and drawing of Saturn dethroned and the fallen Titans, surpassed those of Satan and his rebellious angels in *Paradise Lost*—possessing more human interest, and that the whole poem was supported throughout with a colossal grandeur equal to the subject" (Dowden, *Life of Shelley*, ii. 109).

For the importance of *Hyperion* in the development of Keats's mind and thought, *cf.* General Introduction, and Introduction to the *Fall of Hyperion*.

Until quite recently the only MS. of *Hyperion* known to be extant was that to be found in the *Woodhouse Commonplace Book*, into which it was copied by one of Woodhouse's clerks. But in October last (1904) the British Museum purchased from Miss Bird, sister of Dr. George Bird the physician and friend of Leigh Hunt, the autograph MS. of the poem. It is clear that when Keats started upon this MS. he intended it to be a fair copy, and it was only discarded because of the numerous alterations which he made when he came to view his work a second time, and the act of writing rekindled in him with even greater intensity the inspiration in which the poem had first been composed. For a full account of the MS. and its cancelled passages readers are referred to my Introduction and Notes to the *Facsimile of the Autograph MS. of Hyperion*, published by the Clarendon Press; all the more important readings in it are quoted in the following notes. It was from this MS. that the transcript in the *Woodhouse Commonplace Book* was taken.

Book I

1. For the relation of the picture of the dejected Saturn with which the poem opens to Chapman's translation of *Iliad*, viii. 425, *vide* General Introduction, p. xlvi.

3. *Eve's one star:* evening *MS. cancelled*, the substitution of a vivid picture for mere statement.

8. *Not so much life as on a summer's day*
Robs not one light seed from the feather'd grass.

This passage affords us one of the most interesting examples of gradual development to perfection. Originally it ran:—

> Not so much life as what an eagle's wing
> Would spread upon a field of green-ear'd corn.

"what an eagle's" was then deleted in favour of "a young vulture's"—hardly an improvement—and so the passage was left. Then at a later time, when Keats came to read through what he had written, the two lines were crossed through and their place taken by the following, written across the right-hand side of the page:—

> Not so much life as on a summer's day
> Robs not at all the dandelion's fleece.

This was left unaltered in the *MS.*, and reappears in *Woodhouse*. But Keats was dissatisfied with it, and the felicitous reading of the text was added on the proof-sheets.[1] *

16. *Stray'd:* stay'd *MS.*, *Woodhouse*.

17-19. The *MS.* first read:—

> And slept without a motion: since that time
> His old right hand lay nerveless on the ground
> Unscepter'd, and his white-browd eyes were clos'd;

and reached its present form through several changes. Thus "on the ground" was first cancelled for "dead supine," and "white-browed" gave place to "ancient" before the inspiration came which prompted the most vital word in the whole passage—"realmless".

18. *nerveless, listless, dead:*—A collocation of adjectives whose cadence Keats had caught from his favourite, Chatterton—*cf. Excellent Ballad of Charitie*, 23, withered, sapless, dead. 33. lost, dispended, drowned. Keats makes use of it in two other places—*Endymion* iv. 764, lovelorn, silent, wan. *St. Agnes' Eve*, ii., meagre, barefoot, wan.

21. Between lines 21 and 22 the *MS.* and *Woodhouse* supply four cancelled lines:—

> Thus the old Eagle drowsy with great grief,
> Sat moulting his weak plumage, never more

[1] [illegible] *The Fall of Hyperion* [illegible]

To be restored or soar against the sun;
While his three sons upon Olympus stood.

23. *there came one*:—Thea, wife of Hyperion (*vide* l. 95).

28. *By her in stature the tall Amazon*
Had stood a pigmy's height:—
Placed by her side the tallest Amazon
Had stood a little child *MS. cancelled.*

The idea of comparing Thea's height with the stature of the Pigmy was doubtless suggested by *Paradise Lost*, i. 780, where the devils are represented as

"now less than smallest dwarfs . . . like that Pigmean race," etc.

It is important to notice that the Miltonic touch thus given to the passage was a correction to the *MS.*

30. *stay'd Ixion's wheel*: eased Ixion's toil *MS., Woodhouse.*

35-37. Mr. W. T. Arnold and Mr. Buxton Forman point out the debt in this passage to Landor's *Gebir*, i. 56-60:—

There was a brightening paleness in his face
Such as Diana, rising o'er the rocks
Shower'd o'er the lonely Latmian; on his brow
Sorrow there was, yet nought was there severe.

The Miltonic grandeur of Landor's blank verse would naturally attract Keats at this period, whilst the reference to the Endymion legend would tend to make his memory retentive of this passage.

46. *She laid and to the level of his ear*: She laid and to the level of his hollow ear *MS.* with two hypermetric syllables. This had apparently escaped Keats's notice, but Woodhouse has underlined it in pencil, and put a + against it in the margin. The mistake was easily rectified by the omission of the word "hollow".

48. *tone*: tune *MS., Woodhouse.*

52. *poor old King*:—When it is remembered that Keats's sonnet recording the profound impression made upon him by re-reading *King Lear* (*vide* p. 277) was written at a time when *Hyperion* was already in his mind, it is easy to believe that he was more or less consciously influenced by Shakespeare in his conception of the character of Saturn, whose kingdom, and the powers of mind necessary to rule it, have passed away from him in age. It is noticeable that the epithet *old* is applied to Lear, at least twenty times, with deeply tragic reiteration; and his weakness, whether it is viewed with contempt, or pity, or love, or referred to by Lear himself in his utter misery, is always alluded to as the weakness of age. Goneril alludes to it with a sneer (i. 3. 16-19), Regan taunts him with it (ii. 4. 148) and Gloucester twice in the same speech applies to him the epithet *poor old* (iii. 7. 57, 62), whilst Lear calls himself a *poor old* man and constantly harps upon it. (*Cf.* also ii. 4. 156, 194, 238; iii. 4. 20, etc.) It is noteworthy also that Saturn replies to Thea (lines 98-102) by questions as to his own identity which recall strikingly the language and mood of Lear (i. 4. 246-50):—

Doth any here know me? This is not Lear:
Doth Lear walk thus? speak thus? Where are his eyes?
Either his motion weakens, his discernings
Are lethargied—Ha! waking? 'Tis not so.
Who is it that can tell me who I am?

61. *reluctant*:—Mr. Forman quotes as a parallel to this passage *Paradise Lost*, i. 171-177. The Miltonic use of the word *reluctant* suggests *Paradise Lost*, vi. 56-59:—

. . . Clouds began
To darken all the Hill, and smoak to rowl
In duskie wreathes, *reluctant* flames, the signe
Of wrauth awak't.

On which Keats comments, in his *Notes to Milton*, "'*Reluctant*' with its original and modern meaning combined and woven together, with all its shades and signification has a powerful effect".

63. *Unpractised:* impetuous *MS. cancelled.*

67. *That unbelief has not a space to breathe.* Followed in the *MS.* by a line afterwards cancelled:—

Or a brief dream to find its way to heaven.

72-8. *Those green-rob'd senators*, etc.:—This exquisite interpretation of the trees, whose age suggests their connection with the mystery of the past, is essentially characteristic of the manner in which the influence of Nature and of romance was blended in the mind of Keats. *Cf. Fall of Hyperion*, ii, 6, of the wind which

blows legend-laden through the trees.

So in an early sonnet (xvii. p. 39)

breezes than are blown
Through its tall woods with high romances blent.

We find a close parallel to the idea in a half-sportive passage in the letters of Gray, where he speaks of the "most-venerable beeches . . . that like most other ancient people, are always dreaming out their old stories to the winds:—

and as they bow their hoary tops, relate
In murmuring sounds the dark decrees of fate:
While visions, as poetic eyes avow,
Cling to each leaf and swarm on every bough".

These lines were first written in the *MS* thus:—

The oaks stand charmed by the earnest stars
And through all night without a stir they rest,
Save from one sudden momentary gust
Which comes upon the silence and dies off,
As if the sea of air had but one wave.

The heaviness of the double monosyllabic ending to line 75 seems to have struck Keats at once, for "they rest" is struck out in favour of "remain".
Then he changes the order to

And through all night remain without a stir.

Later comes the happy thought of developing the human idea already suggested in the word "senators". He wishes to impress upon us the stillness of the scene, and even politicians are not reposeful enough unless they are asleep. The night is "tranced," and the influence of "the earnest stars" is upon the whole face of Nature. It is not therefore a senseless sleep, but one of magic dreams. So "dream" is substituted for "stand"; but this does not help the second line, which is the weakest. Clearly the idea of dreaming must be reserved for the second line, and the inspiration comes:—

Dream, and so dream all night without a stir.

But if this is to stand, the previous line must once more be altered; and Keats changes the construction of his sentence, and coins a compound adjective, grammatically indefensible perhaps, but peculiarly effective for all that, in its suggestions of the potency and the all-pervading influence of the charm which has been laid upon the dreaming oaks.

The change in the two adjectives of line 76 still further improves the passage. The substitution of "solitary" for "momentary" is a gain both in sound and sense; so too is the substitution of "gradual" for "sudden," which, however, was not made in the *MS.*, but only added as a pencil correction in *Woodhouse.*

81. *falling:* fallen *MS.*

86. *in cathedral cavern:*—Keats had been much impressed during his Scotch tour in the previous summer (1818) with the beauty of Fingal's Cave, and had already celebrated it in a poem, *Staffa* (*q.v.*), wherein he spoke of it as *The Cathedral of the Sea.* He is here drawing upon his recollections of it. In his letter to Thomas Keats (26th July) in which he sends him the poem on Staffa, he speaks in a manner suggestive of these lines. "Suppose now the Giants who rebelled against Jove had taken a whole mass of black columns and bound them together like bunches of matches—and then with immense axes had made a cavern in the body of these columns— of course the roof and the floor must be composed of the broken ends of these columns—such is Fingal's Cave except that the sea has done the work of excavation and is continually washing there. . . . For solemnity and grandeur it far surpasses the finest cathedral."

90. *His faded eyes and saw his kingdom gone.* Keats first wrote in the *MS.*:—

His eyes and saw his royal kingdom gone;

but as he copied he recognised the tautology of "royal kingdom," and decided to give the epithet to "eyes". First he tried "faint-blue," but deleted it in favour of "faded," which suggests more forcibly Saturn's loss of royal power, and is doubtless an unconscious reminiscence of the "faded cheek" of Satan (*Paradise Lost*, i. 602).

92. *and then spake:* and he said *MS. cancelled.*

98. *Look up, and tell me,* etc. :—*vide* note to i. 52.

102. *front of Saturn:*—Followed in *MS.* and *Woodhouse* by the following line:—

What dost think?
Am I that same? O Chaos!

106-112 This is one of the passages taken by Mr. W. T. Arnold to prove Keats's close study of Lemprière. Of Saturn, Lemprière says "he employed himself in civilising the barbarous manners of the people of Italy and in teaching them agriculture and the useful and liberal arts. His reign was so mild and popular that mankind have called it the *golden age*, to intimate the happiness and tranquillity which the earth then enjoyed". But there is nothing here with which Keats was not familiar in Chapman's translation of Hesiod's *Georgics* and in Sandys's *Ovid*. In Chapman we read:—

When first both gods and men had one time's birth
The gods of diverse languaged men on earth
A golden world produced, that did sustain
Old Saturn's rule when he in heaven did reign:
And then lived men, like gods in pleasure here
Indued with minds secure; from toils, griefs, clear.
. . . .
Thus lived they long and died as seized in sleep
All good things served them; fruits did ever keep
Their free fields crowned, that all abundance bore
All which all equal shared, and none wished more.

Similarly Ovid, *Met.* i. (Sandys), founded in all probability on this passage:—

in firme content
And harmlesse ease, their happy days were spent
The yet free Earth did of her own accord
Untorne with ploughs all sorts of fruit afford.
. . . .
'Twas always Spring, warm Zephyrus sweetly blew
On smiling flowers, which without setting grew

and more in the same strain, whilst in his commentary Sandys translates another similar passage from Hesiod's *Theogony*. The tone of these passages is much closer to Keats than is Lemprière, in whom, it may be remarked, there is no reference to Saturn's influence over the weather, which Ovid has emphasised.

111. *acts*: arts *MS*, a not impossible reading. The lines which follow are thus written in the *MS*:—

Must do to ease itself, but too hot grown
Doth ease its heart of love in, just as tears
Leave a calm pleasure in the human breast
O Thea I must burn—my Spirit gasps.

The poet cancelled all these lines except that part which stands in our text, and then added "I am gone" below, to complete the line.

116. *Spot*: bit *MS., Woodhouse.*

125. *Be of ripe progress*, etc. First written in the *MS.*:—

Be going on—Saturn must still be king

but altered to the reading of the text.

134. *where is :* am I *MS. cancelled.*

139. *and heard not :* not hearing *MS. cancelled.*

147. *The rebel three :*—Jupiter, Neptune and Pluto. *Cf.* speech of Neptune, Chapman's *Iliad*, xv. 174, 175:—

Three brothers born are we
To Saturn, Rhea brought us forth, this Jupiter and I
And Pluto, god of undergrounds.

154. *shade :* gloom *MS. cancelled.*

156. *that yielded like the mist :* which to them gave like air *MS.* altered to "that gave to them like mist". So *Woodhouse.*

166. *Hyperion :*—Mr. W. T. Arnold notes that Hyperion was not really the god of the Sun "but strictly speaking the father of Helios, the Sun". But his statement is incorrect, and even if it had not been so, there would have been plenty of precedent for Keats in Elizabethan poetry. *Cf.* Shakespeare, *Titus Andronicus*, v. 2. 56:—

Even from Hyperion's rising in the East

and *Timon of Athens*, iv. 3. 184:—

. . . heaven whereon Hyperion's quickening fire doth shine.

169-73. *as among us mortals* etc.:—A reminiscence of *Paradise Lost*, i. 598 (a passage selected in Keats's *Notes* for special comment) where a natural portent is described which "with *fear* of change *perplexes* Monarchs". Keats remarks upon it: "How noble and collected an indignation against Kings!" The rest of the passage, in its connection of the bell and the gloom bird, suggests the words of the terror-stricken Lady Macbeth (*Macbeth*, ii. 2. 3, 4):—

It was the owl that shrieked, the fatal bellman
Which gives the stern'st good night.

The reference here and in Keats may be to the practice of sending the town bellman to a condemned man on the night before his execution to warn him that his time was come, or to a custom of ringing the church bell when a person was dying, in order to obtain prayers for the passing soul. The idea seems to have impressed Keats, for he makes two other forcible allusions to it:—

A poor, weak, palsy-stricken churchyard thing,
Whose *passing-bell* may ere the midnight toll.

(*St. Agnes' Eve*, xviii.)

and

but a moment's thought is passion's *passing bell.*

(*Lamia*, ii. 39.)

*174. *prophesyings of the midnight lamp :*—Mr. W. T. Arnold thinks this to be a reminiscence of Vergil, *Georg.* i. 390-92.

Ne nocturna quidem carpentes pensa puellae
Nescivere hiemem, testa cum ardente viderent
Scintillare oleum et putris concrescere fungos.

We know that Keats read Vergil in the original at school; but that he was not scholar enough to appreciate the language is evident from the

fact that he who "looked upon fine phrases like a lover" and constantly drew upon his predecessors, should have made no attempt to reproduce this greatest phrase-maker of literature. It seems far more probable, therefore, though I have as yet been unable to trace it, that in this passage Keats is indebted not to Vergil, but a Vergilian echo to be found in some scholarly Elizabethan.

175. *But horrors, portion'd to a giant nerve:* But warnings, portion'd to his giant sense *MS.* altered to text.

176. *Oft made Hyperion ache:* Oft [made his Chin] pressed his curly Chin upon his Breast *MS. cancelled.*

178. *And touch'd with shade of bronzed obelisks.* First written in *MS.*—

With chequered black of bronzed obelisks.

185. *Not heard before by Gods or wondering men:* Not heard before by either Gods or Men *MS.* altered in order to make more perfect the characteristic Miltonic repetition.

189. *Savour of poisonous brass,* etc.: a nauseous-feel of brass and metal sick *MS.* changed to "poison," and so *Woodhouse:*—The alteration is among the most felicitous of Keats's changes. "Feel," used as a noun, takes us back to the most vulgar phase in Keats's poetic development.

190. *And so, when harbour'd in the sleepy west:* So that when he had harbour'd in the West *MS. cancelled.* The change, both here and in line 192, which originally was:—

Instead of rest upon exalted couch,

adds vividness to the picture and enforces the contrast between the past and present condition of Hyperion. The words "full completion" in the next line represent a change in meaning from the earlier draft; for before them in our *MS.* stands the cancelled word "gradual". In the *Woodhouse MS.* Keats has written in pencil *wherefore,* the reading which he adopted in the parallel line of the *Fall of Hyperion* (ii. 35).

133 200. *Amaz'd and full of fear; like anxious men*
Who on wide plains gather in parting troops,
When earthquakes jar their battlements and towers.

This passage at first ran:—

In fear and sad amaze, like men at gaze
Who on a wide plain gather in sad troops
When an earthquake hath shook their city towers.

Then Keats substitutes "surprise" for "amaze". But the word "surprise" is ludicrously mild for men whose city towers are shaken with an earthquake, and "Amaz'd and full of fear" is adopted as a beginning. The return of "amaz'd" into the line now makes it necessary to get rid of "at gaze," and it goes out first in favour of "trooped," which is found at once to be impossible because of "sad troops" in the next line, and then "anxious" is substituted. In the next line he deletes the "a," intending, doubtless, though forgetting, to add an "s" to "plain". Then, to give the extra syllable now required, he alters "sad" to "saddened," but deletes it and writes the vivid epithet "panting".

The change in line 200 was a happy inspiration not found in the *MS.*, but added as a correction in *Woodhouse.*

203. *Hyperion leaving twilight in the rear:* He of the Sun just lighted from the Air *MS. cancelled.*

204-12. *Came slope upon*, etc.:—One of the most characteristically Miltonic passages in the poem, both in the use of words (slope, inlet) and in construction (as was wont, save what, gave of). *Cf.* Introduction to the poem. After 205 *MS.* and *Woodhouse* give the line:—

Most like a rosebud to a faery's lute.

and in place of the "And" of 209 read "Yes,".

217. *flared:* went *MS. cancelled.*

218-22. *From stately nave to nave, from vault to vault,*
Through bowers of fragrant and enwreathed light,
And diamond-paved lustrous long arcades,
Until he reached the main great cupola.
There standing fierce beneath, he stamped his foot.

These lines were first written in the *MS.*:—

From gorgeous vault to vault, from space to space
Until he reached the great main Copula
And there he stood beneath, he stampt his foot.

It is noticeable here how in the growing intensity of vision the second draft adds colour and detail to a picture at first vague and ill-defined.

223. *basements deep:* deep foundations *MS. cancelled.*

233. *see:* mark *MS. cancelled.*

235. *Am I to leave this haven of my rest,*
This cradle of my glory, this soft clime,
This calm luxuriance of blissful light?

The phraseology and cadence of this passage owe something to *Paradise Lost*, i. 242-5.

Is this the Region, this the Soil, the Clime,
Said then the lost Arch Angel, this the seat
That we must change for Heav'n, this mournful gloom
For that celestial light?

Satan's bitter indignation at the change of clime and loss of light which has befallen him suggested to Keats Hyperion's prophetic sense of a like change.

243. *Even here, into my centre of repose:* Even here into my sanctuary of repose *MS.* first altered to "in my old sanctuary of repose," and then to the reading of the text.

246. *Tellus and her briny robes!* *Cf. End.* iii. 701:—

Ocean bows to thee
And Tellus feels his forehead's cumbrous load.

257. *mirror'd:* glassy *MS.* corrected to "miroured," which Woodhouse had some difficulty in deciphering, for he puts a + against the line.

258. *A mist arose*, etc.:—This mist brings forcibly to the mind *Paradise Lost*, ix. 180-82, where Milton tells of Satan how

Like a black mist low creeping, he held on
His midnight search, where soonest he might finde
The Serpent.

It is interesting to notice that this is among the passages selected by Keats in his *Notes on Milton* for admiring comment. Mr. Forman thinks that the description of Hyperion's palace which follows was "inspired by the noble brief description of the palace of the Sun with which book ii. of Ovid's *Metamorphoses* opens," but I am unable to trace any resemblance.

258. *scummy*: stagnant *MS. cancelled*—a vivid touch.

*267. *burst them wide*
Suddenly on the Ocean's chilly streams
The planet orb etc.
burst them wide
And sudden on the Ocean's chilly streams.
The planet orb etc. *MS.*

This passage was misinterpreted by Woodhouse's clerk, who altered the punctuation to "wide: And, sudden, . . . streams, The planet orb" etc., giving a sense which Keats had never intended. Keats realised the ambiguity later on and returned in the text to his own punctuation, altering however "and sudden" to "suddenly".

273-87. *But ever and anon the glancing spheres*, etc.:—Justly described by Mr. Arnold as the most Miltonic passage in the poem. This is noticeable in the words, the ring of the verse, the sentence and paragraph structure, the use of simile, the inversion of adjectives and the repetition of phrase. But notice also the essentially human touch which Keats gives to the passage by his use of the adjectives *muffling* and *sweet shaped*. It is interesting to observe that in the *Woodhouse MS.* the passage *hieroglyphics old . . . centuries* has been queried, apparently by Keats himself—probably because, at that time, he felt it to be too Miltonic.

But it is important to notice that all the changes from the earliest version of the passage to its final form are towards Miltonism. In place of lines 269-85 Keats first wrote only seven lines. Thus:—

The planet orb of fire whereon he rode
Each day from east to west the heavens through
Spun at his round in blackest curtaining
Not therefore hidden up and muffled quite
For ever and anon the glancing spheres
Glow'd through and still upon the sable shroud
Made sweet shap'd lightning: Wings this splendent orb, etc.

Apparently Keats first attempted to improve the passage as it stood, altering "blackest curtaining" first to "darkest curtaining" and then to "curtaining of clouds," and, two lines further on, "For" to "But". In the next line, which already showed a false start, "shot through," "upon their" became first "within" then "about the". The reconstruction must have occupied Keats on another occasion, for it is written

on the preceding verso; and the additions are all remarkable for their reminiscence of Miltonic word, phrase and cadence. As it stands it shows few corrections, which suggests that Keats may have experimented with it on a rough sheet before copying it in. In line 272, however, "hid" was only decided upon after Keats had tried both "dim" and "veiled," and in line 274 "zones" was first written after "arcs".

Line 275 passed through the intermediary stage "glared through and struck throughout the muffling dark," and of 281 the earlier version ran

Now lost with all their wisdom and import.

287. *Rose:* came *MS. cancelled.*

295. *here 'tis told:* it is writ *MS. cancelled.*

296. *Those silver wings*, etc. First written in *MS.*:—

Those silver wings of the Sun were full outsp[r]ead
Ready to sail their orb; the Porches wide
Were opened on the dusk domain of night.

In the next line "bright" is a correction of "enraged" and in 300 "hard" a correction of "stern".

304. *He stretch'd himself in grief and radiance faint.* A vivid substitute for the tame and unmetrical reading cancelled in the *MS.*:—

He laid himself supine and in radiance faint.

305. *the Heaven. . . . Look'd down on him with pity*, etc. *MS.*:—Keats makes a noteworthy change in the legend in the feeling of Coelus for his children. Hesiod, and after him the other classical mythologists, represent him as vowing vengeance on his children for the wrong they have done him. He

told them all with a prophetic mind
The hours of his revenge were sure behind. (*Theog.* 320).

317. *beauteous life:* Life and Beauty *MS. cancelled.*

323. *tumbled:* hurled *MS. cancelled.*

331. *Unruffled:* Passionless *MS. cancelled.*

334. *I see them*, etc. Above is a cancelled line in the *MS.*:—

In widest speculation I do see.

351. *Lifted:*—A dramatic change for the first reading of the MS. "opened". "Opened" was merely the obvious word; "lifted" suggests vividly the weariness of the dejected god.

353. *And still they were the same bright patient stars:*—This beautiful line was the result of two corrections. Keats wrote first

And still they all were the same patient stars.

then,

And still he saw they were . . .

but the inspiration came to him before he went further with his second attempt.

BOOK II

This book is headed "Canto 2nd," a fact not, I think, without some significance in its support of my theory (*vide* page 488) that when Keats

was engaged on the poem he had already given up his notion of making it a formal epic in ten books.

The opening lines show some hesitation. Keats began first—

Upon that very point of winged time
That saw Hyperion,

probably intending to finish "slide into the air". Then he alters "that" in the first line to "the" and [illegible]

its way into the *Woodhouse* book either with or without the consent of Keats, and so into the text.

4. *Cybele* identical with Ops (ii. 113) and Rhea—the wife of Saturn and queen of the Titans *

4. *the bruised Titans:* her bruised children *MS. cancelled.*

5, 6. *where no insulting light Could glimmer.* So Satan describes Hell as

The seat of desolation, void of light
Save what the glimmering of these livid flames
Casts pale and dreadful. (*Paradise Lost,* i 181-83)

7. *the solid roar Of thunderous waterfalls and torrents hoarse:*—The noise of the water had impressed Keats at Staffa. "At the extremity of Fingal's cave," he writes, "there is a small perforation into another cave at which the waters meeting and buffeting each other there is sometimes produced a report as of a cannon"

16. *Couches of rugged stone,* etc.:—The *MS.* shows a false start, "Rough stones," and continues "Couches of rugged stone and edge of slate". It is altered to text after some hesitation.

*19, 20. *Cœus, and Gyges, and Briarëus, Typhon, and Dolor, and Porphyrion:*—In the *Woodhouse MS.*, opposite these lines, and apparently in the hand of Keats himself, are written the words

"Big-brawn'd Ægæon mounted on a whale"

and below "Ægæon p. 25, S.O. Typhon or Typhœus 90. Cœus 108". Reference to these pages in the 1640 edition of Sandys's *Ovid* gives us in each case the clue to a main source of Keats's knowledge of the Titans. On p. 25 we find the line above quoted, with the marginal note "a giant drowned in the Ægæon Sea for assisting the Titans and taken into the number of the sea gods by Tethys" (he is identical with Briarëus); on p. 90 a marginal note on Typhon "the son of Tellus and Tantarus also called Typhœus," and on p. 108, again in a note, Cœus is spoken of as "one of the Titans". *Cf.* also Hesiod, *Theogony* 206-11 (Cooke):—

Cœus his birth
From them derives, and Creus, sons of Earth
Hyperion and Japhet, brothers, join
Thea and Rhea of this ancient line
Descend: and Themis boasts the source divine

And thou Mnemosyne and Phœbe crowned
With gold, and Tethys for her charms renowned.

Gyges and Briarēus and Cottus (49) were born to Uranus and Ge (Heaven and Earth) of a later brood, and were in reality giants as distinguished from Titans. (Hesiod, *Theogony* (Cooke), 237). They were imprisoned by their father Typhon, by some identified with Typhoeus, by others with Enceladus. Keats follows the former, among whom is Sandys, for he does not use the name Typhoeus; but it is noticeable that he transfers to Enceladus stories associated with the name of Typhon (ii. 66 note).

Dolor:—There was no Titan or giant of antiquity corresponding with this name and its presence here has never been explained. But in the *Auctores Mythographi Latini* (containing Hyginus) (ed. *Van Staveren, Leyden*, 1742), at the top of page 3, we read "ex Æthere et Terra, Dolor, Dolus, Ira," etc. (the Titans following two lines later). Mr. Colvin has proved that this book was in Keats's possession in 1819 and that from page 4 (really pp. 3 and 4) he took his idea in the *Fall of Hyperion* of identifying Mnemosyne with Moneta. There is no reason to suppose that he had not seen the book in 1818, "ex Æthere et Terra" would naturally suggest to his mind Uranus and Ge, and the abstract noun would become in his imagination a living Titan, especially as the Titans are themselves mentioned in the same paragraph. *Porphyrion* is not mentioned by Hesiod, but appears first in Pindar [τὰν οὐδὲ Πορφυρίων λάθεν (*Pyth*. viii. 15)]. He occurs also in Horace (iii. Ode 4) and is mentioned on pp. 1 and 2 of *Hyginus*. Keats perhaps took him from the list given in Lemprière.

It is important to notice that line 20, with its two far-sought Titans, was probably an afterthought, added because Keats is conscious of the effect gained by a list of charmed names in Milton; for it is written on the preceding verso of the *MS*. So, too, lines 21, 23-28 and 31 are all written on the verso, and their addition gives to the passage a Miltonic richness of effect. Line 25 gave Keats some difficulty and the *MS*. bears traces of two earlier drafts of it:—

Locked up like metal veins was crampt and screw'd.
Locked up like metal veins with cramp and screw.

In 27 "heaving" was first "labouring" and in 28 "gurge of boiling pulse" was "whelming gurge of pulse".

29. *Mnemosyne*:—The mother of the Muses by Jupiter (*Hesiod*).

30. *Phœbe*:—Daughter of Uranus and Ge (*Hesiod*), the mother of Leto by Cœus, and hence grandmother of the moon-goddess who bore her name. Keats may have identified her with the moon-goddess intentionally, or he may have been misled by the passage in Ovid, *Met*. (Sandys) i. 9, 10

No *Titan* yet the world with light adornes
Nor waxing *Phœbe* fills her wained hornes

into thinking that the moon Phœbe was a Titan.

suggested by the Druid Stones near Keswick. *Cf.* letter to Thos. Keats (Keswick, 29th June, 1818), "We set forth about a mile and a half on the Penrith road, to see the Druid Temple. We had a fag up hill, rather too near dinner time, which was rendered void by the gratification of seeing these aged stones on a gentle rise in the midst of the mountains, which at that time darkened all around except at the first opening of the Vale of St. John." It is worth noticing that Keats himself saw the stones at "shut of eve". It is not impossible that Keats's description was also affected by his recollection of the *Excursion*, iii. 50:—

> Upon a semicirque of turf clad ground
> The hidden nook discovered to their view
> A mass of rock. . . . These several stones
> Stood near, of smaller size, and not unlike
> To monumental pillars, and from these
> Some little space disjoined, a pair were seen
> That with united shoulders bore aloft
> A fragment like an altar.

36. *at shut of eve*:—The phrase which Keats uses again in Sonnet xxix. He owes it in all probability to a reminiscence of Milton. *Cf. Lamia*, i. 139 note, ii. 107.

38. *throughout night*:—A close to the line only reached after first "through long night" and then "the long night" had been tried and found wanting.

41. *Creüs*: Crœus *Woodhouse*. *Cf.* ii. 19 note.

49. *Cottus*:—Hesiod, *Theogony*, 237, "Cottus terrible to name"; mentioned by Hesiod with Briarēus and Gyges as of "later birth" than the other Titans.

50. *As though in pain*: Pained he seem'd *MS. cancelled*.

53. *Asia* daughter of Oceanus and Tethys, married to Iapetus and mother of Prometheus. She is generally identified with Clymene (76), and so Hesiod, *Theogony*; but Keats makes of them two persons and gives to Asia a new parentage upon which, as upon *Dolor* in ii. 19, critics who have discussed the sources of Keats's Titans have refrained from commenting. Keats probably met the name, as the late Prof. York Powell pointed out to me, in the *Arabian Nights*, with which he was very familiar. In the Mahommedan faith, Kaf was a fabulous mountain which "surrounded the earth as a ring does the finger," it was "the starry girdle of the world" (Burton, 1001 *Nights*, i. 77. 122) and a not infrequent threat of the magician was that he could transport "the stones of a city behind the mountain Kaf and the circumambient ocean". Keats, his imagination fired by legends of the East as by those of Greece and Rome, conceives of the Titan Asia as having this parentage.*

54. *Who cost her mother Tellus keener pangs*:—an echo of *Paradise Lost*, iv. 271, "which cost Ceres all that pain" a passage which particularly impressed Keats. *Cf. Lamia*, i. 63 note.

60. *By Oxus or in Ganges' sacred isles*: From Tigris unto Ganges and far north *MS. cancelled*—then "By Tigris or in Ganges shaded isles". Lastly "Tigris" becomes "Oxus," but "shaded" is left in the *MS.* and reappears in *Woodhouse*.

61. *as Hope upon her anchor leans*:—The simile of Hope has been objected to as unclassical, but if it is unclassical it is so accidentally rather than in spirit, and Keats in all probability owed it, in common with most of his unimpeachable classicisms, to an Elizabethan source. *Cf. Faerie Queene*, i. 10. 14.

> Upon her arme a silver anchor lay
> Whereon she leaned ever, as befell.

66. *Enceladus* the strongest and fiercest of the giants, usually indentified with Typhon. Keats makes of them two persons (*cf.* l. 20) but he attributes here to Enceladus the prowess associated in Ovid with the name of Typhon. *Cf.* Sandys, Ovid, *Met.* vi. (quoted in part in *Woodhouse*):—

> *Typhon* from earth's gloomy entrails rais'd
> Struck all their powers with feare; who fled amazed
> Till *Egypt's* scorched soyle the weary hides
> And wealthy Nile, who in seven channels glides
> That hither earth born *Typhon* them pursued
> When as the gods concealing shapes indued.
> *Jove* turn'd himselfe, she said, into a Ram;
> From whence the hornes of *Lybian Hammon* came
> *Bacchus* a goat, *Apollo* was a crow,
> *Phoebe* a cat, *Jove's* wife a cow of snow;
> *Venus* a fish, a stork did *Hermes* hide.

(For the significance of lines 70, 71 in relation to the scheme of the poem, *cf.* Introduction, p. 488).

The name *Enceladus* does not occur in Hesiod, but was known to Keats from a passage in Vergil's *Aeneid*, iii. 578 (which he had already utilised in *Endymion*) and in Spenser, who describes his death in the later war of the Titans at the hand of Bellona (*Faerie Queene*, ii. 9. 22). The character of *Enceladus* may be compared with that of Moloch in *Paradise Lost*, but it was doubtless filled out by the suggestions of the mythological gloss in Sandys, pp. 96, 97. "*Typhon* is the type of Ambition. . . . He is said to have reached Heaven with his hands, in regard to his aspiring thoughts; to have feete unwearied with trouble as expressing his industry in accommodating all thinges to his own designes; to have flaming eyes; as full of wrath and violence; the tongues of serpents; in that insolent in language, apt to detract, sounding his owne glory on the infamy of others. . . . But better this horrid figure of Typhon agrees with rebellion. . . . By such rebellions not seldom princes are chased out

of their countries inforced to hide themselves in some obscure angle; as here the Gods pursued by Typhon, fly into Egypt; concealing themselves in the shapes of unreasonable creatures."*

73. *Atlas*:—Son of Iapetus and Asia or Clymene.

74. *Phorcus, the sire of Gorgons*:—*Cf. Faerie Queene*, iv. 11. 13.

The father of that fatal brood
By whom those old heroes won such fame.

75. *Tethys*:—Wife of Oceanus, often referred to in Spenser. The tender and yielding character given to *Clymene* was perhaps due to the association of the name with the *Clymene* of Ovid, *Met.* ii., *i.e.* the mother of Phaeton and wife of Apollo. Her "*tangled hair*" is a reminiscence of *Lycidas*.

To sport with Amaryllis in the shade
Or with the tangles of Neæra's hair,

itself a reminiscence of Peele's *David and Bathseba*:—

Here comes my lover tripping like a roe
And brings my longings tangled in her hair.

77. *Themis*: *vide* note to ii. 9.

79. *night confounds*:—A phrase recollected from the famous passage in Chapman's *Iliad* (viii. 420-24; *vide* Introduction, p. xlvi where the poet describes the abode of the Titans.

83. *chaunt*: tell *MS. cancelled.*

86. *Above a sombre cliff*: and now was slowly come *MS. cancelled*—then "Above a [clifted] gnarled cliff" which is altered to text.

95. *but most of all despair*:—In the description of the complexity of Saturn's emotion, Keats almost inevitably draws upon the descriptions of Satan in *Paradise Lost* (*cf. Paradise Lost*, iv. 114, 115.

passion dimm'd his face
Thrice chang'd with pale, ire, envie and despair.

Cf. also vi. 787 "hope conceiving from despair" and xi. 301

112. *some wailed*. some sat up *MS. cancelled.*

134. *starry Uranus with finger*: starr'd Uranus with his finger *MS.*, *Woodhouse.* The final reading is a correction of a false quantity in the draft.

144. *loud warring*: engaging *MS. cancelled.*

163. *Oceanus*:—The one Titan according to ancient authority who had not joined in war against the Olympians. His peaceful acquiescence in his fate made him to Keats the mouthpiece of the "eternal truth" of which the poem is the expression. With the last part of his speech should be compared the beautiful reference to Oceanus in *Endymion*, iii. 994, which suggests that already at that period Keats had pondered upon the subject of *Hyperion.*

165. *astonied*: astonished *MS.* corrected above, and showing that the corrections were made at a time when Keats desired to be as Miltonic as possible, *i.e.*, before he had given up the poem as too Miltonic.

169. *in his watery shades*: beneath watry glooms *MS. cancelled.*

*173. *who, passion-stung:* whom passion stings *MS. cancelled.*

191. *From chaos,* etc.:—This great passage in which Oceanus describes the evolution of the world from chaos gave Keats some trouble, but it is difficult from the writing of the *MS.* to tell what his first conception was. Our *MS.* begins:—

> Darkness was first, and then a Light there was;
> From Chaos came the Heavens and the Earth
> The first grand Parent—

interesting as showing a clear dependence on Milton. Then Keats starts once more:—

> From Chaos and parental darkness came
> Light, 'twas the first of all (the fruits?)

This was cancelled for the reading of the text. The next line first ran:—

> That sullen ferment, grown unto its height,

and in line 194 we have a false start, "Was at strange boil" (for "broil"?).

217. *Say, doth the dull soil:* Strife indeed there was *MS.* altered to (1) say, shall the [lifel] senseless soil, (2) the reading of the text.

263. *was breathed from a land:* came breathing from inland *MS. cancelled.*

266. *soft delicious warmth:*—This Miltonism came to Keats as he was writing our *MS.* He began "delight" (delightful?) but put his pen through the "t" and added "cious".

308. *from supreme contempt:* from contempt of that mild speech *MS.* altered because it was hypermetric, "Of that mild speech" being re-written as a start to the next line, but afterwards discarded.

310. *Or to the over foolish, Giant-Gods? MS.:* Or to the over foolish giant, gods? 1820. Mr. Forman, with fine critical acumen, had already anticipated this as the correct reading. It is at once more musical and more effective. "Giant-gods" is a term applied by Keats to the Titans in a passage rejected from lines 357-71 (*vide infra*).

313. *piled* : pour'd *MS., Woodhouse.*

*325. *lifted:* arose *MS. cancelled.* A line follows "and standing stood, continuing thus" which we are not surprised to find cancelled.

341. *The winged thing, Victory:*—A phrase possibly suggested by a statue, but more likely another reminiscence of Milton. When the Son of God appeared to drive forth the rebel angels

> at his right hand victorie
> Sate eagle winged (*Paradise Lost*, vi. 762).

At the same time, "winged victory" is a common classical phrase and would be well known to Keats in Chapman's *Homer.*

355. *sweeps:* turns *MS. cancelled*—a great gain in vividness.

357-71. *Till suddenly a splendour . . . short Numidian curl:*—This great passage, like the climax of book i., reached its full poetic height from an earlier inadequate form, and in the process underwent so much alteration that Keats crossed through his first copy in the *MS.* and re-

wrote it, to judge by the writing, on a later occasion. It first ran thus:—

> Till suddenly a full-blown Splendour fill'd
> Those native spaces of oblivion
> And every g[l]ulph and every chasm old
> And every height and every sullen depth
> *Voiceless, or fill'd with hoarse tormented streams;*
> And all the everlasting cataracts
> And all the headlong torrents far and near
> And all the Caverns soft with moss and weed
> Or dazzling with bright and barren gems;
> And all the giant-Gods. It was Hyperion;
> He stood upon a granite peak aloof
> With golden hair of short numidian curl,
> Rich as the colchian fleece.

Three changes were, apparently, introduced into the text at once; "and every chasm old" in the third line was altered to "was seen and chasm old," *the ninth line was altered to "Or blazoned with clear spar and* barren gems" to get rid of the cockney pronunciation of "dazzling" as a trisyllable, and the comparison of Hyperion's hair to the golden fleece was cancelled. The reconstruction of the passage is carried out in such a way as to make the situation which it describes at once more familiar and more vivid to the imagination, as an actual sunrise among the mountains. For this reason the reference to the giant-gods, in the earlier version the climax of a long sentence, is omitted, in order that the emphasis laid upon their presence may not violate the universal truth of the picture, whilst lines 9 and 10 are cancelled, as by their very tender beauty detracting from the vast splendour of the scene. At the same time Keats dwells upon the dramatic significance of the situation—the last appearance of Hyperion as the god of day—by adding lines which express the misery of the fallen Titans. It is noticeable that the changes introduced into the description of Hyperion (371, 372) are in the direction of Miltonism.

374. *Memnon*:—The son of Tithonus and Aurora slain by Achilles. Sandys in his commentary on Ovid, *Met.* xiii. 578, says that he was "supposed to be an Æthiopian in regard of his complexion". Sandys goes on to explain, "And neere Egyptian Thebes in the Grove of Serapis, he had his miraculous statue: sitting and consisting of a hard darke marble made with such admirable art, that when the rising Sunne cast his beames thereon, it would render a mournful sound; and salute as it were his approaching mother".

385. *bulk*: shade *MS. cancelled.*

Book III

The opening lines have an additional pathos when it is remembered that they were written soon after the death of Tom Keats, by whose bedside the poet had been watching for three months. Perhaps lines 124-30 are a reminiscence of this, as is the *Ode to the Nightingale*, 3,

where youth grows pale, and spectre-thin, and dies.

2. *Amazed:* Perplexed *MS. cancelled.*

3. *O leave them, Muse! O leave them to their woes!* O leave them Muse! for they have succour none *MS. cancelled.*

6. *Thy lips:* These anthemed lips *MS. cancelled.*

7. *Leave them,* O *Muse:* Leave them—for many *MS. cancelled.*

8. *fallen:* lonely *MS. cancelled;* mateless *MS. cancelled.*

10. *piously:* deftly *MS. cancelled.* Probably Keats had some other word than "Delphic" in the line of his first draft, *e.g.*, "Aeolian," which would scan with "deftly".

12. *In aid soft warble from the Dorian flute:*—The delicate music of these lines recalls *Paradise Lost*, i. 549-51, to whose "sad sweet melody" Keats had called attention in his *Notes to Milton:*—

Anon they move
In perfect *Phalanx* to the *Dorian* mood
Of *Flutes* and *soft* Recorders.

13. *'tis for:* thou singst *MS. cancelled.*

14. *Flush everything*, etc. Keats starts two lines here before he decides definitely how to proceed:—

Let a warm rosy hue . . .
And the corn haunting poppy . . .

For "vermeil" Keats first wrote "rosy".

19. *faint-lipped:* red-lipped *MS. cancelled.*

22. *Blush keenly:* blush as she did *MS. cancelled.*

27. *hazels:*—Copied by Woodhouse's clerk as "Hyle's" and thus explained by Mr. Buxton Forman: "Probably Keats left the 'a' out of 'Hazle'—a quite possible spelling for him; and the copyist took the 'z' for a 'y'." A glance at the facsimile will show this conjecture to be correct. In the *MS.* Woodhouse has marked the line in pencil as doubtful.

29, 30. *Where was he, when*, etc.:—The question here recalls *Lycidas*, 50

Where were ye nymphs when the remorseless deep?

33. *wandered:* roamed *MS. cancelled.*

41. *boughs:*—Keats first wrote "shade" and then "oaks" before he decided upon the reading of the text.

42. *He listen'd, and he wept*, etc.:—Leigh Hunt, followed by other critics, has censured this conception of Apollo. "It strikes us that there is something too effeminate and human in the way in which Apollo receives the exaltation that his wisdom is giving him. He weeps and wonders somewhat too fondly; but his powers gather nobly on him as he proceeds." If

the wisdom which Apollo gains were merely knowledge the criticism would be unanswerable, but it is evident that Keats means to include in it far more than this, and to suggest that the great poet of light and song reaches his supremacy not merely by knowledge but by anguish and by a distress of heart which makes him "feel the giant agony of the world," and gives him an understanding of human suffering. Keats had dwelt upon this idea in *Sleep and Poetry*, and he draws it out still more pointedly in his *Fall of Hyperion*, and it is hardly likely that his conception here would be completely different. It is far more probable that he developed the idea more obviously in his revision (*Fall of Hyp.* i. 147-149) because he felt that his treatment of it in the first version had been too vague.

44. *Thus with half-shut, suffused eyes he stood:* So kept his [he?] with his eyes suffused half-shut *MS. corrected.*

50. *How cam'st thou over the unfooted sea?* How camest thou over the pathless sea? *MS.* corrected to text.

52. *Mov'd:* Walked *MS. cancelled.*

53. *o'er:* by *MS. cancelled*

55 *in cool mid forest:* in the m(id forest?) *MS. cancelled.*

56. *about:* along *MS. cancelled.*

57. *These glassy solitudes, and seen the flowers:* These solitudes and seen the grass and flowers *MS. cancelled.*

62. *hast dreamed:* dreamst *MS. cancelled.*

63 *Didst find a lyre all golden by thy side:* Didst find a golden lyre by thy side *MS.* altered in order to avoid the awkward pronunciation of "lyre" as a dissyllable—a fault to which Mr Bridges has called attention as characteristic of Keats.

64. *Touch'd:* swept *MS cancelled; whose strings:* the which *MS. cancelled.*

100. *To any one particular beauteous star*.—*Cf. All's Well that Ends Well*, i. 1. 96.

'Twere all one
That I should love a bright particular star.

114. *rebellious:* loud voices *MS. cancelled.*

116. *Creations and destroyings all at once* Creations, visage of destroyings and calm peace *MS. cancelled.*

118. *deify me:* and like some *MS. cancelled.*

121. *While his enkindled eyes*, etc.:—

While level glanced beneath his temples soft
His eyes were steadfast on Mnemosyne *MS. cancelled.*

The lines that follow gave Keats considerable trouble He began 123 "Upon Mnemosyne," and only added "Trembling with light" in the margin. For the next line he first wrote, "and while through all his limbs [*cancelled*] frame"—then "and wild commotion throughout"—then "and his while" [*cancelled*]—then at last, "Soon wild commotions," etc. The next line he began "All his white," and then followed:—

Roseate and pained as any ravished nymph [*cancelled*]
Into a hue more roseate than a sweet pain
Gives to a Nymph new-r(avished) when her tears

altered to:—

Gives to a ravish'd nymph when her warm tears
Gush luscious with no sob. Or more severe
More, etc.

So *Woodhouse*. The first three lines, however, are cancelled with a pencil and "And" written for "More" in the fourth line. The text reads "Most".

126 *Most like the struggle at the gate of death*:—Mr. Arnold compares with *Gebir*, vii. 240.

He seems to struggle from the grasp of death.

131. *His very hair*: Even his hair *MS. cancelled*. In the next line the word "graceful" is inserted above "undulation," but cancelled.

135. *Apollo shrieked*:—Above "Apollo" is written the cancelled "Phoebus". The line originally concluded, "he was the God!", the next line beginning "And Godlike," altered in our *MS.* to "from all his limbs".

136. *Celestial*: And Godlike *MS. cancelled*. Woodhouse adds in pencil, on what authority we know not:—

Glory dawn'd, he was a god.

Additional note on HYPERION i. 31-3, 177-8, 271-83; ii. 373-5.

Miss Helen Darbishire has communicated to me the important discovery that Keats owed his interest in Egyptian sculptural images and architectural forms to three articles in the *Annals of the Fine Arts* for the latter months of 1818, and 1819. The first article records the arrival at the British Museum of "a Colossal Head, said to be of Memnon, some shafts of Columns, Capitals and other Sculptures." The second describes the *palace* of Memnon, which "*looks to the east*; in one of *its courts* are seen the remains of the celebrated statue" (*cf. Hyp.* i. 31-3, ii. 375). The third, *A Brief View of the Fine Arts among various Nations of Antiquity*, tells that Egyptian remains "bear the character of the infancy of art, rude in their design yet inspiring in their massiveness and extraordinary size . . . they appear to *bear the epitaph of departed centuries*" (*Hyp.* i. 279-80). The temple of Dandera, we are told, "is covered with bassi rilievi, inscriptions and sculptures. . . . In the frieze is a winged globe. . . . The interior is decorated with all the mysticism of the arts and sciences; astronomy, morality and metaphysics have here deposited their secrets. Among the principal decorations the sphynx is predominant, but the most wonderful one is a large *celestial planisphere*. . . . This picture is divided into two equal portions by a large figure . . . having its feet on the earth, its arms extended towards heaven, and occupying the space between the firmament and the terrestrial regions. In the other half is a similar figure . . . surrounded with *globes and innumerable hieroglyphs*.' There can be no doubt that Keats visited the Museum, and was deeply impressed by the new acquisitions from Egypt.

POSTHUMOUS AND FUGITIVE POEMS

THE FALL OF HYPERION

A VISION

The Fall of Hyperion was first printed by Lord Houghton in *Bibliographical and Historical Miscellanies of the Philobiblion Society* (vol. iii. 1856). He republished it in the 1867 edition of the *Life and Letters*. He had referred to it in 1848 as a recast, but in 1856 he raised a doubt as to which version was the earlier, and in 1867 published *The Vision* with the words "I have no doubt that it was the first draft". This view was unhesitatingly accepted by subsequent critics, all of whom printed *The Vision* as the first version until, in 1887, Mr Colvin (EML, pp. 187, 232) finally showed that view to be untenable, not only by overwhelming internal evidence, but also by reference to the remark of Brown in the *Houghton Papers*, "in the evening (of Nov. and Dec. 1819) he was deeply engaged in remodelling the fragment of *Hyperion* into the form of a vision," a view supported by Dr. Richard Garnett who remembered a statement to the same effect in a lost MS. of Woodhouse's.*

In October of the present year (1904) Lord Crewe discovered the lost Woodhouse transcript of *The Fall of Hyperion*, and by his kind permission I am allowed to make use of it in the present edition. A full account of it has already been given in the introduction to the Transliteration of the MS. published by the Clarendon Press and edited by myself, and for full details with regard to it students are referred to that work. The transcript was made by Woodhouse's clerks in 1833-4 and was carefully corrected by Woodhouse himself, so that it is evidently an exact reproduction of the autograph MS; and as the autograph is still missing, it is the first authority for the text of the poem. A study of the transcript not only shows that the version hitherto printed is incorrect in several places, mostly due to inaccuracy in copying for press and in proof-reading, but that it has omitted a passage of over twenty lines which is of the highest importance to the argument of the poem. The discovery of the transcript came too late to allow me to alter the text of my first edition, but all the corrections and additions which it supplies are now incorporated in the text and commented upon in the notes.*

This attempt to reconstruct *Hyperion* in the form of a vision revealed and interpreted to the poet by Moneta, a goddess of the fallen race of Titans, was the last work of Keats before his poetic powers deserted him. It occupied the last few months of 1819, and already, as critics have often

pointed out, gave evidence of declining power. But it does not follow because Keats was at this time unequal to the task he set himself, that he would have been unsuccessful if he had been able to attempt it when he was in full possession of his poetic energies. The romantic form which he has now chosen, if not so obviously adapted to the subject, is at least more natural to the poet himself, and more in keeping with the general character of his other work. It was probably the consciousness of this that led him to make the change. It has been suggested that the influence of Dante was largely responsible for it, but it must be remembered that Keats's study of Dante occupied his time in the summer of 1818 when he was upon his Scotch tour, and would thus have been more likely to affect the first version of the poem than to have suggested a reconstruction.[1] This is sufficiently explained by the reasons which Keats himself gives for leaving *Hyperion* as a fragment—its excessive Miltonism, together with the feeling which grew upon him as he wrote that in a pure *objective* poem, such as he had chosen, he would not be able to interpret with sufficient clearness his own conception of the significance of the legends with which he dealt. There is no indication that his views as to that significance had undergone any change, but his feeling with regard to it had become intenser and he decided to work it out with more elaboration. Hence a careful study of the first 250 lines of the *Vision* will give us a clearer understanding not merely of the *Fall of Hyperion*, but of the greater fragment of which it is the revision. Allowance must be made, as Mr. Colvin has pointed out, for the growing note of despair, for the fact that whereas before Keats had felt the goal to be within his ultimate reach he now belittles his own endeavours to attain it; but if he realises more intensely than ever the pains which are the inevitable accompaniment of the sensitive poetic temperament, he has never presented more vividly those ideal emotions which are its ample compensation. The opening allegory, of great importance to the proper understanding of Keats's whole conception of life may, perhaps, be interpreted as follows:—

It is clear that in the garden, the temple, and the shrine, are presented to us those three stages in the poet's development towards the attainment of his ideal which Keats had dwelt upon in *Sleep and Poetry* (1816) and in the letter to Reynolds (1818) (*vide* notes, p. 406). The garden is the garden of Nature and Art, as Nature and Art make their first appeal to the sensitive temperament. Its resources are infinite and it offers them without stint to those who are capable of enjoying them. The poet eats his fill and his feast brings upon him a thirst for a draught of something deeper

[1] A distinction should be drawn between such influence of Dante as could come through a translation, and such as could only be due to the direct study of the original. Of this latter and more subtle kind of influence, affecting the style and phraseology of the poet, the first and only examples, as Mr. Bridges points out, are to be found in the *Fall of Hyperion*. The lines to which he draws attention in this connection are i. 6, 97-99 (especially 99), and 145, 146. But *cf.* also Mackail: *Lectures on Poetry, Keats.*

and diviner which he finds in a cool vessel beside him. (This corresponds, perhaps, to what Shelley has termed "*Intellectual Beauty*".) To this draught he owes his whole future development; for by it he is drawn, he knows not how, into another world. His mind is awakened, and his feelings of mere sensuous delight are changed into a profound and often melancholy sense of the infinity and mystery of the world about him. The place where he finds himself is in a sense the temple of knowledge, but it contains far more than the word *knowledge* usually implies, for it holds within it the beauty and the experience of all time, and yet it beckons rather to the future than to the past. The East from which the light had once come is "shut against the sunrise evermore"; in the West is the altar to which the poet must bend his steps, and as he approaches the altar he gains some prophetic insight into the highest joys of poetry and is refreshed, so that for the moment he forgets how far he is from attaining the goal. At the foot of the shrine is the figure of Saturn, majestic though fallen, a type of what the past can teach the future, whilst the fate of Saturn, soon to be unfolded, is significant of those essential laws of progress which govern the universe and themselves give a unity of all existence. And the priestess interpreter who ministers at the shrine, the "sole goddess of the desolation" of the past, is Moneta. Formerly she was known as Mnemosyne, the goddess of memory, the mother of the Muses, by whose inspiration Apollo, the father of song, had gained divinity, but now she is called by a name which suggests that to her powers of inspiration must be added the power to admonish and to guide. With her first words she warns the poet that he must ascend the steps that lead to his ideal life before it is too late. To wander aimlessly among the wonders of the temple is little better than feasting in the garden: he must concentrate himself upon some intense imaginative effort. As he hears this warning and looks about him he becomes conscious of its essential truth. His awakened sense of wonder, his thirst for knowledge, his widened experience of life, have all tended to paralyse his creative faculties, so that it becomes ever harder for him to exercise them. Only by a supreme effort does he put his imaginative sympathies to some definite result, and so gain the lowest stair. And having reached it he learns that further progress cannot be made by imaginative sympathy alone; the selfish life of artistic isolation will profit him nothing, he must henceforth live in the world about him, making its sorrows his sorrows. Even so, he must realise the superiority of the practical life over the life of the dreamer; and though by reason of his temperament such a life can never be his, he must reverence it at its true worth.

How is this to be understood? It is true, indeed, that the great poets have "usurped the height"; but wherein have they escaped this sweeping denunciation of the imaginative mind? wherein, except in degree, do they differ from their weaker brethren? The text as hitherto printed, gives no answer; it simply leaves us with this antithesis between the practical and

the visionary temper, which may be just but is certainly not the antithesis required by the argument. The necessary conclusion is supplied by this passage found in the *MS.* after line 186, but seemingly rejected by Woodhouse,[1] wherein the poet, at the same time, indeed, as he admits his own unworthiness, pleads the cause of his art, and receives no hesitating reply:—

"Majestic shadow, tell me: sure not all
Those melodies sung into the World's ear
Are useless: sure a poet is a sage:
A humanist, Physician to all Men.
That I am none I feel, as Vultures feel
They are no birds when Eagles are abroad
What am I then: thou spakest of my Tribe:
What Tribe?" The tall shade veiled in drooping white
Then spake, so much more earnest, that the breath
Moved the thin linen folds that drooping hung
About a golden censer from the hand
Pendent—"Art thou not of the dreamer Tribe?
The Poet and the dreamer are distinct
Diverse, sheer opposite, antipodes.
The one pours out a balm upon the World
The other vexes it." Then shouted I
Spite of myself, and with a Pythia's spleen
"Apollo! faded! O far-flown Apollo!
Where is thy misty pestilence[2] to creep

[1] Woodhouse has cancelled the lines with a pencil mark, and added a marginal note, "Keats seems to have intended to erase this and the next twenty-one lines," and the remark has this justification, that the lines are not as a whole up to the poetic level of the rest; moreover, four of them are employed again a little further on in the poem. But Keats did not erase them (when he rejected a passage he did it with no uncertain stroke of the pen), and, as it seems to me, he would not have done so. He would undoubtedly have rewritten them, cancelled some and expanded others. Woodhouse's very uncertainty suggests that Keats never revised the poem, and as he gave up all idea of publishing it he probably never wrote a fair copy; but the evidence as it stands does not, assuredly, give us the right to reject the lines, particularly as they supply a necessary climax to the argument of the introductory allegory, which has hitherto been presented imcomplete.

[2] The "misty pestilence" of Apollo may have been suggested to Keats by the first book of the *Iliad*, but the reference is far more likely to be due to a somewhat blurred reminiscence of a passage in the Homeric *Hymn to Apollo*, which he knew well in Chapman's translation. Here he read how Apollo slew the Pythoness who inhabited Parnassus and poured his rays upon the carcase:—

then seized upon
Her horrid heap with putrefaction
Hyperion's lovely powers; from whence her name
Took sound of Python, and heaven's sovereign flame
Was surnamed Pythias, since the sharp-eyed Sun
Affected so with putrefaction
The hellish monster.

The mention in the lines immediately preceding of Typhon, "the abhorred affright and bane of mortals," as under the charge of the Pythoness, and the reference to the sun as Hyperion, would tend to impress the passage upon the mind of one who had long

Into the dwellings, through the door crannies
Of all mock lyrists,[1] large self-worshippers
And careless Hectorers in proud bad verse?
Though I breathe death with them it will be life
To see them sprawl before me into graves."

As poetry these lines may not be very valuable, but there can be no question of their importance to the argument of the poem. If the imaginative poet reaches the highest development of which the human mind is capable, the climax of this introductory dream must inevitably be devoted to a revelation of his true nature, and the practical unimaginative man must not be left in complete possession of the field. And these lines, though as they stand they are clearly inadequate, serve well enough as a bald expression of an idea which would be glorified in such a revision of the poem as *Hyperion* underwent between the first and second drafts, and such as this poem would surely have undergone had it not been thrown aside in sickness and despair. But for all its crudity the passage is eminently suggestive, and supplies a valuable commentary, by no means at variance with his other utterances, upon Keats's conception of the poetic art. The object of the singer, he tells us, is to pour out a balm upon the world, not by luring men away from it to a fanciful land of dreams, but by seeing things as they are, and by concentrating his imaginative powers upon reality. Only then, after the character of the true poet has been made clear in its relation both with the man of action and with the mere dreamer, does Moneta unfold to him the Vision which contains within it the lesson of all the ages, as Oceanus revealed it to his fallen brethren; and from this Keats catches a glimpse of that last stage in his development after which he is striving, wherein his strenuous devotion to Beauty will have raised him above the limitations of ordinary life, and he will *have gained that sublime serenity by which he will be able*

to bear all naked truths
And to envisage circumstance, all calm.

Mr. Robert Bridges has pointed out that the changes made in those passages which were incorporated from *Hyperion* are chiefly due to the desire to avoid excessive Miltonisms, and certain mannerisms of Keats's own earlier style; but it will be noticed that the influence of Milton had struck far too deep to be easily shaken off, and if many Miltonisms are removed many are retained, and even new ones introduced. An attempt will be made to suggest reasons for the alterations as they occur—those already pointed out by Mr. Bridges are distinguished by the initials RB.

The Fall of Hyperion: A Dream. H describes the poem as "*A Vision*".

22-24. The brackets are inserted by Woodhouse in the *MS.* in pencil.

24. *Turning MS.*: Twining H; quite unintelligibly—a printer's error.

29. *a feast of summer fruits*:—A reference to the repast prepared by Eve for Raphael in *Paradise Lost* (v. 321-349). The "arbour with a drooping roof" (25) "not far from roses" (24) "of trellis vines, and bells, and larger blooms" (26) recalls *Adam's* coole Bowre (*Paradise Lost*, v. 300) which Milton compares with "*Pomona's* Arbour . . . with flourets deck't and fragrant smells" (v. 378); *cf.* especially with lines 29-34 and 52, 53, "fragrant husks and berries crush'd,"

fruit of all kindes, in coate,
Rough, or smooth rin'd, or bearded *husk*, or *shell*
She gathers, Tribute large, and on the board
Heaps with unsparing hand; for drink the *Grape*
She *crushes*, inoffensive moust, and meathes
From many a *berrie*, and from sweet kernels prest
She tempers dulcet creams, nor these to hold
Wants her fit vessels pure, then strews the ground
With Rose and Odours from the shrub unfum'd.
(*Paradise Lost*, v. 341-49).

It will be noticed that in recalling the situation described by Milton Keats has in a large measure resumed its language.

For the *fabled horn* (35) *cf. Endymion* ii. 448 and note.

48. *soon fading*:—Woodhouse notes that the original reading was "death-doing". This throws some light upon the meaning of an obscure passage.

55. *sank*: sunk *MS.* A correction by H of a common error of Keats's.

60. *carved MS.*: curved H. The *MS.* reading is again far more natural than that given by H.

75. *the moth could not corrupt*:—*Cf. St. Matthew*, vi. 19.

76. *so, in some, distinct*: so, in some distinct *MS.*, on which Woodhouse notes in pencil *qy.* correct. Mr. Colvin has suggested to me that "some" may be miswritten for "zone," which would make excellent sense.

77, 80. *imageries*:—This peculiar use of the plural abstract coupled with the curious combination of "effects" is a notable feature in the style of Keats's later poems. In the *Eve of St. Mark* (56) we have "daz'd with saintly imageries" and a passage descriptive of the illumination in an old manuscript volume (25-37) which for its strange combination may be compared with these in the *Vision*. We may compare too stanza L of the *Cap and Bells*, written at the same time as the *Vision*. *Cf.* Appendix C, under Chapman.

83. *The embossed roof, the silent massy range Of columns*:—*Cf. Il Penseroso*, 156-58.

To walk the studious Cloysters pale,
And love the high embowed Roof,
With antick Pillars massy proof.

96. *One ministering:*—"Following a clue which he had found in a Latin book of mythology he had lately bought, he now identifies this Greek *Mnemosyne*, the mother of the Muses, with the Roman Moneta; and (being possibly aware that the temple of Juno Moneta on the Capitol at Rome was not far from that of Saturn) makes his Mnemosyne Moneta the priestess and guardian of Saturn's temple" (Colvin, EML, p. 186). The passage which, as Mr. Colvin states, is to be found on pp. 3, 4 of the *Mythographi Latini*, in the notes to Hyginus, runs "Illa est *Mnemosyne* Hesiodo et Apollodoro. Vidit et Turnebus, cum scriberet Moneta Hygino est, quae Mnemosyne à Graecis vocatur. . . . Μνήμη appellatur Anthol. i. viii. 1 *Memoria* . . . *Inde a poetis Jovis et Minervae esse eas filias constitutum est.* . . . Nimirum Minervam quidam memoriam esse dixerunt. Arnob, p. 118. Unde ipsum nomen Minerva, quasi quaedam Meminerva, formatum est . . . Certe Moneta eadem est, quae *Mnemosyne*, nam auctor infra dicet matrem esse Musarum *Monetam* quae a Pindaro. . . . *Mnemosyne* dicitur . . . Junonem *Monetam* a Romanis cultam vel pueri norunt" (because she warned the Romans of the approach of the Gauls to the Capitol by the cackling of her sacred geese).

97. *When in midway* MS. As in mid-day H. "Midway," etc., is probably what Keats meant, and there is no need to change "When" to "As".*

135. *As once fair angels on a ladder flew From the green turf to heaven:*—*Genesis*, xxviii. 12. But it seems far more likely that Keats was thinking rather of the allusion to Jacob's ladder in *Paradise Lost* (iii. 510) where Satan is represented coming upon the stairs which lead from Heaven to Earth.

The Stairs were such as whereon *Jacob* saw
Angels ascending and descending, bands
Of Guardians bright, when he from *Esau* fled
To *Padan-Aram* in the field of *Luz*,
Dreaming by night under the open Skie,
And waking cri'd, This is the Gate of Heav'n.

The poet, like Satan in *Paradise Lost*, is on "the lower stair".

*158. *more:*—Woodhouse notes that "more" here means *eo magis* It is certainly more forcible if so interpreted, but Keats is not likely to have intended it.

161. *Those:* They *MS.*

167. [*do*] *MS.:* do H. The word is indeed unnecessary, and sense and metre are alike better without it.

175. *Only the dreamer venoms all his days, etc.:*—For this conception of the poetic temperament *cf.* a letter to Miss Jeffrey (9th June, 1819), contrasting Shakespeare with Ariosto. Ariosto "was a noble poet of Romance; not a miserable and mighty poet of the human heart. The middle age of Shakespeare was all clouded over; his days were not more happy than Hamlet's who is perhaps more like Shakespeare in his common everyday life than any other of his characters."

187-210. These lines comprise the passage in the *MS.* rejected by Woodhouse, and already quoted and discussed in my introduction to the poem.*

226-7. *supreme Sole priestess of his desolation MS.*: supreme, Sole goddess of this desolation H. This divergence cannot have been the work of a professional copyist.

238. *lang'rous MS.*: langorous H. So in Sonnet xxix., *The day is gone*, etc. *And so by turns MS.*; And so, by turns H.

266. *Soft mitigated MS.*: Soft, mitigated H. Keats's intention here was obviously to write one of his characteristic compound adjectives. The inserted comma obscures his meaning, and makes the passage far less effective.

269. *But, in blank splendour, beam'd*: But in blank splendour beam'd H. Here, by restoring the punctuation intended by Keats, the music and the force of the line are much improved.

276. *brain MS.*: brow H. The mistake has arisen from the eye of the copyist falling upon the last word of the previous line.

277. *environed*:—The *MS.* reading of the word is illegible. It looks like "enwouned," and being unable to suggest anything better I and obliged to accept the reading of the text. But I do not believe that Keats wrote "environed". HBF suggests "envision'd".*

294-96. *Hyp.* i. 1-3.

310-30. *Hyp.* i. 7-25:—The expansion of the first sentence gets rid of two ugly repetitions of sound in the first version "no *stir* of *air* was *there*" and *life* and *light*; H.'s change of "voiceless" to "noiseless" has no *MS.* authority. The change of "the" (316) for the original "his" and the expansion of 296-98 from *Hyp.* i. 16, 17, were both necessary to the altered scheme, but incalculably weaken the effect.

340-87. *Hyp.* i. 37-88.

341. *vanward MS., Hyp* i. 39. H's "venom'd" is a change with no *MS.* authority—a printer's error.

348. *his ear*: his hollow ear *MS.* The line is thus hypermetric and it was altered by H as Keats had altered the analogous line in *Hyperion.*

352. *in this like accenting; how frail*:—Originally "in these like accents; O how frail," the change made to get rid of the exclamation—a characteristic fault of Keats's early work. So in 356 "wherefore thus" for "O wherefore" (RB). (So in the *Ode on a Grecian Urn* the words "yet do not grieve" were written and first published "O do not grieve") "And for what (354) originally "though wherefore" (i. 52) is probably altered to escape repetition of "wherefore" in 356; "poor lost" from "poor old" to avoid a commonplace phrase (RB). But *cf.* note to *Hyp* i. 52.) At the same time it must be noticed that the only really bad feature of the passage, the vulgar use of "like" (352) remains in both versions.

362. *Captious at* for "conscious of" (*Hyp.* i. 60) to give a fuller and more definite meaning.

365. *scorches and burns MS.*, and *Hyp.* i. 63:—An undoubted improve-

ment is H's "scourges and burns," avoiding the tautology and strengthening the effect both by the addition of the new idea and by the emphasis of the assonance, but it is an alteration which has no *MS.* authority.

366-71. Remodelled and curtailed from i. 64-71, chiefly in order to avoid three exclamations (*cf.* note on 352). But it is noticeable that in getting rid of one of them Keats falls into the obvious Miltonism "*me thoughtless*" (RB).

372. *As when upon a tranced summer-night*, etc. :—It is impossible not to regret the loss of "those green-robed senators of mighty woods" and difficult to suggest a reason for it, unless it was, perhaps, that Keats thought the line too fanciful for its place here. Still more unfortunate is the substitution of "noise" (374) for "stir" (i. 75). The change of 376 from i. 77, "which comes upon the silence, and dies off" is easier to understand, delicately suggestive as it is, by its peculiar cadence and inversion of normal accentuation, of the rise and fall of the wind. "Swélling upon the silence, dýing off."

379. *prest* for "touch'd" to avoid the unusual use of the word. So for "couchant on" Keats substitutes in 386 the more natural "bending to". The alteration of 381 from i. 82 is not successful One can understand his objection to the first version, but the second, with its introduction of the "curls," is worse. The change of "mat" to "net," in H, has no *MS.* authority.

392-94 are changed from i. 83, 84 to avoid the excessive Miltonic inversion—hence the unfortunate "shedded," but one must note that the use of "intense" which follows is itself Miltonic.

409. *of the:* in the *MS.*

410. *spake MS* : spoke H.

411. *musings MS.:* moanings H, an error which arose, doubtless, from the copyist's eye catching sight of "moan" in the next line

412. Keats has completely altered the tone of Saturn's speech, making his words far more querulous and weak. He dwells upon the "pain of feebleness" (429) and it is especially noticeable that when he prophesies at the close of the speech that "there shall be Beautiful things made new" he does not as in the first version add the words "I will give command". And whereas in the first version Thea receives his words with a sort of hope the whole picture in the *Dream* is one of despair. As poetry the second version is hardly comparable with the first and it is difficult to see how it makes clearer the general tenor of the poem, except in so far as [illegible]

[illegible]

view of style it is to be noted that the lines containing the boldest licence in the use of language (i. 117-20) are omitted, and that the "gold clouds metropolitan" (a phrase which has a distinctly Miltonic ring, though the

word "metropolitan" is probably drawn from Wordsworth) becomes the more natural and perhaps more highly poetical "gold peaks of heaven's high piled clouds"; "weak as the reed" (428) is another phrase drawn from the Bible.

415. *above MS.*: upon H.

426. *a shaking palsy MS.*: an aching palsy H.

436. *let there be MS.*: there shall be H. The reading of *Hyperion* is "there shall be," and it looks as though the copyist had erred through his recollection of the line as it occurred in the earlier poem.

442. *that unison*: that pleasant unison *MS.*, hypermetric.

CANTO II

1-3. The book opens with a distinct reminiscence of the words of Raphael to Adam, *Paradise Lost*, v. 571-74:—

what surmounts the reach
Of human sense, I shall delineate so,
By lik'ning spiritual to corporal forms,
As may express them best.

7-end corresponds with *Hyp.* i. 158-217. The reading in line 12 of "in their doom" for "in sharp pain" emphasises again the hopelessness of the Titans' situation, "eagle-brood" (13) for "mammoth-brood" is altered perhaps to avoid the use of an unnecessarily rare word, and in 18 "upon the earth dire prodigies" stands in place of the Miltonic "among us mortals omens drear".

H's substitution of "insecure" for "unsecure" has no *MS.* authority, nor has the change of "flushed" to "flash". The latter case is important, for whereas "Flush" gives a superb picture of the clouds upon the dawn of a stormy day, and by adding a human touch to the picture makes the scene more real to the imagination, "flash" is both feeble and untrue. It should be noted that the essentially Miltonic passage which follows here in the first version (i. 182-85) is omitted in the *Dream.*

20. *Nor at*: So *MS.*, which makes better sense than H's "Not a". H has "hated" for "Even" (evening). After line 22 he writes the line which follows in the corresponding passage of *Hyperion*, but is not found in *MS.* of the poem.

25. *glowing MS.*, as in *Hyperion*; shining H.

34. *Wherefore*, substituted for the weaker "and so".

51. *paved* so *MS.*: paned H.

43. *Who on a wide plain gather in sad troops*:—Originally "who on wide plains gather in panting troops"; the substitution of "sad" for "panting" is a loss in vividness. Keats may have felt his earlier epithet less applicable to the dejected Titans with whom he is instituting the comparison.

47. *is sloping*:—A change to avoid the Miltonism of "slope" (*Hyp.* i. 204). It is noticeable that the next few lines of the first version, essentially Miltonic in construction, are omitted in the *Dream.*

The Eve of St. Mark (first publ. H 1848). First conceived by Keats and probably begun in Jan. 1819, *i.e.* when he was engaged upon the companion poem, the *Eve of St. Agnes.* For in the *Journal Letter*, dated 19th February, he says, "In my next packet, I shall send you my *Pot of Basil, St. Agnes' Eve*, and if I should have finished it, a little thing called the *Eve of St. Mark*. You see what fine Mother Radcliffe names I have—it is not my fault—I do not search for them." Under the date 20th September, he writes from Winchester to his brother. "The great beauty of poetry is that it makes everything, every place, interesting. The palatine Venice and the abbotine Winchester are equally interesting. Some time since I began a poem called the *Eve of St. Mark*, quite in the spirit of town quietude. I think it will give you the sensation of walking about an old country town in a coolish evening. I know not whether I shall finish it; I will give it as far as I have gone." Then follows the poem. The poem was regarded by D. G. Rossetti, as together with *La Belle Dame sans Merci* "in manner the choicest and chastest of Keats's work" and on the *fly leaf at the end of his copy of the poems he wrote the following note:*—

"*The Eve of St. Mark:*—The following is no doubt the superstition in accordance with which *Keats intended to develop this poem. It* was much akin to the belief connected with the *Eve of St. Agnes: It was believed that if a person, on St Mark's Eve, placed himself near the church porch* when twilight was thickening, he would behold the apparitions of those persons in the parish who were to be seized with any severe disease that [illegible] the church. If they remained there, it signified their death; [illegible] or the [illegible] danger-ous their illness. Infants, under age to walk, *rolled* in."—From *The Unseen World*, p. 72 (Masters, 1853). "It seems that on account of the superstition to be embodied, Keats must have laid the scene of his poem near a cathedral" (article by G Milner in *Manchester Quarterly*, 1833—*On some Marginalia made by Dante G. Rossetti in a copy of Keats's poems*).

It is curious to notice that Keats introduces the legend of St. Mark's Eve into his burlesque fairy story the *Cap and Bells*. In that poem the fairy king's earthly lover is named Bertha, she lives at Canterbury (xliii.): the magician produces a sample of her handiwork with the same kind of conventional pattern as appears on the screen described in Bertha's chamber in the *Eve of St. Mark*, and he provides the king with "an old and legend-leaved book, mysterious to behold" (lvii.) which contains the charms by means of which he is to bear her off (lviii.); moreover, the book is to be laid on Bertha's table, and "'twill help your purpose dearly" (lix.); presumably it contains the legend of St. Mark. His adventure, too, can only be successful upon

> April the twenty-fourth,—this coming day,
> Now breathing its new bloom upon the skies,
> Will end in St. Mark's Eve;—you must away,
> *For on that eve alone can you the maid convey.* (lvi.)

The *Eve of St. Agnes*, as has been shown, bears slight traces of the influence of *Christabel*, and there can be no doubt that here Keats owed something to this poem in his use of metre, employing it, as Mr. Bridges has pointed out, with that "sort of latitude advocated by Coleridge". In his treatment of the subject he is entirely independent of any model, and nowhere has he excelled in delicacy and vivid suggestiveness the description in the opening lines. The picture of the streets of the Cathedral city in the evening affords an interesting comparison with the different, but equally successful, picture of the streets of Corinth at night, written about the same time (*Lamia*, i. 350-61). In both the shuffling feet are heard on the pavements, in both companies of people are seen gathering at the entries, and the whole effect of thronged thoroughfares is given in a few significant touches. Here the effect is heightened by reason of the contrast it affords with the indoor scene of the lonely Bertha poring over her magic book, which, as Mr. Colvin says "in its insistent delight in vivid colour and minuteness of far sought suggestive and picturesque detail, is perfectly in the spirit of Rossetti" and "anticipates in a remarkable degree the feeling and method of the modern pre-Raphaelite schools" (EML, p. 165). It is unnecessary to expose in detail the philological inaccuracy of Keats's attempt to reproduce the language of the Middle Ages; he had probably no more knowledge of early English than Chatterton, and the style of lines 99-114 may be due to Chatterton's influence.*

The BM MS. gives two cancelled openings to the poem—"It was on a twice holiday" and "Twice holy was the Sabbath day bell".

68. *Abroad*, etc. Originally written "Both abroad and in the room" and followed by two cancelled lines:—

The Maiden lost in dizzy maze
Turned to the fire and made a blaze.

La Belle Dame sans Merci. Was included in the *Journal Letter to George Keats* dated Feb.-May, 1819, and headed Wednesday evening 28th April. The manner in which it is written and corrected points to its being a first draft, composed at that time. It was first published in the *Indicator* of May, 1820, with a short prefatory essay by Leigh Hunt stating that it was suggested by the title of a poem, *La Belle Dame sans Mercy*, once supposed to be a translation by Chaucer of a dialogue by Alain Chartier, the court poet of Charles II. of France. The note prefixed to the poem, that M. Aleyn "framed this dialogue between a gentleman and a gentlewoman, who finding no mercy at her hand dieth for sorrow" (*vide* Chalmers, *English Poets*, i. 518) may have given a further hint to Keats, but he could have found nothing suggestive in the poem itself, which is not only monotonous but totally devoid of real feeling. In idea and atmosphere Keats's poem is closer to Spenser's description of Phædria (*Faerie Queene*, ii. 6. 3, 14, 7):—

a Ladie fresh and faire,
Making sweet solace to her selfe alone;

who meets Cymochles and leads him away

to a shady dale
And laid him downe upon a grassie plaine;
And her sweet selfe without dread, or disdane,
She set beside, laying his head disarm'd
In her loose lap, it softly to sustaine,
Where soone he slumbred, fearing not be harm'd,
The whiles with a love lay she thus him sweetly charm'd.
. . . .
Sometimes her head she fondly would aguize
With gaudie girlonds, or fresh flowrets dight
About her necke, or rings of rushes plight.

But while Keats may owe something to this passage his conception is invested with a sense of tragedy which Spenser had no desire to convey. In this a striking parallel may be noted with *Pericles* (*cf.* especially *Belle Dame*, stanzas 10 and 11) where Pericles is about to stake his life to win the king's daughter, and Antiochus bids him take warning by the princes who have already lost their lives:—

Yon sometime famous Princes, like thyself
Drawn by report, adventurous by desire,
Tell thee with speechless tongues, and semblance pale
That without covering save yon field of stars
Here they stand martyrs, slain in Cupid's wars,
And with dead cheeks advise thee to desist
For going on death's net, whom none resist (i. 1. 34-40).

In his use of the ballad metre Keats is following the example and has something of the spirit of Coleridge, though his use of a short fourth line heavily accentuated, admirably expressing the weird tragedy of the whole, is his own development. One more interesting reminiscence of a predecessor may be noted. William Browne, whose felicity of natural description had attracted Keats in his earlier years, was peculiarly successful in expressing his delight in the song of the birds (*vide Brit. Past.*, i. 3. 195-220 and ii. 3. 709-732, *etc.*); and in writing an elegy on the death of a friend he can lament his loss in no more feeling way than in this invocation to Nature:—

Slide soft, ye silver floods
And every Spring,
Within the shady woods
Let no bird sing! (*Brit. Past.*, ii. 1. 242).

Keats completes his picture of the desolation of his lyric tragedy with the same idea and in the same cadence "and no birds sing". Keats and Browne have not seldom been compared; but the essential difference in the genius of the two poets could hardly be realised better than in a comparison of the use to which each of them puts this simple phrase.*

The first version of the poem is given side by side with the final version as printed in the *Indicator* because I agree with several critics in regarding it as decidedly superior. The poem thus seems to afford the one example, if we leave out of count the case of *Hyperion*, of alterations for the worse made by Keats in the text of his poems. This is especially true as it applies to the first line of the poem. "Knight at arms" gives us at once a definite conception of the main character, whilst his hap'ess state, which is all that a "wretched wight" suggests, is already sufficiently attested in the question "what ails thee?" and is developed throughout the poem. "Wretched wight" on the other hand, brings no distinct image before the mind, being equally applicable for example to a distressed maiden or to a beggar. Hardly more successful are the changes in stanzas 8 and 9. These were probably due to a feeling that the "kisses four" would rouse ridicule in the reader, and Keats's remark which he appended to the poem on sending it to his brother and sister lends some support to this view. "Why four kisses—you will say—why four, because I wish to restrain the headlong impetuosity of my Muse—she would fain have said "score" without hurting the rhyme—but we must temper the imagination, as the Critics say, with Judgment. I was obliged to choose an even number that both eyes might have fair play, and to speak truly I think two a piece quite sufficient. Suppose I had said seven there would have been three and a half a-piece, a very awkward affair, and well got out off on my side." But because, disengaging himself from the mood in which he had composed the poem, he can jest about this line, it does not in the least follow that he thought it could justly be condemned, nor that it would seem ridiculous to a reader in complete sympathy with the spirit of the whole poem. That Keats made the alteration in a moment of less intense imaginative realisation of his theme is sufficiently attested by the fact that the line substituted "so kissed to sleep" is undoubtedly the weakest in the whole poem. Moreover the change in the next stanza, which follows as a necessary result, does not give the same sense of the subtle power of the enchantress over her fated lover.

The MS. of the poem, as given in the *Journal Letter*, shows the following original readings :—

3. *a lilly* : ~~death's~~ lilly.
a fading rose : ~~death's~~ fading rose.
Fast withereth : withereth ; "fast" added in small hand.
4. *Meads* : ~~Wilds~~.
7. *manna* : ~~honey~~.
8. *and sigh'd full sore* : ~~and there she sighed~~.
11. *With horrid warning gaped wide* : ~~All tremble~~ . . . ~~wide agape~~.
12. *sojourn* : ~~wither~~.

Woodhouse gives the first version, properly punctuated, but in 9. 3 has "dream'd" for "dreamt," and in 10. 4 "Hath thee" for "Thee hath". H follows Woodhouse.

ODES, ETC.

To MAIA. First published H 1848; and written on May Day 1818. It was sent in a letter to Reynolds two days afterwards, prefaced by the words, [illegible]

But fragment as it may be of a fuller unwritten poem it is yet complete in itself, and blends with subtle art two sources of the poet's happiest inspiration—the spirit of Greece as he understood it and the peaceful beauty of Nature. And, as is often the case, the whole essence of the poem seems to pass into the exquisite use of the commonest words. The epithet "old" is rarely used by Keats without some sense of yearning after the beauty and the glory of primeval life. Thus in *Endymion* he delights in the "*old* piety" of Pan's worshippers (i. 130) and is himself in a sense brought into closer touch with the life of the past as with them he watches "the sun-rise and its glory *old*" (i. 106); and so here it is the *old* vigour of the Greek bard for which he longs, his use of the epithet at once suggesting the absence of that vigour from the poets of his own day, and its association with the life on which he loved to dwell. With as full and as subtle a suggestiveness he touches, in his allusion to the "*quiet* primrose," upon the mysteries of Nature's healing power. His love for the simplest flowers and the manner in which he presents them is in itself a sufficient answer to the critics who see little but exuberance and the love of luxury in the poetry of Keats; and this passage forcibly calls to the mind the beautiful lines written to James Rice some time later, when his fatal illness was already upon him. "How astonishingly does the chance of leaving the world impress a sense of its natural beauties upon us! Like poor Falstaff, though I do not babble, I think of green fields; I muse with the greatest affection on every flower I have known from my infancy—their shapes and colours are as new to me as if I had just created them with a superhuman fancy. It is because they are connected with the most thoughtless and the happiest moments of our lives. I have seen foreign flowers in hot-houses of the most beautiful nature, but I do not care a straw for them. The simple flowers of our Spring are what I want to see again" (16th Feb. 1820).

ODE ON INDOLENCE (first published H 1848). In the Feb.-May *Journal Letter to George and Georgiana Keats* is a passage under the date 19th March which suggests by its parallelism of phrase and idea that this Ode had either just been finished or was about to be written. "This morning I am in a sort of temper, indolent and supremely careless. I long after a stanza or two of Thomson's *Castle of Indolence*—my passions are all asleep, from my having slumbered till nearly eleven, and weakened the animal fibre all over me, to a delightful sensation, about three degrees on this side of

faintness. If I had teeth of pearl and the breath of lilies I should call it languor, but as I am I must call it laziness. In this state of effeminacy the fibres of the brain are relaxed in common with the rest of the body, and to such a happy degree that pleasure has no show of enticement and pain no unbearable power. Neither Poetry, nor Ambition, nor Love have any alertness of countenance as they pass by me; they seem rather like figures on a Greek Vase—a man and two women whom no one but myself could distinguish in their disguisement. This is the only happiness, and is a rare instance of the advantage of the body overpowering the Mind."

Its whole tone is eminently characteristic of one side of Keats's genius and as such may be compared with the famous letter to Bailey (22nd Nov. 1817, *vide* Introduction, p. xxxviii.) and with the lines on the thrush (p. 258). But that it was only a passing mood is amply proved by his extraordinary mental activity at this period. The *Ode on Indolence* has not the sustained beauty of the other Odes written at this period but, if we except the bathos of vi. 3, 4, it reaches a high level of artistic workmanship. It is noticeable how throughout it harps upon phrases and images employed in the contemporary *Odes to the Nightingale* and the *Grecian Urn* and *Psyche*, and perhaps for this reason was omitted from the 1820 edition. In a letter to Miss Jeffrey of Teignmouth, dated 9th June, is an interesting reference to the *Ode on Indolence* which repeats, curiously enough, as though Keats were satisfied with it, the one passage of the poem which we would willingly see altered. "I have been very idle lately, very averse to writing: both from the over pressing idea of our dead poets, and from abatement of my love of fame. I hope I am a little more of a philosopher than I was, consequently a little less of a versifying pet-lamb. You will judge of my 1819 temper when I tell you that the thing I most enjoyed this year has been writing an *Ode to Indolence*." But later and perhaps juster critics than himself will always judge of his "1819 temper" by his composition in that year of *The Eve of St. Agnes*, *Lamia*, *The Eve of St. Mark*, *La Belle Dame sans Merci* and the majority of his finest Sonnets.*

I. 8. *first seen shades*:—The Aldine editions read "first green shades" but probably upon no authority, and as H 1848 has "seen," "green" may be regarded as a printer's error.

Ode to Fanny. First published H 1848, and probably written in the spring of 1819. Keats first met Fanny Brawne late in 1818 at the house of his friend Dilke. Writing in December to his brother and sister in America he describes her as "beautiful and elegant, graceful, silly, fashionable and strange—we have a tiff now and then—and she behaves a little better, or I must have sheered off"; and further, writing a few days later "Shall I give you Miss Brawne? She is about my height—with a fine style of countenance of the lengthened sort—she wants sentiment in every feature—she manages to make her hair look well—her nostrils are fine—though a little painful—her mouth is bad and good—her profile is better than her full face which indeed is not full but pale and thin without

showing any bone Her shape is graceful and so are her movements—her arms are good, her hands badish—her feet tolerable—*she is not seventeen*—but she is ignorant—monstrous in her behaviour—flying out in all directions, calling people such names—that I was forced lately to make use of the word MINX—this is not I think from any innate vice but from a penchant she has for acting stylishly. . . . I am however tired of such style and shall decline any more of it." It is evident that Keats was not at this time in love with Miss Brawne, and the slight reference to her in the letter of 24th February, 1819, points to the same fact, though it is equally evident that he was more fascinated by her than he cared to admit. But soon after this the engagement must have taken place. The above quotation affords a commentary on the emotion expressed in the poem, and throws some light on the really tragic side of Keats's passion. The next poem (*To* ——) and the sonnets addressed to Fanny (p. 287) throw still more. Possessed of these, we have no need and should have no inclination to dwell on the agony of the love letters. On page 297 of Keats's edition of the *Anatomy of Melancholie*, now in the collection of Sir Charles Dilke, the poet has underlined the following passage which as Mr. Forman points out, is the source of the expressions used in the third stanza—"They cannot look off whom they love: they will *impregnare eam ipsis oculis*, deflowre her with their eyes: be still gazing, staring, stealing faces, smiling, glancing at her"—the continuation of the passage (not quoted by Mr. Forman) may have suggested line 2 of the stanzas —"as Apollo on Leucothoe, the Moon on her Endymion, when she *stood still in Caria, and at Latmos caused her chariot to be stayed*". Further on we have a passage of which Mr. Forman gives us Keats's annotation—a companion to the well known song of Ben Jonson—"so will she by him—drink to him with her eyes, nay drink him up, devour him, swallow him" (pt iii. sect. ii. mem. iii. subs. i.) The *Anatomy of Melancholie*, which Keats seems at this time to have been studying very closely, and especially the third book, *Of Love and Love Melancholy*, can hardly have been healthy reading for him in his present frame of mind, and its good-humoured jests at the expense of lovers must have "scalded him like tears". Only a few pages before the passage above quoted, under the head of "artificial allurements" to passion (iii. ii ii. iv.) Burton had discussed dancing as "none of the least," and it was in all probability the news that Miss Brawne was going to a dance, working upon the memory of this passage, that called forth the poem. Certainly stanzas 5 and 6 are the cynical indifference of Burton translated into the language of passion.

In the collection of Lord Crewe is preserved a fragmentary autograph MS of the poem, containing stanzas 2, 3, 5, 6 and 7 This has only just come to light.

III. The *MS.* supplies a false start to this stanza—"My temples with hot jealous pulses beat".

VI. The *MS.* gives the following false starts to this stanza:—

I know it! yet sweet Fanny I would feign
Knoll for a mercy on my lonely hours.
I know it: yet sweet Fanny I would feign
Cry your soft mercy for a . . .

The latter part of the stanza ran thus in all previous editions:—

Nor, when away you roam,
Dare keep its wretched home,
Love, Love alone, his pains severe and many:
Then, loveliest, keep me free
From torturing jealousy.

Our reading certainly improves the sense and is more vivid; the reading quoted is probably due to an error of Lord Houghton's in copying for press.

To —— First published H 1848, and there dated October 1819; *vide* note to preceding poem.

Lines. *This living hand*, etc. This beautiful fragment was found by Mr. Forman in the margin of a page of the manuscript of the *Cap and Bells* and was first published by him in 1898. The lines are given here by his courteous permission. It is evident both from the place where they were found and from their general character that they were written not earlier than the winter of 1819. It seems almost certain that they were, as Mr. Forman supposes, addressed to Fanny Brawne; they are expressive of that same passionate unrest which is the prevailing note of the two previous Odes, and they suggest, at least, that Keats might have been saved much anguish of heart if he had set his affections on one who had realised more fully the dignity of her lot.

SONGS AND LYRICS (p. 255).

On ——. First published H 1848 with date 1817.

Lines. *Unfelt, unheard, unseen.* First published H 1848 with date 1817.

12. *Love doth know no fulness, nor no bounds.* First written "that every Joy and Grief and Feeling drowns". Mr. Forman refers to the line which Keats has substituted as a "quotation from Shakespeare," but it is not to be found in Shakespeare, and I have been unable to trace it in any other poet.*

Where's the Poet? First published H 1848. This conception of the poet's character was a favourite one with Keats—*cf.* the letter to Woodhouse, 27th Oct. 1818, quoted in the Introduction, p. lix.

Welcome joy, and welcome sorrow, etc. First published H 1848.* No date is given, but the poem is hardly likely to have been written before the last few months of 1817, as Keats only began his detailed study of

Paradise Lost about September of that year, and the inaccuracy of the quotation shows that it must be given from memory. The passage occurs in Bk. ii. 898-903

> For hot, cold, moist, and dry, four Champions fierce
> Strive here for Maistrie, and to Battel bring
> Thir embryon Atoms; they around the flag
> Of each his faction, in thir several Clanns,
> Light-arm'd or heavy, sharp, smooth, swift or slow,
> Swarm populous, unnumber'd as the Sands . . .

8. *are* H, HBF; burn BM.
14. *shipwreck'd* H, HBF; storm wrecked BM

On a Lock of Milton's Hair. First published H 1848: sent by Keats in a letter dated 23rd Jan., 1818, to Bailey, the friend who had first roused his enthusiasm for *Paradise Lost* in the previous autumn. Keats writes—"I was at Hunt's the other day, and he surprised me with a real authenticated lock of Milton's hair. I know you would like what I wrote thereon, so here it is—as they say of a Sheep in a Nursery book:—" After the poem he adds—"This I did at Hunt's request—perhaps I should have done *something better alone and at home*".

What the Thrush said. First published H 1848. The lines were sent in a letter to Reynolds written from Hampstead in Feb. 1818, and introduced as follows:—

"My dear Reynolds,—I had an idea that a man might pass a very pleasant life in this manner—Let him on a certain day read a certain Page of full Poesy or distilled Prose, and let him wander with it, and muse upon it, and prophesy upon it, and dream upon it, until it becomes stale—but when will it do so? Never. When Man has arrived at a certain ripeness in intellect any one grand and spiritual passage serves him as a starting-post towards all 'the two-and-thirty Palaces' How happy is such a voyage of conception, what delicious diligent Indolence. . . . Nor will this sparing touch of noble Books be any irreverence to their Writers—for perhaps the honours paid by Man to Man are trifles in comparison to the Benefit done by great Works to the "Spirit and pulse" of good by their mere passive existence Memory should not be called Knowledge Many have original minds who do not think it—they are led away by Custom. Now it appears to me that almost any man may like the spider spin from inwards his own [illegible] weave a tapestry empyrean full of symbols for his spiritual eye, of softness for his spiritual touch, of space for his wandering, of distinctness for his luxury. . . . It has been an old comparison for our urging on—the Bee-hive; however it seems to me that we should rather be the flower than the

Bee—for it is a false notion that more is gained by receiving than giving—no, the receiver and the giver are equal in their benefits. The flower, I doubt not, receives a fair guerdon from the Bee—its leaves blush deeper in the next spring. . . . Now it is more noble to sit like Jove than to fly like Mercury—let us not therefore go hurrying about and collecting honey, bee-like buzzing here and there impatiently from a knowledge of what is to be aimed at; but let us open our leaves like a flower and be passive and receptive—budding patiently under the eye of Apollo and taking hints from every noble insect that favours us with a visit—sap will be given us for meat and dew for drink. I was led into these thoughts, my dear Reynolds, by the beauty of the morning operating on a sense of Idleness—I have not read any Books—the morning said I was right—I had no idea but of the morning and the thrush said I was right—seeming to say——" After the poem he adds, "Now I am sensible all this is a mere sophistication (however it may neighbour to any truths), to excuse my own indolence. So I will not deceive myself that Man should be equal with Jove—but think himself very well off as a sort of scullion-Mercury or even a humble-bee."

These lines and the letter which contains them are a beautiful expression of one source of Keats's inspiration, the "wise passiveness" of Wordsworth, and the feeling which underlies them bears comparison with the *Ode on Indolence* (*q.v.* and notes) whilst it reaches its consummation in the *Ode to Autumn*. That passage in the letter which speaks of the effect of the great thoughts of his predecessors is suggestive of a truth peculiarly applicable to Keats. Mr. Forman calls attention to the manner in which Keats has reproduced in his poem a thrush-like repetition of sound, and compares Browning, *Home Thoughts from Abroad*:—

That's the wise thrush; he sings each song twice over
Lest you should think he never could recapture
The first fine careless rapture!

Faery Songs. First published H 1848, with date 1818.

Daisy's Song. This and the two following poems (first published H 1848, with date 1818) are usually given under the title *Extracts from an Opera*, together with three others. But as they are all in reality quite independent, it seems better to print these three among the poems, and to relegate the others, which are quite worthless, to the Appendix. Dante Gabriel Rossetti noted that the song "*The stranger lighted from his steed*" reminds one somewhat of Blake's *The Will and the Way* (HBF.). The connection seems very remote; for *The Will and the Way* is written in a satiric vein in which Blake is rarely successful and which, moreover, is totally at variance with Keats's intention here. A far closer parallel may be traced between "*The stranger lighted from his steed*" and Blake's *Love's Secret*, especially the last stanza of that poem:—

Soon after she was gone from me,
A traveller came by,
Silently, invisibly:
He took her with a sigh.

The *Daisy's Song* contains similarly a curious suggestion of Blake both in the general simplicity of statement and in a kind of inspired disconnectedness which can only be justified by its indubitable success. In the same way the general variety of cadence throughout the song recalls Blake's characteristic manner. There is nothing else in Keats at all resembling these two songs; it seems highly probable that they were written after the perusal of Blake.

Asleep! O sleep a little while The phrase *sudden adoration*, perhaps [illegible]

Where be ye going. First published H 1848 without stanza 2, and in 1853 in an inaccurate form in Taylor's *Life of Haydon* (i. 363). The correct text was first given by Mr. Forman in his 1883 edition, where he notes that Rossetti pointed out that the first verse is undoubtedly a reminiscence from one of the songs in (Chatterton's) *Ælla*:—

Mie husband, Lord Thomas, a forrester boulde,
As ever close pynne or the baskette,
Does as cherysauncys from Elynour houlde
I have ytte as soon as I ask ytte.

Keats's stanzas were sent to Haydon from Teignmouth in a letter dated 14th March, 1818.

Meg Merrilies. First published in *Hood's Magazine* for 1844 under the title *Old Meg*, and afterwards included in H 1848, in a letter written to Tom Keats from Auchencairn, near Dumfries, 3rd July, 1818. Keats had sent the poem to his sister Fanny on the previous day. "The pedestrians," says Lord Houghton, "passed by Solway Firth through that delightful part of Kirkcudbrightshire, the scene of *Guy Mannering*. Keats had never read the novel, but was much struck with the character of Meg Merrilies as delineated to him by Brown. He seemed at once to realise the creation of the novelist, and suddenly stopping in the pathway, at a point where a profusion of honeysuckles, wild rose, and fox glove mingled with the bramble and broom that filled up the spaces between the shattered rocks, he cried out, 'Without a shadow of doubt on that spot old Meg Merrilies often boiled her kettle'."

7. *chip hat* HBF, following *Hood's Magazine*, ship hat H.

Staffa. First published H 1848; included in a letter to Tom Keats written from Dun an cullen (Derrynaculan near Cruach-Doire-nan Cruilean, [S.C.],) Island of Mull, on 23rd July, 1818. It is prefaced by a description

of Staffa, quoted in the note on *Hyperion*, i. 86. Lord Houghton printed it, as other editors of the poem since, without the six lines which in the original letter followed line 49:—

'Tis now free to stupid face,
To cutters, and to Fashion boats,
To cravats and to petticoats:—
The great sea shall war it down,
For its fame shall not be blown
At each farthing Quadrille dance.

It is probably to these lines, and not to the whole poem, as Lord Houghton would imply, that Keats refers when he adds in his letter—"I am sorry I am so indolent as to write such stuff as this. It can't be helped." The poem as it stands in the text, if we except the unfortunate line 18, is a singularly felicitous example of the manner in which natural beauty and poetic reminiscence blended in their inspiration of Keats's best work. In his wonder at the majesty of Staffa, which he has tried in vain to describe in prose, it seems to him the very "Cathedral of the sea," and as its pontiff priest he conjures up Lycidas, whose bones perchance were hurled "beyond the stormy Hebrides" (*Lycidas*, 156).

A Prophecy. First published H 1848: was included in the *Journal Letter* of Keats to his brother George, dated 29th Oct. 1818. The poet, discussing the fate of the different nations, is led, naturally enough, to consider the future of his brother's new home and disputes the view taken by his friend Dilke "that America will be the country to take up the human intellect where England leaves off". "I differ there with him greatly. A country like the United States whose greatest men are Franklins and Washingtons will never do that. They are great men doubtless, but how are they to be compared to those our countrymen Milton and the two Sidneys? . . . Those Americans are great, but they are not sublime men—the humanity of the United States can never reach the sublime. . . ." And feeling that the real need for America is the development of her imagination he goes on, "If I had a prayer to make for any great good, next to Tom's recovery, it should be that one of your children should be the first American poet. I have a great mind to make a prophecy. They say prophecies work out their own fulfilment." Then follows the poem.

A Song. *In a drear-nighted December.* First published, says Mr. Forman, in Galignani's edition of Shelley, Keats, and Coleridge (1829), and assigned by Woodhouse to October or December, 1818.*

21. *To know the change and feel it.* The feel of not to feel it (*Woodhouse MS. Book*). The alteration is among the most fortunate examples of Keats's power to detect the faults of his earlier manner and to remove them from his work where they showed any signs of recurrence.

23. *steel* HBF following Woodhouse; steal H.

HUSH, HUSH! TREAD SOFTLY! First published H 1848.

I HAD A DOVE. First published H 1848. It is to be found in one of the *Journal Letters* to America under the date 2nd Jan. 1819, prefaced by the words, "It is my intention to wait a few years before I publish any minor poems—and then I hope to have a volume of some written—and which those people will relish, who cannot bear the burthen of a long poem. In my journal I intend to copy the poems I write the day they are written. There is just room, I see, in this page to copy a little thing I wrote off to some music as it was playing."

SONG OF FOUR FAIRIES. First published H 1848. It was sent to George Keats in the *Journal Letter* of Feb.-May, 1819, and from the remark in the previous letter (quoted in last note) we should infer that the poem had been recently composed. It contains some charming fancies, but was evidently carelessly written and exhibits faults both in language and taste which will lead all readers to concur with the opinion of Rossetti who regarded it as "unworthy of Keats at this period".

9. *Faintless fan* MS. letter; faintly fan H; ever beat MS. letter cancelled.

32. *buried* H; shaded MS letter.

46. *Beyond the nimble-wheelel quest* H; Far beyond the search and quest MS. letter.

EPISTLE TO JOHN HAMILTON REYNOLDS. First published H 1848. Written and sent to Reynolds on 25th March, 1818, with the following preface—"My dear Reynolds,—In hopes of cheering you through a minute or two, I was determined will he nill he to send you some lines, so you *will excuse the unconnected subject and careless verse You know, I am* sure, Claude's *Enchanted Castle*, and I wish you may be pleased with my remembrance of it."

John Hamilton Reynolds (1796-1852) met Keats in 1816 at Leigh Hunt's cottage, and soon became one of his warmest friends. Of all the company that Keats met at Hampstead, Reynolds seems to have had the most genuine poetic talent, the keenest powers of criticism, and the greatest sympathy with the intellectual interests of his friend. Like Keats, he had been much influenced by Wordsworth, though he was always alive to his master's defects; he saw far deeper into the secrets of art than Hunt, and he had more subtlety of mind, more humour and more discrimination than Haydon. We are not surprised, therefore, to find that when Keats wishes to discuss the profounder problems of life and art his letters are generally addressed to Reynolds. When he is deep in Shakespeare study it is Reynolds he asks "whenever you write say a word or two . . . on Shakespeare" (April, 1819), it is to Reynolds he sends a doubtful passage in *Endymion* for his verdict, it is Reynolds

whose condemnation causes him to reject the first Preface to *Endymion* (*q.v.* Introduction to *Endymion*, p. 418). Judging from the correspondence we should infer that the friendship reached its height in the early months of 1818. Then it was that Keats wrote his two criticisms of Wordsworth (quoted pp. 406, 482), and sent him among other poems included in the letters *When I have fears*, the *Robin Hood* poem, the *Lines on the Mermaid*, the *Thrush* and the *Ode to Maia*. At the same time he was engaged upon *Isabella*, written at Reynolds's request to be contributed to a joint volume produced by the two friends (*vide* Introduction to *Isabella*).

The Epistle, in spite of certain obvious lapses in taste, the meaningless caprice of the opening paragraph with the unnecessary banality of line 11 and the vulgar pronunciation of *perhaps* as *p'raps* in line 14 (*cf. Sleep and Poetry*, 33) all due in a measure to the rapidity of its production, marks a great advance in style and treatment of subject upon the earlier epistles. The heroic couplet is well controlled throughout, enjambement is sparingly and effectively employed, and there are no double endings to the lines.

20. *the pontiff knife . . . flows*:—An interesting anticipation of the *Ode on a Grecian Urn*, and in line 77 we have another anticipation of the same poem:—

Things cannot to the will
Be settled, but they tease us out of thought.

The picture in lines 23-25 suggests *Endymion*, ii. 78-82.*

26 *Enchanted Castle*:—Mr. Colvin (*Letters of Keats*, 91) writes: "The famous picture now belonging to Lady Wantage, and exhibited at Burlington House in 1888. Whether Keats ever saw the original is doubtful (it was not shown at the British Institution in his time), but he must have been familiar with the subject as engraved by Vivarès and Woollett, and its suggestive power worked in his mind until it yielded at last the distilled poetic essence of the 'magic casement' passage in the *Ode to a Nightingale*." With a knowledge of Keats's intense admiration for Hazlitt's critical powers (*cf. End.* ii. 198 note) it is interesting to quote the following criticism of Claude: "Claude's landscapes are perfect abstractions, visible images of things; they speak the visible language of nature truly, they resemble a mirror or a microscope. To the eye only, they are more perfect than any other landscapes that ever were or will be painted; they give more of nature as cognisable by one sense alone; but they lay an equal stress on all visible impressions. They do not interpret one sense by another; they do not distinguish the character of different objects as we are taught, and can only be taught to distinguish them—by their effect on the different senses; that is, his eye wanted imagination, it did not strongly sympathise with his other faculties. He saw the atmosphere but he did not feel it. He painted the trunk of a tree or a rock in the foreground as smooth—with as complete an abstraction of the gross tangible impression—as any other part of the picture. His trees are perfectly beautiful, but quite immovable; they have a look

of enchantment. In short, his landscapes are unequalled imitations of nature, released from its subjection to the elements, as if all objects were become a delightful fairy vision, and the eye had rarefied and refined away the other senses." Hazlitt "On Gusto," *The Round Table*, 1817.

42. *Santon*:—A kind of dervish or priest, regarded as a saint, *cf.* Byron, *Childe Harold*, ii. 56. "Slaves, Eunuchs, Soldiers, Guests and Santons wait".

46. *Lapland Witch*:—*Cf. Paradise Lost*, ii. 662-6:—

Nor uglier follow the Night-Hag, when call'd
In secret, riding through the Air she comes
Lur'd with the smell of infant blood, to dance
With *Lapland* Witches, while the labouring Moon
Eclipses at thir charms.

*82-85. *It is a flaw. . . .Nightingale*:—For Keats's feeling on the antagonism between reason and emotion *cf. Lamia*, ii. 230 and note and Introduction, p. xli. And the natural result of this shrinking from thought is that emotion itself, unsupported by reason, is liable to violent and capricious changes; hence the "horrid mood" which follows.

97. *Of an eternal fierce destruction*:—Keats returns to the problem of Nature's cruelty in a letter written a year later, and shows himself far more able to grapple with it. ". . . I perceive how far I am from any humble standard of disinterestedness. Yet this feeling ought to be carried to its highest pitch, as there is no fear of its ever injuring society —which it would do, I fear, pushed to an extremity. For in wild Nature the Hawk would lose his Breakfast of Robins and the Robin his of Worms— the Lion must starve as well as the Swallow. The greater part of Men make their way with the same instinctiveness, the same unwandering eye from their purposes, the same animal eagerness as the Hawk. The Hawk wants a Mate, so does the Man—look at them both, they set about it and procure one in the same manner They want both a nest and they both set about one in the same manner. The noble animal Man for his amusement smokes his pipe—the Hawk balances about the clouds—that is the only difference of their leisures. This it is that makes the Amusement of Life—to a speculative Mind—I go among the Fields and catch a glimpse of a Stoat or a fieldmouse peeping out of the withered grass—the creature hath a purpose, and its eyes are bright with it. I go amongst the buildings of a city and I see a man hurrying along—to what? The creature has a purpose and his eyes are bright with it. But then, as Wordsworth says, 'we have all one human heart——'. There is an electric fire in human nature tending to purify—so that among these human creatures there is continually some birth of new heroism The pity is, that we must wonder at it, as we should at finding a pearl in rubbish" (*To George and Georgiana Keats*, 19th Mar 1819).

106. *Moods of one's mind*:—A reminiscence of the title given by Wordsworth to some poems in the 1807 volumes.

SONNETS

I. *O! how I love*, etc. First published H 1848, and dated 1816.

II. *After dark vapours*, etc. First published in the *Examiner*, 23rd Feb. 1817. Woodhouse, in his copy of the 1817 volume, to which he has added this Sonnet, has dated it 31st Jan. 1817. The use of the word "feel" and the reference to Sappho (*cf. Sleep and Poetry*, 381) both point to the influence of Leigh Hunt.

5. *relieved of* HBF; relieving of *Examiner*; relieved from H.

12. *sleeping* H; smiling *Examiner*, HBF.

III. *This pleasant tale*, etc. First published in the *Examiner*, 6th March, 1817, and written during the previous month. Charles Cowden Clarke in his *Recollections of Writers* thus recalls the circumstances of its composition: "Another example of his promptly suggestive imagination, and uncommon facility in giving it utterance, occurred one day upon returning home and finding me asleep on the sofa, with a volume of Chaucer open at *The Flowre and the Leafe*. After expressing to me his admiration of the poem, which he had been reading, he gave me the fine testimony of that opinion in pointing to the sonnet he had written at the close of it, which was an extempore effusion, and without the alteration of a single word. It lies before me now, signed 'J. K., Feb. 1817.' If my memory do not betray me, the charming out-door fancy scene was Keats's first introduction to Chaucer."

It is unfortunate that the charming allusion to the Babes in the Wood, in the concluding couplet, is marred by a false rhyme, but it is at least highly probable that both the allusion and the false rhyme are due to the influence of Wordsworth's *The Redbreast and the Butterfly*, to be found in the 1807 volumes which Keats knew especially well.

IV. V. To Haydon. These sonnets were first printed in the *Examiner*, 9th March, 1817. For Keats's relations with Haydon, *vide* note p. 399. Haydon was delighted with the sonnet and wrote a letter of thanks in his usual extravagant vein. But Keats did not owe his knowledge of the Elgin Marbles to Haydon alone. It is interesting to notice that Severn also claimed the honour of having introduced him to them, and was "proud of having taken Keats to see them and of having pointed out their beauty" (*Life and Letters of Joseph Severn*, William Sharp, 1892).

12, 13. *With brainless idiotism*, etc. H. The *Examiner* reads:—

With browless idiotism—o'erwise phlegm
Thou hadst beheld the Hesperean shine.

VI. On a Picture of Leander. First published in *The Gem, a Literary Annual*, edited by Thomas Hood, 1829. No date is attached to it, but it is followed in Lord Houghton's Aldine edition by the sonnet *On the Sea*, which he dates (wrongly; *vide* note to next poem) August, 1817, so that

it was probably written shortly before this. The picture which inspired the sonnet is unknown; perhaps it was also the inspiration of the reference in *Endymion*, iii. 97, composed only a little later.*

VII. ON THE SEA. First published H 1848 where it is dated August, 1817. But Keats had composed it some months before, for he sent it in a letter to Reynolds written from Carisbrook on 17th April. We learn from that letter that it was inspired partly by Shakespeare and partly by the sight of the sea at Shanklin on the day before. "Yesterday I went to Shanklin . . . (it) is a most beautiful place—sloping wood and meadow ground reach round the Chine, which is a cleft between the cliffs of the depth of nearly 300 feet at least. This cleft is filled with trees and bushes in the narrow part, and as it widens becomes bare, if it were not for primroses at one side, which spread to the very verge of the Sea, and some fishermen's huts on the other, perched midway on the Balustrades of beautiful green Hedges along their steps down to the sands But the sea, Jack, the sea—the little waterfall—then the white cliff—then St. Catherine's Hill—'the sheep in the meadows, the cows in the corn'. . . . From want of regular rest I have been rather *narvous*—and the passage in *Lear*—'Do you not hear the sea?' has haunted me intensely." Then follows the Sonnet. Later in the letter he adds, "I find I cannot exist without Poetry—without eternal Poetry—half a day will not do—the whole of it—I began with a little, but habit has made me a Leviathan. I had become all in a Tremble from not having written anything of late—the Sonnet over leaf did me good. I slept the better last night for it—this Morning, however, I am nearly as bad again."

For other passages illustrative of Keats's peculiar feeling for the sea and his power of expressing it *cf. Ep. to Geo. Keats*, 131-33; *Sleep and Poetry*, 375-80; *Endymion*, ii. 16, 17, 348-50; iii. 70, 71, 82-90, 625, *Ep. to Reynolds*, 88-92; *Hyperion*, iii. 40; *Fall of Hyperion*, i. 430-36; and his last Sonnet, *Bright star*, etc.

7. *Be moved for days.* Woodhouse records another reading of this line:—"Be lightly moved."

VIII. *On Leigh Hunt's Poem, The Story of Rimini* First printed in H 1848 and there dated 1817. On *The Story of Rimini* and its influence upon Keats *vide* Introduction, pp xxiii-xxvii.

IX. *On sitting down to read King Lear once again* First published H 1848; included in a letter written by the poet to his brothers George and Tom Keats on 23rd January, 1818, where it is introduced by the words:—"I think a little change has taken place in my intellect lately—I cannot bear to be uninterested or unemployed, I, who for so long a time have been addicted to passiveness Nothing is finer for the purposes of great productions than a very gradual ripening of the intellectual powers As an instance of this—observe—I sat down yesterday to read *King Lear* once again; the thing appeared to demand the prologue of a sonnet I

wrote it, and began to read—(I know you would like to see it)." In a letter to Bailey, written upon the same day, he makes a similar allusion to it. "I sat down to read *King Lear* yesterday, and felt the greatness of the thing up to the writing of a sonnet preparatory thereto". "The golden tongued Romance" is almost certainly the *Faerie Queene*, and the contrast expressive of the supremacy which Shakespeare had held over his mind for the past year (*cf.* Introduction, p. xxxiii).

2. *of* MS., HBF; if Letter, H.
4. *pages* MS., HBF: volume Letter, H.
6. *damnation* MS., HBF; Hell torment Letter, H.

X. *When I have fears that I may cease to be*, etc. First printed H 1848. Sent to Reynolds in a letter dated 31st January, 1818 as "My last sonnet". It is the first example of Keats's employment of the Shakespearian form (but *cf.* note to xii. *post*) and with the exception of the Sonnet on Chapman's Homer far finer than any he had yet written—among the best, indeed, that he ever wrote..

It is interesting to notice that the conception embodied in those two superbly imaginative lines,

When I behold upon the night's starr'd face,
Huge cloudy symbols of a high romance

took deep root in his mind; for in a letter written to Reynolds three weeks later he develops it and speaks of "weaving a tapestry empyrean full of symbols for his spiritual eye". The passage is quoted in the note to *What the Thrush said* (p. 533).

XI. To the Nile. First published H 1848. On 16th February, 1818, Keats wrote to his brothers from Hampstead telling them "The Wednesday before last, Shelley, Hunt and I, wrote each a sonnet on the river Nile: some day you shall read them all". Shelley's sonnet, not published till 1876 (before which it was generally thought that Shelley's sonnet on *Ozymandias* was the one here alluded to) was as follows:—

Month after month the gathered rains descend,
Drenching yon secret Æthiopian dells,
And from the desart's ice-girt pinnacles,
Where Frost and Heat in strange embraces blend
On Atlas, fields of moist snow half depend.
Girt there with blasts and meteors, Tempest dwells
By Nile's aërial urn, with rapid spells
Urging those waters to their mighty end.
O'er Egypt's land of Memory floods are level,
And they are thine O Nile!—and well thou knowest
That soul-sustaining airs and blasts of evil,
And fruits and poisons spring where'er thou flowest.
Beware, O Man! for knowledge must to thee
Like the great flood to Egypt, ever be.

Leigh Hunt's sonnet, published in his *Foliage*, 1818, ran:—

It [illegible]

[illegible]

Keeping along it their eternal stands,—
Caves, pillars, pyramids, the shepherd bands
 That roam'd through the young world, the glory extreme
 Of high Sesostris, and that southern beam,
[illegible]

[illegible]

 And the void weighs on us; and then we wake,
And hear the fruitful stream lapsing along
 'Twixt villages, and think how we shall take
 Our own calm journey on for human sake.*

Leigh Hunt's sonnet is probably the best that he ever wrote, that of Keats is especially interesting as showing how essentially his love of Nature is associated with his own country. *Cf.* Introduction, p. lxiii.

6, 7. *Art thou so fruitful?* etc.:—

Art thou so beautiful, or a wan smile
Pleasant but to those men, who sick with toil (*Woodhouse MS.*).

XII. To Spenser. First published H 1848 In the Aldine edition of 1876 Lord Houghton added another version, with no variations of any importance, but with a note appended, "I am enabled by the kindness of Mr. W. A. Longmore, nephew of Mr J H Reynolds, to give an exact transcript of this sonnet as written and given to his mother by the poet, at his father's house in Little Britain. The poem is dated, in Mrs. Longmore's hand, 5th Feb 1818, but it seems to me impossible that it can have been other than an early production and of the especially Spenserian [illegible] out what Lord [illegible] Mr Forman and [illegible] form of the sonnet amply corroborates the date which Mrs. Longmore has given, which, apart from internal evidence, there would be no reason for disputing. Of the sixty-one sonnets written by Keats *thirty-nine* follow the Petrarchan scheme of rhyming (octave fixed ABBA ABBA; sestet running on two or three rhymes but not ending in a couplet), *three* are debased or loose Petrarchan (octave correct; sestet ending in a couplet and *sixteen* are Shakespearian (ABAB CDCD EFEF GG), the remaining *three* are experiments. In the last six months of 1817 Keats, as far as we know, wrote no sonnets; indeed, the last dated sonnet of that year is *On the Sea* (17th April) and the sonnet on *The Story of Rimini*, merely dated within the year 1817, is from its subject far more likely to belong to the earlier months, when Hunt's influence was far stronger, than to the latter [illegible] the year. In October and November Keats made his first [illegible]

Shakespeare's poems; and this not merely had a marked effect upon his mind, but completely destroyed his allegiance to the Italian sonnet. For leaving out of count this sonnet to Spenser we find that before he wrote *When I have fears*, etc., on 31st Jan. 1818, he had written no Shakespearian sonnet at all, and that after he wrote it he only reverted to the Italian form, pure or debased, in the sonnet to the Nile, which was part of a competition and naturally, therefore, written in the more approved form, as were both Shelley's and Hunt's; in a Sonnet to Ailsa Rock; in a very weak sonnet on Burns, and in a burlesque *On hearing the bagpipes*. Of the sonnets written in 1818 before *When I have fears*, *i.e.* after the pause in Keats's sonnet activity, one, the sonnet *To a Cat*, is obviously written as a direct parody of Milton (*vide* note, p. 557) and therefore can hardly be taken into account, the other *On sitting down to read King Lear* is in debased Petrarchan form though with more of the Shakespearian manner than is noticeable before in Keats. That is to say, from Jan. 1818 onwards, after one attempt in the form to which he had up to the present faithfully adhered, Keats practically accepted the Shakespearian form as most suited to his genius, whilst before that period he entirely favoured the Petrarchan; and it seems strange, if the sonnet on Spenser were written as early as Lord Houghton thinks, that the experiment in the Shakespearian form was not repeated for more than two years, especially as it is far easier to write—no slight inducement to Keats in his earliest years of poetic composition. It should be added that, as the poem is evidently written to order, (*vide* line 3) too much stress ought not to be laid upon its tone. The poet is asked to write a little poem in the Spenserian manner, perhaps by Mrs. Longmore herself, but far more likely by Leigh Hunt in whose company we know him to have been the day before (*cf.* "last eve" l. 3 and last sonnet note), and he replies, after a graceful compliment, that he cannot write in the Spenserian manner in the winter (*cf.* the sonnet on Lear written but a few days before where he bids the poet of the *Faerie Queene* "leave melodising on *this wintry day*") but will do his best "*in the summer days*". Such a light and charming little poem might be written under these circumstances at any period, and it should not be regarded as the expression of an allegiance to Spenser as yet unaffected by other influences.*

XIII. To ——. First published in *Hood's Magazine* for April, 1844. Woodhouse attributes its composition to 4th Feb. 1818, and asserts that it was addressed to "a lady whom he saw for some few moments at Vauxhall". In rhythm, in the peculiar effect gained by the repetition of phrase, in emotional structure and the management of its crescendo it is probably the most Shakespearian sonnet that Keats ever wrote, the weakness in the twelfth line being its only flaw; so that few will be inclined to quarrel with the statement of Mr. Robert Bridges that "it might have been written by Shakespeare". It affords a striking example of Keats's intense and almost intuitive artistic sympathy with the genius

of Shakespeare, and was, probably, only the second sonnet written by him in this form.

1. *Time's sea,* etc. H, HBF; Life's sea hath been five times at its slow ebb *Hood's Mag.*

7. *I cannot look* H, HBF; I never gaze *Hood's Mag.*

13, 14. *Every delight,* etc. H, HBF;

Other delights with thy remembering
And sorrow to my darling joys doth bring. *Hood's Mag.*

XIV. *Answer to a Sonnet by J. H. Reynolds,* etc. First published H 1848, and dated by Woodhouse 8th Feb. 1818. Reynolds's sonnet was published in his *Garden of Florence,* 1821.

XV. *O that a week could be an age,* etc.:—First published H 1848, with the heading *To John Hamilton Reynolds,* and generally attributed to Feb.-March, 1818. But in the Woodhouse transcript of the *Fall of Hyperion and other poems,* recently discovered, the sonnet is headed *To J. R.,* which, as Mr. Colvin reminded me, would undoubtedly refer not to Reynolds, who always signed himself and was addressed *J. H. R.,* but to James Rice, known to Keats and to many of his circle as one of the wittiest and most lovable of men. Keats was in correspondence with Rice at the time when this sonnet is agreed to have been written, so that there is no improbability in the matter, whilst it is quite easy to understand how Lord Houghton might for the moment forget his existence, considering his unimportance, as compared with Reynolds, in the literary life of Keats No other MS. of this poem is known to exist, and it is quite probable that Lord Houghton printed from the Woodhouse transcript.*

XVI The Human Seasons. First published in Hunt's *Literary Pocket Book* for 1819. The poem was sent by Keats in a letter to Bailey written at Teignmouth on 18th March, 1818, and introduced as follows: "You know my thoughts on religion. I do not think myself more in the right than other people, and that nothing in the world is proveable. I wish I could enter into all your thoughts on the subject, merely for one short ten minutes, and give you a page or two to your liking. I am sometimes so very sceptical as to think Poetry itself a mere Jack o' Lantern to amuse whoever may chance to be struck with its brilliance. As tradesmen say everything is worth what it will fetch, so probably every mental pursuit takes its reality and worth from the ardour of the pursuer—being itself a Nothing. Ethereal things may at least be thus real, divided under three heads—things real—things semireal—and nothings Things real, such as Existences of Sun, Moon and Stars—and passages of Shakespeare. Things semireal, such as love, the Clouds etc., which require a greeting of the spirit to make them wholly exist—and Nothings, which are made great and dignified by an ardent pursuit—which, by the by, stamp the Burgundy mark on the bottles of our minds, insomuch as they are able to '*consecrate*

whate'er they look upon'. I have written a sonnet here of a somewhat collateral nature—so don't imagine it an *à propos des bottes*." After the sonnet he adds: "Aye, this may be carried—but what am I talking of? It is an old maxim of mine, and of course must be well known, that every point of thought is the centre of an intellectual world. The two uppermost thoughts in a man's mind are the two poles of his world—he revolves on them; and everything is Southward or Northward to him through their means—we take but three steps from feathers to iron."

7. *high Is* so H; nigh His *Lit. Pocket Book*, HBF.

XVII. To Homer. First published H 1848, and said both by him and by Woodhouse to have been written in 1818. Mr. Forman records that Rossetti, influenced doubtless by the phrase "giant ignorance," in spite of this evidence, thought that the sonnet must have preceded that *On first looking into Chapman's Homer*, but the use of the Shakespearian form corroborates, if indeed any corroboration is necessary, the external evidence above quoted.

7. *spermy* H; spumy *Woodhouse MS.*, HBF.

12. *There is a triple sight in blindness keen*:—In Keats's notes on Milton, written probably about this time, he speculates upon the influence of Milton's blindness on his imagination. "It can scarcely be conceived how Milton's blindness might here aid the magnitude of his conceptions as a bat in a large gothic vault."

XVIII. *On visiting the Tomb of Burns.* First published H 1848. This was the first poem written by Keats on his tour with Brown in Scotland, and was sent to his brother Tom in a letter dated Dumfries, 1st July. "You will see," he adds after copying the poem, "by this sonnet that I am at Dumfries. We have dined in Scotland. Burns's tomb is in the Churchyard corner, not very much to my taste though on a scale large enough to show that they wanted to honour him. Mrs. Burns lives in this place; most likely we shall see her to-morrow. This sonnet I have written in a strange mood, half-asleep. I know not how it is, the Clouds, the Sky, the Houses, all seem anti-Grecian and anti-Charlemagnish." The "strange mood, half-asleep," in which the sonnet was composed, is probably responsible for the obscurity of the sestet. It is characteristic of Keats that as he stands beside the grave of Burns he is haunted by the reflections of Hamlet on the influence of the mystery of death upon the human will:—

> Thus conscience doth make cowards of us all,
> And thus the *native hue* of resolution
> Is *sicklied* o'er with the *pale cast* of thought (iii. 1. 83).

Such unhealthy reflections as arrested Hamlet's power of action clouded Keats's apprehension of the "real of beauty". The significant reference to Minos, the wise judge who for his wisdom and integrity on earth was made a judge in the infernal regions, and retained his sanity even in the presence of death, is probably due to the influence of Dante's *Inferno*, where Minos is several times referred to. Cary's *Dante* was the only

book which Keats took with him on his Scotch tour. There is very little evidence of Keats's feeling with regard to Burns's poetry, for apart from the *Epistle to Mathew* (71), where his name is used "to hitch in a rhyme" Keats does not allude to him before this. But it is probable that he knew Burns in some detail, and the letter quoted in the note to Sonnet XXI. points to this. Moreover it is difficult to imagine where else *e.g.* he could have found the Scotch form "*lampit*" for "limpet" which he uses in the *Epistle to Reynolds*, and the Scotch doggerel rhymes which he wrote on his Scotch tour for the amusement of his family, bad as they are, show some slight traces of his acquaintance with Burns's dialect.

XIX. To Ailsa Rock. First published in Hunt's *Literary Pocket Book for 1819* and written, Lord Houghton tells us, at the inn at Girvan reached by Keats and Brown on 10th July. Writing to his brother Tom he says: "When we left Cairn our Road lay half way up the sides of a green mountainous shore, full of clefts of verdure and eternally varying—sometimes up and sometimes down, and over little Bridges going across green chasms of moss, rock and trees winding about everywhere. After two or three Miles of this we turned suddenly into a magnificent glen finely wooded in parts—seven miles long—with a Mountain stream winding down the midst—full of cottages in the most happy situations—the sides of the hills covered with sheep—the effect of cattle lowing I never had so finely. At the end we had a gradual ascent and got among the tops of the mountains whence in a little time I descried in the Sea Ailsa Rock 940 feet high—it was fifteen Miles distant and seemed close upon us. The effect of Ailsa with the peculiar perspective of the Sea in connection with the ground we stood on, and the misty rain then falling gave me a complete Idea of a deluge. Ailsa struck me very suddenly—really I was a little alarmed."

XX. *Written upon Ben Nevis:*—Written early in August 1818, and first published H 1848 with the following comment: "From Fort William Keats mounted Ben Nevis. When on the summit a cloud enveloped him, and sitting on the stones, as it slowly wafted away, showing a tremendous precipice into the valley below, he wrote these lines."

For the attitude of mind of which this sonnet is the expression, *cf.* the letter to Bailey, quoted p. 545.

XXI. *Written in the Cottage where Burns was born.* First published H 1848. The circumstances under which it was composed are described in a letter to Tom Keats dated 13th July. "The bonny Doon is the sweetest river I ever saw—overhung with fine trees as far as we could see. [illegible] which Tam O'Shanter [illegible]

spots where 'Mungo's Mither hang'd hersel' and 'drunken Charlie brake s neck's bane'. Then we proceeded to the Cottage he was born in—there

was a board to that effect by the door side—it had the same effect as the same sort of memorial at Stratford on Avon. We drank some Toddy to Burns's Memory with an old Man who knew Burns—damn him and damn his anecdotes—he was a great bore—it was impossible for a Southron to understand above five words in a hundred. There was something good in his description of Burns's melancholy the last time he saw him. I was determined to write a sonnet in the Cottage—I did—but it was so bad I cannot venture it here."

XXII. *Fragment of a sonnet.* First published H 1848. Sent in a letter to Reynolds dated "about Sept. 22" (SC) with the words: "Here is a free translation of a Sonnet of Ronsard, which I think will please you—I have the loan of his works—they have great beauties. . . . I had not the original by me when I wrote it and did not recollect the purport of the last lines." The sonnet which Keats was translating ran as follows:—

Nature, ornant Cassandre, qui deuoit
De sa douceur forcer les plus rebelles,
La composa de cent beautez nouuelles,
Que dès mille ans en espargne elle auoit:—
De tous les biens qu' Amour au Ciel couuoit
Comme un trésor cherement sous ses ailes,
Elle enrichit les graces immortelles
De son bel oeil qui les Dieux esmouuoit.—
Du Ciel à peine elle estoit descenduë
Quand ie la vey, quand mon asme esperduë
En deuint folle, et d'un si poignant trait,
Amour coula ses beautez en mes veines,
Qu' autres plaisirs ie né sens que mes peines
Ny autre bien qu' adorer son portrait.

In all probability Keats never completed his version: anyhow no concluding couplet of his has come down to us. Lord Houghton suggested this conclusion:—

So that her image in my soul upgrew,
The only thing adorable and true.

3. *Beauty's fairest dyes* HBF. Beauty fairest dies H, MS.

XXIII. To Sleep. First published H 1848. It was copied into the *Journal Letter* of Feb.-May, 1819, under the date 30th April, and was probably composed shortly before this. A copy of *Paradise Lost*, given by Keats to Mrs. Dilke, has the following version of the first twelve lines:—

O soft embalmer of the still Midnight
Shutting with careful fingers and benign
Our gloom-pleas'd eyes embowered from the light;
As wearisome as darkness is divine.
O soothest Sleep, if so it please thee close

My willing eyes in midst of this thine hymn
Or wait the amen ere thy poppy throws
Its sweet death dews o'er every pulse and limb,
Then shut the hushed Casket of my soul,
And turn the key round in the oiled wards,
And let it rest until the morn has stole,
Bright tressed from the grey east's shuddering bourn.

And H quotes from an American Magazine, *The Dial*, of April 1843, a still earlier draft, agreeing in the main with the *Dilke MS*, but reading 3. "flush'd" for "pleas'd"; 4. "weariness in" for "wearisome as"; 8. "dark" for "death," and stopping short in line 12 at the word "bright". Mr. Forman justly remarks upon "the highest poetic instinct" which led Keats to transpose the tenth and ninth lines and place them at the close of the poem, and it is interesting to observe that the finest line in the whole "Enshaded in forgetfulness divine" only finds its place in the finished version. In rhyme structure (ABAB, CDCD, BC, EFEF), the poem is an experiment and hardly a fortunate one. The subject and treatment would have lent themselves admirably to the stricter Italian form of sonnet, but this Keats had given up, and he judged rightly in rejecting, as contrary to the spirit of this poem, the Shakespearian form with its couplet ending.*

XXIV. *Why did I laugh to-night?*—First published H 1848. Enclosed in that part of the *Journal Letter* to America of Feb.-May, 1819, which is dated 19th March, and probably written, therefore, on the 18th. It is prefaced thus: "I am ever afraid that your anxiety for me will lead you to fear for the violence of my temperament continually smothered down: for that reason I did not intend to have sent you the following sonnet—but look over the two last pages (the passage Keats particularly refers to is quoted in the notes to the *Epistle to Reynolds*, p 539) and ask yourselves whether I have not that in me which will bear the buffets of the world. It will be the best comment on the sonnet; it will show you that it was written with no Agony but that of ignorance; with no thirst of anything but Knowledge when pushed to the point though the first steps to it were through my human passions—they went away and I wrote with my Mind—and perhaps I must confess a little bit of my heart. . . ." After copying the sonnet Keats adds: "I went to bed and enjoyed an uninterrupted sleep. Sane I went to bed and sane I rose."

6. *Say, wherefore* MS. Letter; I say, why H, HBF

11. *Yet would I* H, HBF; yet could I *MS. Letter.* All critics have called attention to the repetition of the idea and language of this line in the *Ode to the Nightingale* composed within the next two months. "To cease upon the midnight with no pain."

XXV. On a Dream. First published in the *Indicator* of 28th June, 1820, written in the first three weeks of April, 1819, and sent to George Keats in the *Journal Letter* dated 18th or 19th April, with the following

comment: "The fifth canto of Dante pleases me more and more—it is that one in which he meets with Paolo and Francesca. I had passed many days in rather a low state of mind, and in the midst of them I dreamt of being in that region of Hell. The dream was one of the most delightful enjoyments I ever had in my life. I floated about the whirling atmosphere, as it is described, with a beautiful figure, to whose lips mine were joined as it seemed for an age—and in the midst of all this cold and darkness I was warm—even flowery tree-tops sprung up, and we rested on them sometimes with the lightness of a cloud, till the wind blew us away again. I tried a sonnet upon it, there are fourteen lines, but nothing of what I felt in it. O that I could dream it every night."

In an article *On some Marginalia in Rossetti's Keats* Mr. George Milner notes that Rossetti, remarking upon the false rhyme in line 4, pointed out that the line is an echo of *End.* ii. 684, "so sad, so melancholy, so bereft". Keats had already alluded to the story of Hermes and Argus in the same poem :—

ravishments more keen
Than Hermes' pipe, when anxious he did lean
Over eclipsing eyes (*End.* ii. 875-77, *vide* note).*

XXVI. On Fame. First published with the succeeding sonnet in H 1848. Written on 30th April, 1819, and enclosed under that date in the *Journal Letter* to America.*

XXVII. 7, 8, *As if a Naiad*, etc. H:
As if a clear lake, meddling with itself
Should cloud its clearness with a muddy gloom. *MS. Letter.*

XXVIII. *If by dull rhymes our English must be chain'd.* First published H 1848. Sent to America in the *Journal Letter* which contains the last five sonnets, under the date 30th April. It is, as Keats points out, an experiment in its rhyme structure. "I have been endeavouring," he writes, "to discover a better Sonnet Stanza then we have. The legitimate does not suit the language over well from the pouncing rhymes—the other kind appears too elegiac—and the couplet at the end of it has seldom a pleasing effect—I do not pretend to have succeeded—it will explain itself." As Keats justly remarks, his attempt was not successful, and in his few later sonnets he was content to follow Shakespeare.

XXIX. *The day is gone, and all its sweets are gone!* First published H 1848, where it is dated 1819. It belongs to the same period and has the same subject as the lines *To* —— dated October (*q.v.* p. 253 and note.)

In the Woodhouse transcript recently discovered by Lord Crewe is a MS. of this sonnet, the only one known to exist, from which I have printed. In H's version we have some significant alterations, "light" for "tranc'd" (3), and the transposition of the second and third quatrains. H's version *may* be authentic, but I prefer that of our text. A truly

Shakespearian effect, always striven after by Keats in his later sonnets (*cf.* note, p. 544), and often attained as no other poet has attained it, is secured by the repetition of the word "Faded" when it is reserved for the climax of the sonnet, and the general effect of the whole is, I think, immeasurably enhanced. But whatever view is taken of Lord Houghton's version, there can be no doubt as to the authenticity of that preserved by Woodhouse. H's version is appended here:—

The day is gone, and all its sweets are gone!
  Sweet voice, sweet lips, soft hand, and softer breast,
Warm breath, light whisper, tender semi-tone,
  Bright eyes, accomplish'd shape, and lang'rous waist!
Faded the flower and all its budded charms,
  Faded the sight of beauty from my eyes,
Faded the shape of beauty from my arms,
  Faded the voice, warmth, whiteness, paradise—
Vanish'd unseasonably at shut of eve,
  When the dusk holiday—or holinight
Of fragrant curtain'd love begins to weave
  The woof of darkness thick, for hid delight;
But, as I've read love's missal through to-day,
He'll let me sleep, seeing I fast and pray.

9. *shut of eve*:—*Cf. Lamia*, i. 139 note.

XXX. *I cry your mercy—pity—love!—aye, love!* First published H 1848, and probably written soon after the preceding sonnet.

XXXI. *Written on a blank page in Shakespeare's Poems*, etc. The last poem written by Keats, dated by Mr. Colvin September 28, 1820; first published H 1848. On his journey to Italy Keats was becalmed in the English Channel, and landed with Severn on the Dorsetshire coast, near Lulworth Cove. "For a moment," says Severn, "he became like his former self. He was in a part that he already knew, and showed me the splendid caverns and grottoes with a poet's pride, as though they had been his by birthright. When we returned to the ship he wrote for me on a blank leaf in a Folio volume of Shakespeare, which he gave me in memory of our voyage, the following magnificent sonnet."

H supplies as a variant reading for the last line—

Half-passionless, and so swoon on to death.*

OTHO THE GREAT

First published H 1848; written in the summer of 1819, the first act being finished by 12th July, the next three by 15th August, and the whole work by 23rd August. In December Keats was busy revising and "brightening the interest of the play" (*Letter to Fanny Keats*, 2nd Dec. 1819). The circumstances under which it was composed are thus described in the *Brown MS.* (quoted by H 1876).

"At Shanklin he undertook a difficult task; I engaged to furnish him with the title, characters, and dramatic conduct of a tragedy, and he was to enwrap it in poetry. The progress of this work was curious, for while I sat opposite to him, he caught my description of each scene entire, with the characters to be brought forward, the events, and everything connected with it. Thus he went on, scene after scene, never knowing nor inquiring into the scene which was to follow, until four acts were completed. It was then he required to know at once all the events that were to occupy the fifth act; I explained them to him, but, after patient hearing and some thought, he insisted that many incidents in it were too humorous, or, as he termed them, too melodramatic. He wrote the fifth act in accordance with his own views, and so contented was I with his poetry that at the time, and for a long time after, I thought he was in the right."

When all this is taken into consideration it will be seen that it is futile to look for anything like dramatic unity, or a close relation between language and characterisation. But the play has its fine passages, and the style and versification throughout bear testimony to a careful study of the Elizabethan dramatists, and of *Comus*, that work of Milton's in which he shows most clearly his own debt to his predecessors.

But *Otho* was the one work of Keats's of which, perhaps, its author thought too highly. "Mine I am sure," he wrote to his brother in September, "is a tolerable tragedy; it would have been a bank to me, if, just as I had finished it, I had not heard of Kean's resolution to go to America. That was the worst news I could have had. There is no actor can do the principal character besides Kean.[1] At Covent Garden there is a great chance of its being damned. Were it to succeed there it would lift me out of the mire; I mean the mire of a bad reputation which is continually rising against me. My name with the literary fashionables is vulgar. I am a weaver-boy to them. A tragedy would lift me out of this mess." In December he wrote to his sister: "It is accepted at Drury Lane with a promise of bringing it out in the next season; as that will be too long a delay we have determined to get Elliston to bring it out this season or to transfer it to Covent Garden. This Elliston will not like, as we have every motive to believe that Kean has perceived how suitable the principal character will be for him. My hopes of success in the literary world are now better than ever." But Keats seems to have been over sanguine on this score, for *Otho* never made its appearance on the stage. We learn from the *Life and Letters of Severn* that some years after Keats's death Severn was anxious to have the play produced at a private theatre at Rome. "There are here five Englishmen," he wrote to Brown (14th March, 1834) "who have all been together at Cambridge. They are devoted admirers of Keats. . . . They have been acting—two of them are

[1] Yet in another letter he writes: "'Twould do one's heart good to see Macready in Ludolph" (to Rice, Dec. 1819).

first rate—and they made me join them in the fourth act of the *Merchant of Venice*, as Gratiano, when I was so struck with one (Mr. O'Brien) as the very man *for Ludolph in Keats's Otho*. His voice and manner of reading remind me most forcibly of Keats himself. When I mentioned to them the tragedy, they were all on fire to see it. . . . I assure you I think it would be well done, and as they are all young men of rank, it would certainly be a good report to its forthcoming. . . . Now I wonder what you will say to all this. Is there any possibility that you throw cold water upon it?" *Whether or not Brown did so is unknown, but the play was not produced.*

I. i. 129. *Lady! O,* etc. HBF; In H *Lady* stands, wrongly, at the close of i. 128.

I. ii. 172. *sugar-cates* MS., HBF; sugar cakes H.

I. iii. 52. *edge o' the world.*—A Shakespearian phrase. *Cf. Ant. and Cleo.* ii. 2. 116-8:—

if I knew
What hoop would make us stanch, from edge to edge
O' the world I would pursue it.

II. i. 22. *the discoloured poisons of a fen*:—It is significant that Ludolph uses something of the same image to express his disgust at the courtiers of Otho as Shakespeare puts into the mouth of Coriolanus with regard to the people:—

whose breath I hate
As reek o' the rotten fens (*Cor.* iii. 3. 120).

II. i. 57. *the thunder comes Sullen against the wind.* Cf. Byron, *Childe Harold*, iv. 98:—

Yet Freedom! yet thy banner, torn but flying,
Streams like a thunder cloud *against* the wind.

II. i. 133. *the towers . . . new kiss'd the parted clouds!*:—An image in all probability suggested by the picture in *Hamlet* (iii. 4. 59) of

the herald Mercury
New-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill.

II. ii. 120. *of you* HBF, following MS.; *desunt* in H.

III. i. 18. *a spear, Sway'd by command, as corn is by the wind*:—An unconscious reminiscence of Milton's superb description of the angelic host which hem Satan round:—

With ported Spears, as thick as when a field
Of *Ceres* ripe for harvest waving bends
Her bearded Grove of ears, which way the wind
Swayes them; the careful *Plowman* doubting stands
Least on the threshing floore his hopeful sheaves
Prove chaff. (*Paradise Lost*, iv. 980-8

The "sheaved" spears of *King Stephen*, i. 3. 3, probably owe their epithet to the same passage.

III. ii. 20. *soil* MS., HBF; sail H.
76. *mad* MS., HBF; bad H.
88. *more* MS., HBF; monk H.
125. *like an angel newly-shent, Who veils its snowy wings.* *Cf. Eve of St. Agnes*, xxv. 7:—

She seemed a splendid angel, newly drest,
Save wings, for heaven.

III. ii. 160. *tedious* MS., HBF; hideous H.

IV. i. 66. *emptied of these folk*:—A repetition of phrase from the *Ode on a Grecian Urn*. 4. "What little town . . . is emptied of this folk, this pious morn?"

82. *the fabled fair Hesperian tree.* A reminiscence in all probability of Milton, *Comus* 393:—

Beauty like the fair Hesperian Tree
Laden with blooming gold.

With a recollection also of the "Hesperian fables true," of *Paradise Lost*, iv. 250.

In this same speech there are also to be noticed some probably unconscious echoes of the lamentations of Richard II. at the loss of his kingdom. Like Richard, Auranthe cries:—

"I could now sit upon the ground" (*cf. Richard II.*, iii. 2. 155).

And just as Richard says

I'll give my jewels for a set of beads,
My gay apparel for an almsman's gown,
My figured goblets for a dish of wood,
My sceptre for a palmer's walking-staff (iii. 3. 147-151).

So Auranthe:—

Bring me some mourning weeds, that I may tire
Myself, as fits one wailing her own death.
And throw these jewels from my loathing sight.—
Fetch me a missal, and a string of beads.—
A cup of bitter'd water and a crust.

The exclamation "O the heavy day!" used by the Duke of York, in the same scene of *Richard II.*, at the sight of his fallen master, is twice employed by Auranthe in her speech.

IV. i. 85. *melt in the visionary air*:—Another line which recalls Shakespeare. *Cf. Tempest*, iv. 1. 150, of the spirits who

Are melted into air, into thin air,
And like the baseless fabric of this vision
. . . .
Leave not a rack behind.

IV. ii. 18. *Auranthe! my life!* etc. :—This fine speech, apart from an occasional weak line, is a magnificent example of the way in which Keats was able to recall the Elizabethan manner. It is noticeable that again he has recourse to *Comus*. *Cf.* with lines 36 and 37 *Comus*, 551-3:—

Till an unusuall stop of sudden silence
Gave respit to the drowsie frighted steeds
That draw the litter of close-curtain'd sleep.

V. i. 24. *melted into air*:—*Cf.* note to iv. 1. 85.
ii. 49 *Howling in vain*, etc. :—A line that might have been written by Webster or Marston.
iv. 3 *'Tis not in medicine*, etc. A reminiscence of the well-known passage in *Macbeth*:—
"Can'st thou not minister to a mind diseased?"
v. 4. *here* MS. HBF; hear H.

KING STEPHEN

A Dramatic Fragment. First published H 1848; the MS. dated Nov. 1819. Of the circumstances of its composition Charles Brown (*Houghton MS.*) writes as follows: "As soon as Keats had finished *Otho the Great*, I pointed out to him a subject for an English historical tragedy in the [illegible] the Empress Maud, [illegible] was struck with the [illegible] sarily be introduced into it, and I offered to give, as before, their dramatic conduct. The play must open, I began, with the field of battle, when Stephen's forces are retreating—'Stop,' he cried, 'I have been too long in leading-strings; I will do all this myself.' He immediately set about it, and wrote two or three scenes—about 170 lines." It is unfortunate that so little of this play was written, for, as Mr. Colvin remarks (EML, p. 179), "the few scenes he finished are not only marked by his characteristic splendour and felicity of phrase: they are full of a spirit of heady action and the stir of battle: qualities which he had not shown in any previous work, and for which we might have doubted his capacity had not this fragment been preserved." No writing indeed has reproduced with greater success the spirit which pervades the martial scenes in the early historical plays of Shakespeare.

I. ii. 10. *sole and lone*:—Mr. Forman compares *Lamia*, ii. 122, where the phrase "*sole . . . and lone" had already been used.*

I. ii. 22. *Pallas from the walls of Ilion*:—This reference to the *Iliad*, together with the allusion to Nestor in i. 3. 12, suggests that Keats was still reading Chapman. *Cf.* Sonnet *On first looking into Chapman's Homer*, note, pp. 398, 399.

I. ii. 51. *Mars* MS.; man H.

I. iii. 3. *Bellona* :—Probably with a thought of Macbeth who is described as "Bellona's bridegroom lapped in proof". The "sheaved spears" owe their epithet to the simile in Milton, *Paradise Lost*, iv. 980. *Cf.* note to *Otho*, iii. 1. 18.

I. iv. 58. *make his June December* :—*Cf.* Prior's *English Ballad on the taking of Namur*, 82, 83, "that mighty year, When you turn'd June into December".

APPENDIX—POSTHUMOUS AND FUGITIVE POEMS (II)

ON DEATH. First printed by Mr. Forman in 1883 and reproduced here by his permission. Assigned by George Keats to 1814.

TO BYRON. H 1848; dated Dec. 1814. An extremely feeble sonnet, only interesting as a record of Keats's early feeling for Byron (*vide* note, *Sleep and Poetry*).

TO CHATTERTON. H 1848; dated probably 1814. Its interest is similar to that of the previous sonnet to Byron. The word "amate" is attributed to the influence of Spenser, but seeing that it is used several times by Chatterton himself its presence here is more reasonably attributed to a reading of Chatterton than of Spenser.

ODE and *HYMN TO APOLLO*. H 1848. The first of these poems is dated Feb. 1815. For the date of the second and the circumstances of its composition *v. note* on sonnets, p. 563. Every one will agree with the margin notes of Rossetti (quoted *Manchester Quarterly*, 1883) that the *Ode* is "very poor and puffy" and the *Hymn* "wretched but for a sense of metre". They are interesting chiefly as a record of the passing influence of the eighteenth century upon the form and diction of Keats. The *Ode* seems a weak reminiscence of an *Ode* by Dryden or Gray, and the phrases "adamantine lyres," "radiant fires," "renovated eyes," "laurelled peers," "tuneful thunders," "ravished heavens," "tremblingly expire," "ardent numbers," "melt the soul," etc., all suggest a similar source.

SONNET. *To a Young Lady*, etc. H 1848. Probably written 1815.

SONNET. *As from the darkening gloom a silver dove*, etc. H 1876; written 1816.

SONNET. *Written in Disgust of Vulgar Superstition*. Written Dec. 1816; a weak composition interesting only in its reminiscences of two passages especially dear to Keats—"Lydian airs" (*L'Allegro* 136) "and hold high converse with the mighty dead". (Thomson's *Seasons*, *Winter*, 432.)

ON OXFORD. *A parody*. Written at Oxford in September, 1817, and sent in a letter to Reynolds with the remark: "Wordsworth sometimes, though in a fine way, gives us sentences in the style of school exercises. For instance,

> The lake doth glitter
> Small birds twitter, etc.

Now I think this is an excellent method of giving us a very clear description of an interesting place such as Oxford is."

Wordsworth's poem, here parodied, is entitled: *Written in March while resting on the Bridge at the Foot of Brother's Water.* It first appeared in the 1807 volumes, which Keats knew especially well.

MODERN LOVE. First published H 1848, undated

FRAGMENT OF THE CASTLE BUILDER. First published H 1848, undated, but immediately following *Modern Love.**

17. *A viol-bow, strings torn,* HBF; A viol, bowstrings torn, H.

46. An interesting tribute to the art of Haydon.

TO A CAT. First published in Hood's *Comic Annual* for 1830. Woodhouse dated the sonnet 16th Jan. 1818, and recorded that it was addressed to Mrs. Reynolds's cat. There can be little doubt that the lines are intended as a parody of the Miltonic sonnet, the style of which is very happily caught in the opening invocation, in the contraction of style, and the general rhythm of the sentences.

HENCE BURGUNDY, CLARET, AND PORT First published H 1848; sent to Reynolds in a letter dated 31st Jan. 1818, with the words: "*I cannot* write in prose; it is a sunshiny day, and I cannot, so here goes". After the verses he says: "My dear Reynolds,—You must forgive all this ranting—but the fact is, I cannot write sense this morning". It is obvious, therefore, that these lines are merely an impromptu ebullition of animal spirits which Keats would never himself have reproduced among his serious poems.*

EXTRACTS FROM AN OPERA. First published H 1848, with three others, which are placed in this edition among the poems (*vide* note p. 534.)

SONG. *Spirit here that reignest.* First published H 1848.

HERE ALL THE SUMMER, etc. First published in a mutilated form in Taylor's *Life of Haydon* (1853) with the letter in which it was enclosed; written in March, 1818, at Teignmouth whither Keats had gone to nurse his brother Tom. Mr. Buxton Forman has pointed out that the lines are full of accurate local colour, but they have little other value, and they were obviously composed with no other object than to amuse his friend But he seems to have thought better of them than of most of his doggerel impromptus, for he adds—"I know not if this rhyming fit has done anything—it will be safe enough if worthy to put among my lyrics".

OVER THE HILL AND OVER THE DALE. First published H 1848 in a letter to Rice written by Keats from Teignmouth on 25th March, 1818.

ACROSTIC. This very weak composition, which, unfortunately, quite belies the assertion of lines 6-9, was written in June, 1818, soon after Keats

had bidden farewell to his newly married brother and sister who were *en route* for America. It was first published, says Mr. Forman, in a New York newspaper, *The World*, in June, 1877. The punctuation of lines 10-14 has been amended in order to make some kind of sense of the passage.

Lines written in the Highlands, etc. First published in the *Examiner*, 14th July, 1822; sent to Bailey in a letter from the island of Mull dated 22nd July (1818).

Spenserian Stanza. First published H 1848, with the following note:—

"The copy of Spenser which Keats had in daily use, contains the following stanza, inserted at the close of canto ii. book v. His sympathies were very much on the side of the revolutionary 'Gyant' who 'undertook for to repair' the 'realms and nations run awry,' and to suppress 'tyrants that make men subject to their law,' 'and lordings curbe that commons over-aw,' while he grudged the legitimate victory, as he rejected the conservative philosophy, of the 'righteous Artegall' and his comrade, the fierce defender of privilege and order. And he expressed, in this *ex post facto* prophecy, his conviction of the ultimate triumph of freedom and equality by the power of transmitted knowledge."

The lines are interesting as one of the few illustrations in the verse of Keats of his democratic sympathies.

An Extempore. First published by Mr. Colvin in *Macmillan's Magazine* for August, 1888. The lines form part of the *Journal Letter* of Feb.-May, 1819, and are evidently an extempore effusion merely written with the object of amusing his brother and sister in America. It is difficult to say whether any particular fairy story inspired them, but several passages seem to have been suggested by different sources. The "Otaheitan" Mule is probably due to the interest taken at this time in the travels of Sir Joseph Banks, whilst the mule brings to Keats's mind Peter Bell, who uses the same weapon—"a new pealed sapling white as cream" with which to chastise his ass. The close of the canto

there was nothing seen,
But the mule grazing on the herbage green

may be another sportive reminiscence of Wordsworth's "solitary doe" who "quietly was feeding on the green herb".

At lines 79, 80, we have two quotations from Shakespeare, "every inch a King," *King Lear*, iv. 6. 109, and "Fortune's fool," *Romeo and Juliet*, iii. 1. 141. Mr. Colvin has suggested to me that the picture with which the fragment closes of the thievish monkies stealing the Ass's bridle was probably suggested to Keats by an old print.

The lines have been printed here from the MS. letter, retaining its curious spelling and lack of punctuation.

Spenserian Stanzas on Charles Armitage Brown. First published H 1848. Included in Feb.-May *Journal Letter* under the date 16th or

17th April and prefaced with the words: "Brown this morning is writing some Spenserian stanzas against Mrs., Miss Brawne and me; so I shall amuse myself with him a little: in the manner of Spenser". After copying the stanzas Keats adds: "This character would ensure him a situation in the establishment of patient Griselda". It will be remembered that Brown was perhaps Keats's greatest friend during the last three or four years of his life. His Scotch tour was taken in company with Brown, and he went to live with Brown after the death of his brother Tom in December, 1818. *Otho the Great* was written in collaboration with him and much of the material upon which Lord Houghton based his *Life and Letters of Keats* was supplied to him by Brown, who had at one time intended to be the poet's biographer.

A PARTY OF LOVERS. Included by Keats in the *Journal Letter* of September, 1819, prefaced by the words: "I saw Haslam. He is very much occupied with love and business, being one of Saunders' executors and lover to a young woman. He showed me her portrait by Severn. I think she is, though not very cunning, too cunning for him. Nothing strikes me so forcibly with a sense of the ridiculous as love A man in love I do think cuts the sorryest figure in the world. Even when I know *a poor fool to be really in pain about it I could burst out laughing in his* face. His pathetic visage becomes irresistible. Not that I take Haslam as a pattern for lovers; he is a very worthy man, and a good friend. His love is very amusing. Somewhere in the *Spectator* is related an account of a man inviting a party of stutterers and squinters to his table. It would please me more to scrape together a party of lovers; not to dinner—no, to tea. There would be no fighting as among knights of old."

THE CAP AND BELLS; or, The Jealousies: A Faery Tale. Unfinished.
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on the idea of a comic faery poem in the Spenser stanza, and I was glad

wrote it with the greatest facility; in one instance I remember having copied (for I copied as he wrote) as many as twelve stanzas before dinner" (*Houghton MSS.* quoted EML, p 183). As Mr. Colvin has pointed out Keats "was led to undertake the work partly through the influence of Brown who was a great student of Pulci and Boiardo and partly by the *dazzling example of Byron's success* in *Don Juan* (EML, p. 184). The influence of this style is more particularly evident in such stanzas as xiv. and

xxiv. Mr. Forman rightly points out that Keats "probably had a satirical undercurrent of meaning: and it needs no great stretch of imagination to see in the illicit passion of Emperor Elfinan and his detestation of his bride-elect, an oblique glance at the marital relations of George IV. It is not difficult to suggest prototypes for some of the faery land statesmen against whom Elfinan vows vengeance; and there are many particulars in which earthly incidents are too thickly strewn to leave one in the settled belief that the poet's programme was wholly unearthly."

As late as June 1820 Keats wrote to Brown that he intended to go on with *Lucy Vaughan Lloyd*, as he calls the poem, but adds "I do not begin composition yet, being willing in case of a relapse, to have nothing to reproach myself with". But there is no evidence that he ever touched it after December, 1819, or indeed wrote any poetry after that date except his last sonnet. It is, perhaps, unnecessary to add how unsuitable is the Spenserian stanza to the subject for which he here employs it, or how unsuitable the subject and treatment are to the essential character of his own genius.

I. *Ind. . . . Elfinan*, etc.:—Keats is here indebted to the *Faerie Queene*, ii. 10. 70-72, where Spenser tells how Prometheus created man from beasts, stole fire from heaven to animate man, and called the first man "Elfe," *i.e.* quick. Elfe wandering in the garden of Adonis found

A goodly creature whom he deemed in mind
To be no earthly wight, but either Spright,
Or Angell, th' author of all woman kynd:
Therefor a *Fay* he her according hight,
Of whom all Faeryes spring, and fetch their lignage right.

Their eldest son

Was *Elfin*; him all *India* obeyed,
And all that now *America* men call:
Next him was noble *Elfinan*.

From them were descended the Lords of Faery, Elferon, Oberon, and later Gloriana. *Hydaspes* and *Imaus* (stanza iii. etc., however, are probably introduced through a reminiscence of the famous simile in *Paradise Lost*:—

As when a Voltur on *Imaus* bred
Dislodging from a Region scarce of prey
To gorge the flesh of Lambs or yeanling kids
On Hills where Flocks are fed, flies toward the Springs
Of *Ganges* or *Hydaspes*, *Indian* streams (iii. 431-36.)

X. *Panthea*:—The name given by Spenser to the city of the Faeries. *Cf. Faerie Queene*, ii. 19. 73.

But Elfant was of most renowned fame,
Who all of Christall did *Panthea* build.

XI. *Of faeries stooping on their wings sublime*:—Another Miltonic reminiscence, "in the air sublime Upon the wing" (*Paradise Lost*, ii. 528.)

"Hee on the wings of Cherub rode sublime" (*Paradise Lost*, vi. 771. and *Paradise Regained*, iv. 542).

XVII. *the square-cut chancellor:*—Mr. Buxton Forman points out that "[illegible] of Lansdowne, whose refusal to sit on the Green Bag Committee in the House of Lords was both 'moral' and 'gallant'. . . ." Whilst Biancopaney he cleverly explains as Mr. Whitbread (Bianco = white, Pane = bread). "Mr. Samuel Whitbread," he adds, "was so well known as an adherent of Queen Caroline, that he is said to have furnished her Majesty, from his great wealth, with the necessary funds for carrying on her case."

XXVI. *jarvey:*—The old term used indiscriminately for a hackney coach or its driver. It was this passage about the coach that Hunt published in the *Indicator*.

XXVII. *fiddle-faddle*. Perhaps a reminiscence of Wordsworth's *Idiot Boy*, 14:—

Till she is tired, let Betty Foy
With girt and stirrup fiddle-faddle.

XXIX. *Louted full low:*—An obvious Spenserianism, as are the words "blent" and "dreariment" in xliv.

XXXII. *I wis:*—Spelt by Keats in two words as though he had fallen into the common error of mistaking it for the equivalent of "I know".

XLIII. *Bertha . . . at Canterbury:*—On the Introduction of Bertha, the heroine of the *Eve of St. Mark* (*vide* note p. 525). So too stanza l.

LI. *Cupid I, do thee defy!:*—So HBF, following MS.; Cupid, I do thee defy H.
Somewhat in sadness, but pleas'd in the main:—Perhaps a parody of Wordsworth's *Resolution and Independence* "cheerfully uttered with demeanour kind, but stately in the main".

LVIII. *where I wait for guerdon fit.* HBF, MS.; *desunt* in H.

LXI. *Where!* HBF, MS; Where? H.

LXIII. *Those* nows, etc.:—Among Leigh Hunt's Essays is one entitled "A 'Now,' descriptive of a hot day" in which Keats is supposed to have collaborated.

LXVIII. 7. *Farewell! and if for ever*, etc.:—A burlesque quotation from Byron's famous "Fare thee well" to Lady Byron. On Keats's feeling with regard to Byron and his poetry *cf. Sleep and Poetry*, 234, note.

LXXVIII. 5. *favour 'gan* HBF; favour; 'gan H.

ADDENDA: NOTES ON THE POEMS FOUND IN THE WOODHOUSE TRANSCRIPT OF THE FALL OF HYPERION AND OTHER POEMS (pp. 383-6A)

Fill for me a brimming bowl, etc.:—Dated in the MS., August 1814, and never before published. It is thus, as far as we know, only preceded among Keats's Juvenilia by the *Imitation of Spenser*. Of as little intrinsic value as that poem, it is of equal interest in the light it throws upon the influences that affected his early work. Just as in the *Imitation of Spenser* we only see the Elizabethan master through the veil of his later imitators, so here we have the influence of the early poems of Milton acting upon Keats though he is only treating a conventional subject in a purely conventional manner. The lines are interesting as certainly Keats's first experiment in the measure which he learnt from Milton and Fletcher, and was afterwards to employ with conspicuous success in *Fancy* and the *Eve of St. Mark*.

Woodhouse (*Poems*, II.), where this poem is also found, records that it celebrates the "casual sight" of that same lady who inspired the sonnet, *Time's sea* (p. 279), and is referred to in *When I have fears* (p. 277).

A Song.—Stay, ruby-breasted warbler stay:—First printed by H among Keats's early poems, but omitted by Mr. Forman from his editions of Keats because in a scrapbook "containing a mass of transcripts by George Keats from his brother's poetry, this poem is not only written in George's hand, but signed 'G. K.' instead of 'J. K.' and indeed it reads more like one of the effusions which George is recorded to have produced than an early poem by John" (HBF, I. xiv.). With this evidence Mr. Forman had no choice but to reject the lines, but their appearance in the Woodhouse transcript puts a somewhat different complexion on the matter. It is highly probable that Woodhouse obtained these poems from autograph MSS. in the possession of Brown, and Brown is the last person who could be expected to honour George Keats by the preservation of one of his poems. This evidence, though not conclusive against the signature in the scrapbook, is at least as weighty; and I incline, though reluctantly, to restore the lines to John.

"Written off in a few minutes at the request of some ladies who wished for fresh words to sing to their tune." *Woodhouse* (*Poems*, II.).

Sonnet: On Peace:—Now first published and undated in the MS. We can hardly be wrong in assigning it to 1814 or 1815, *i.e.*, after Napoleon's retirement to Elba or his defeat at Waterloo. The weakness of the sonnet would lead us to favour the earlier date. Again we notice a debt to the early poems of Milton in the allusion to the "mountain nymph sweet liberty" (*cf. L'Allegro*, 36), whilst a phrase here and there suggests that Keats had already made the acquaintance of Wordsworth's poems of 1807 (*Sonnets Dedicated to Liberty*).

To EMMA:—First published by HBF, 1883, with "Georgiana" on line 1 for "my dear Emma" and in line 11 "And there Georgiana" for "There beauteous Emma". The stanzas were addressed to Georgiana Augusta Wylie, the future wife of George Keats. It will be remembered that Emma or Emmeline, according to the exigencies of metre, was the name by which Wordsworth referred to his sister Dorothy, and there can be little doubt that Keats is influenced by this fact when he veils the identity of his future sister-in-law under the same *nom de plume*—an amusing instance of his early acquaintance with a poet who was afterwards to influence him so profoundly.

APOLLO AND THE GRACES:—First printed with the following poem in the *Literary Supplement* of *The Times*, 16th April, 1914. Woodhouse copied it from the original in Miss Reynolds's possession. He has not dated it, but it is evidently an early composition.

YOU SAY YOU LOVE:—Woodhouse owes this poem to Miss Reynolds and Mrs. Jones (*v.* p. 574). Above stanza 2, l. 1, he has pencilled the variant "then ever". Sir Sidney Colvin calls attention to the debt to *A Proper Wooing Song* in Clement Robinson's *Handful of Pleasant Delites*, of which the first stanza runs:—

Maide will ye love me yea or no?
    tell me the trothe and let me go.
It can be no lesse than a sinful deed,
    trust me truly,
To linger a louer that lookes to speede,
    in due time duly

[illegible] relates "As Keats and Leigh Hunt were taking their wine together after dinner, at the house of the latter, the whim seized them (probably at Hunt's instigation) to crown themselves with laurel after the fashion of the elder Bards. While they were thus attired, two of Hunt's friends happened to call upon him. Just before their entrance Hunt removed the wreath from his own brow, and suggested to Keats that he might as well do the same. Keats, however, in his mad enthusiastic way, vowed that he would not take off his crown for any human being; and he accordingly wore it, without any explanation, as long as the visit lasted. He mentioned the circumstance afterwards to some of his friends, along with his sense of the folly (and, I believe, presumption) of his conduct. And he said he was determined to record it by an apologetic ode to Apollo on the occasion He shortly after wrote this fragment" (*i e The Hymn to Apollo*, p. 350). If, as seems likely, pp 44-45 of the *Epistle to C. C. Clarke* contain a reference to this incident, the sonnets must be dated July, 1816, *i.e.* just before Keats left London for Margate They

contain interesting anticipations in phrase and idea of later work. The concluding lines of Sonnet i. have more than a hint of the opening of *Endymion* iii.; with l. 13, *cf.* l. 13 of the sonnet *On first looking into Chapman's Homer;* with the first lines of Sonnet ii., *cf.* the opening lines of *Sleep and Poetry,* and with the whole sonnet, with its theme of the sovereignty of love, *cf.* the prelude to *Endymion* ii. For a criticism of the literary and biographical value of the sonnets *cf.* my note in *T.L.S.*, 21st May, 1914.

NOTES ADDED TO SECOND (1907) FOURTH (1921) AND FIFTH (1926) EDITIONS

P. 1 (*notes*, p. 387). POEMS OF 1817. Miss Roberta D. Cornelius (*Publ. of Mod. Lang. Assoc. of America,* Vol. XL., i.) calls attention to what are probably the two first reviews of Keats's poetry: (1) in *The Champion* for 9th March, 1817, (2) in *The European Magazine* for the May following. The first of these, which from internal evidence she attributes to Haydon, is uncritically enthusiastic; the second, signed G. F. M., and attributed to George Felton Mathew, is in the nature of a reply to *The Champion*, and protests that "too much praise is more injurious than censure". G. M. F., whilst complaining of a weakness of structure in the poems, an immaturity of thought and a "slovenly independence of versification," and expressing some anxiety as to their religious and moral tendencies, praises "the fervid imagination of our promising author," and "strongly recommends [the volume] to the perusal of all lovers of real poetry". A part of this criticism was reproduced in the Boston *Athenæum* of 15th October, and was thus probably the first notice of Keats to appear in America. As the *Poems* were also reviewed in *The Eclectic Review* for September, 1817, and in *The Edinburgh Magazine* for October (*v.* SC *Life*, 132) Miss Amy Lowell's statement (AL I., 273), "For the press, the book was virtually ignored" can hardly stand.

P. 4 (*notes*, p. 388). I STOOD TIPTOE, 37-47. Mrs. Field, in *Scribner's Magazine* for March, 1888, recorded the existence of an early draft, then in her possession, of these lines. After "there too should be" was written "The delicate Ash"; for l. 39, "That shoots (*corr. to* sprouts) with many of its light green peers" (*corr. to* text); for l. 41, "Round which is found the springhead of a stream" (*corr. to* text); for l. 42, "That babbles sweetly of its blue eyed (*corr. to* fragrant, *corr. to* blooming) daughters"; in l. 43, "the woodland Hyacinths" (*corr. to* text); for l. 46, "By Urchin's Hand left on the Path to die—" ll. 47-48 read "Come ye bright marigolds" (*deleted*) "Open afresh your congregated (*corr. to* cirques of, *corr. to* crowd of, *corr. to* round of) starry folds Ye ardent marigolds.

I STOOD TIPTOE, 217. *Stepping like Homer at the trumpet's call*: As no such incident is recorded of Homer, Professor Garrod suggests that

"Homer" is a misprint for "Honour". Professor Herford suggests that we should read "Homer's".

P. 32 (*notes*, p 397). Sonnet iv. *How many bards:* an unconscious echo of Coleridge, *To the Nightingale*, 2. "How many bards in city garret pent" (with which *cf.* also Sonnet x., 1). Coleridgian echoes are not rare throughout Keats's poetry. *Cf. Sleep and Poetry*, 237, "'Tis might half slumb'ring on its own right arm" with *The Eolian Harp*, 33, "Is music slumbering on her instrument"; *End.* i., 121, "The surgy murmurs of the lonely sea" with *Eolian Harp* 11, "the stilly murmur of the distant sea"; *Eve of St. Mark*, 80, "Legless birds of Paradise" with *Eolian Harp*, 24, "Footless and wild, like birds of Paradise;" and *On a Lock of Milton's hair*, 5, 6, "For ever and for ever! O what a mad endeavour," with *Ode to Dejection*, iii., "It were a vain endeavour though I should gaze for ever". The influence of Coleridge on Keats was probably deeper than is generally recognised. *Cf.* note on the *Ode to a Nightingale* (*infra*, p 578)

P. 33 (*notes*, p. 397). Sonnet vi. To G. A. W. l. 1. Mr. George G. Loane compares this line with Thomson: *Summer*, 1280, "In sidelong glances from his downcast eye".

P. 36 (*notes*, p. 393). *On first looking into Chapman's Homer.* The late Dr. Richard Garnett pointed out to me that the superb simile with which this poem closes was suggested to Keats by a passage that Wordsworth quotes in a note to *Excursion*, iii., 930 (publ. 1814). It was taken from the notes to a poem called the *Hurricane*, by William Gilbert, and runs: "*A man is supposed to improve by going out into the World, by visiting London.* Artificial man does, he extends with his sphere; but, alas! that sphere is microscopic; it is formed of minutiæ, and he surrenders his genuine vision to the artist, in order to embrace it in *his ken*. . . . The reverse is the Man of Mind: . . he would certainly be swallowed up by the first *Pizarro* that crossed him. But when he walks along the river of Amazons; when he rests his eye on the unrivalled Andes; when [illegible]

"pure serene" is found in Carey's translation of Dante's *Paradiso*, xix., 4-65.

> Lume non è, se non vien dal sereno
> Che non si turba mai
> Light is none,
> Save that which cometh from the pure serene
> Of ne'er disturbed ether.

Carey's *Dante* was published in 1814. If, as seems likely, Keats owes this phrase to Carey, the statement (on p 445) that Bailey introduced

Keats to the poem is incorrect, though it is certain that Bailey stimulated his interest in it.

Miss Lowell (AL *Life*, i., 183) notes the parallel between the last two lines of the Sonnet and Shakespeare's *Rape of Lucrece*, 83-84:

> Enchanted Tarquin answers with surmise,
> In silent wonder of still-gazing eyes.

The phrase "wild surmises" is found in Thomson: *Liberty*, iv., 38.

P. 36 (*notes*, p. 399). Sonnet xii. *diamond jar:* Mr. Thomas Hardy and Professor Garrod have suggested independently that "jar" is a misprint for "tiar".

P. 37 (*notes*, p. 400). Sonnet xiii. Addressed to Haydon. Miss Lowell (AL *Life*, i., 203-204) points out that this sonnet was probably written before that meeting of Haydon and Keats which inspired the next sonnet.

P. 40 (*notes*, p. 403). Sleep and Poetry. Professor A. C. Bradley sends me the following valuable note upon the structure of this poem:—

ll. 1-46 *Introduction*. Keats begins with the blessings of Sleep (1-18) because he has passed a sleepless though happy night (*v.* end of poem): happy, because full of poetic visions. So he goes on to the blessings of Poetry (18-46), which is still better than Sleep. This is the main notion. Sleep is not meant to represent the unawakened state of mind, though the fact that he contrasts Poetry with it as superior makes him emphasise the higher aspects of Poetry and so produces that appearance.

The construction of the main part of the poem seems to be as follows: (*a*) hopes of poetry, 47-84; (*b*) doubt and reassurance, 85-95; (*c*) hopes of poetry, 95-154; (*d*) doubt and reassurance, 155-162; (*e*) hopes of poetry (with historic survey), 168-269; (*f*) doubt and reassurance, 270-312.

It often escapes the notice of critics that (*b*) is an interruption. (*c*) repeats and develops (*a*), (*d*) repeats (*b*), [and in a fashion (*e*) repeats (*a*) and (*c*), (*f*) repeats (*b*) and (*d*)]. (*a*) and (*c*) show roughly the same distinction of *stages* in poetry. Thus 61-63 = 99-101 ("places" = "countries"). This is generic. Then follows subdivision 65-68 (or -71) = 101-121 the lower stage: 71-84 = 122-154, the higher. (*N.B.* "green hill" in 77 and 134, "writing" in 79 and 154, "wings" in 84 and 151, 81 and 124; "shade" of 76 and "dusky space" of 139).

P. 51 (*notes*, p. 410). Endymion. On the allegorical significance of *Endymion* no friend or contemporary of Keats has left any comment, though the letter written to Taylor (*v.* p. 428) suggests that at least Woodhouse, Taylor's intimate friend and literary adviser, must have been aware of it. It was first pointed out and expounded in detail by Mrs. Owen in her *John Keats, a Critical Study*, 1880. Since that time, whilst different critics, naturally, have given it different shades of meaning, almost all have agreed as to its general drift. *Endymion* represents the adventures of a poet's soul in its quest for truth. Like Wordsworth

before him, and Shelley (*e.g.*, in *Alastor* and the *Hymn to Intellectual Beauty*), Keats felt that the poet can only be at peace with himself and produce his highest work when he has brought his aspirations after ideal beauty and perfection into harmony with the realities of the world in which he lives. And though in *Endymion* Keats is chiefly concerned with the general problem, he draws inevitably upon his own personal experience: so that, in his account of the growth of a poet's mind, he cannot fail to give us much that is rightly interpreted as intimate spiritual autobiography. *Cf.* pp. xl, xli, and 443, 445 of this volume, and Sir Sidney Colvin's valuable chapter on *Endymion* (SC *Life*, pp. 171-205). More recently, Professor Notcutt, in his *Interpretation of Keats's Endymion* (Cape Town, 1919), has gone further, and has read into the poem a detailed review of Keats's study of classical poetry, and of his conception of the progress of English poetry and his own attitude with regard to it, in particular to the eighteenth century and the romantic revival. But though much of his argument is ingenious, it seems to me fanciful and unconvincing as a whole, and some of it quite untenable. At the other extreme is Miss Amy Lowell (AL *Life*, i. 317-400), who asserts that Keats's mind was "not of the kind which works in parallels" (*ib.*, i. 456), and stoutly maintains that "all ingenious efforts to find allegorical meanings in *Endymion* and *Hyperion* . . . are quite beside the mark, since they are invariably based on the supposition that Keats was a type of man which any intimate study of his character proves that he was not" (i. 318). But Miss Lowell is not the only critic who has made an intimate study of Keats's character. No one would deny that Keats's essential genius lay in other regions of poetry, but *Endymion* was an experiment, "a trial of his powers" at a time when he was deeply influenced by Spenser and other Elizabethan and seventeenth century poets. Miss Lowell's attempt to read Keats throughout as a "modern," by which she means one who writes poetry as she writes poetry, does not always help her to understand the attitude of a poet to his art either in the early nineteenth century, to which Keats belonged, or in those periods of our literature whence he drew so much of his inspiration.

P. 51 (*notes*, pp. 414-418). ENDYMION. *Sources of the story*: In 1595 Drayton published an earlier version of the story entitled *Endimion and Phœbe*. As only two copies of this work were known to exist in 1856 (the existence of a third copy has lately been recorded) Sir Sidney Colvin thought it "unlikely that Keats should have seen either of these". (SC *Life*, p. 162.) But Miss Amy Lowell (i. 306-308) discovered that one of these was in the library at Westminster Abbey, where Keats might have had access to it, and Mr. Claude Finney (*Publ. Mod. Lang. Assoc. Am.*, 1924) pointed out that "the central action of both [*Endimion and Phœbe* and Keats's poem] consists in a most unusual and original device of feigning that Phœbe in the guise of another woman should woo her lover, and succeed in making him renounce her own service, to which he had first

dedicated himself, for love of the woman whom she is impersonating". This device is not retained in *The Man and the Moone*, nor are the episodes of the aerial flight of Endymion in the arms of Phœbe, when they see the signs of the zodiac (*cf. End.*, iv. 581 *ff.*; I. 641 *ff.*) and the nuptial solemnity to which the deities are invited (iv. 583 *ff.*). The further details by which Mr. Finney, and later Miss Lowell, support their view of Keats's debt to *Endimion and Phœbe* seem to me insignificant, but the three parallels above mentioned can hardly be taken to be mere coincidences.

P. 51 (*notes*, p. 417). ENDYMION. *Original Dedication.* The "bowèd mind" with which Keats inscribes the poem to Chatterton is a quotation from Coleridge's *Ode to the Departing Year*, l. 6. The line originally ran "With inward stillness and a bowèd mind," but "a bowèd" was changed in later editions to "submitted". *Cf.* also Lyly, *Campaspe*, V. iv., "bowed heart".

In Leigh Hunt's copy of *Endymion*, now in the Public Library at Hampstead, are underlinings and notes in pencil by Hunt, and Woodhouse. Against many of the finest lines in the poem are written the words "good," "beautiful," or "lovely," and it is worth noting also that nearly all those love passages which are conceived in the peculiar Huntian manner, have been underscored. After line 40 of Book iii. is written "Oxf., Sept. 5" and at the end of the poem "28 Nov., 1817." Several earlier readings and other comments are given in the margin, the more interesting of which I quote in the notes that follow.

P. 54 (*notes*, p. 420). END. i. 59, *herald thoughts*: a Shakespearian phrase. *Cf.* "My herald thoughts" 2 *G. of V.*, III. i. 144, and *R. and J.* II. v. 4, "Love's heralds should be thoughts".

P. 55 (*notes*, p. 420). END. i. 94, *dawned*: coming *Woodhouse, cancelled reading.*

P. 57 (*notes*, p. 421). END. i. 191, *awed*: bowed *Woodhouse, cancelled reading.* *Cf.* note on *Original Dedication supra.*

P. 60 (*notes*, p. 422). END. i. 310, *bob*: Woodhouse tells us that Keats's friends (possibly fearing that "bob" would seem too trivial a word) suggested to him the substitution of "raise" or "push," "but he insisted on retaining 'bob'". No one who has seen a dolphin can doubt that he was right.

P. 62 (*notes*, p. 424). END. i. 405, 6. *Old Tale Arabian*: Sir Sidney Colvin calls attention to further debts in *Endymion* to the *Arabian Nights*. The "courts and passages" (ii. 267) in which Endymion finds himself after passing through the temple of Diana remind us, he says, of some of the magical subterranean palaces of the *Arabian Nights*. Similarly, in his account of Glaucus (Bk. iii.), Keats "helps himself to certain incidents and machinery of Oriental magic from the *A.N.*"; and the doom of helpless senility to which Circe has condemned Glaucus for a thousand years "reminds us of such stories as that of the Fisherman in the *A.N.*, and of the spell laid by Suleiman upon the rebellious Djinn, whom he imprisoned for a thousand and eight hundred years in a bottle until

the Fisherman released him". Finally, the rites by which Glaucus is freed from the enchantment recall "certain Arabian tales, particularly that of Behi Salim". (SC *Life*, pp. 184, 190, 195.)

End. i. 406, *frozen*: sitting (*Woodhouse, cancelled reading*).

P. 62 (*notes*, p. 425), End. i. 411. The lines, as given by Woodhouse, ran originally:—

Now happily, there sitting on the grass
Was fair Peona, a most tender lass,
And his sweet sister; who, uprising, went
With stifled sobs, and o'er his shoulder leant:
Putting her trembling hand against his cheek
She said: "My dear Endymion, let us seek
A pleasant bower where thou may'st rest apart,
And ease in slumber thine afflicted heart:
Come my own dearest brother—these our friends
Will joy in thinking thou dost sleep where bends
Our freshening river through yon birchen grove:
Do come now!" Could he gainsay her who strove
So soothingly, to breathe away a curse?

Mr. George G. Loane suggests to me that the idea of giving Endymion a sister to be his confidante may have been suggested to Keats by Chapman's continuation of *Hero and Leander* (*Sestiad*, iii. 69-74), where Leander is given "a most kinde sister," who "all his secrets knew".

P. 63 (*notes*, p. 425). End. i. 466. In place of this line Woodhouse supplies his cancelled lines:—

A cheerfuller resignment, and a smile
For his fair sister, flowing like the Nile
Through all the channels of her piety,
He said: "Dear Maid, may I this moment die,
If I feel not this thine enduring love".

P. 64 (*notes*, p. 426). End. i. 501, *melt away and thaw*: Cf. *Lamia*, ii. 161-2, "had now begun to thaw And solve and melt". Both passages are clearly an echo of *Hamlet*, I. ii. 129-30:—

O that this too too solid flesh would melt,
Thaw and resolve itself into a dew.

P. 64 (*notes*, p. 426). End. i. 513. *Among the alders*: on flags and rushes. *Woodhouse, cancelled reading.*

P. 64 (*notes*, p. 426). End. i. 515-20. Woodhouse supplies the following continuation of the earlier reading:—

Uttering these words she got nigh and more nigh,
And put at last her arms about his neck
Nor was there any tart, ungentle check,
Nor any frown, or stir dissatisfied,

But smooth compliance, and a tender slide
Of arm in arm, and what is written next.
"Doubtless, Peona, thou hast been perplexed,
And pained oft in thinking of the change.

P. 65 (*notes*, p. 426). End. i. 539-40. Woodhouse records this earlier reading:—

And come to such a ghost as I am now!
But listen, sister, I will tell thee how.

and in place of lines 545, 546, the following:—

And in this spot the most endowing boon
Of balmy air, sweet blooms, and coverts fresh
Has been outshed; yes, all that could enmesh
Our human senses—make us fealty swear
To gadding Flora. In this grateful lair
Have I been used to pass my weary eves;

P. 66 (*notes*, p. 427). End. i. 595. In Leigh Hunt's copy "spheres" is queried and "sphere" suggested.

P. 66 (*notes*, p. 427). End. i. 600, 601, ran originally (Woodhouse):—

And to commune with them once more I rais'd
My eyes right upward; but they were quite daz'd,

and in line 621 for "plays," "fawns"; in line 632 for "daisies," "bud-stars".

P. 67 (*notes*, p. 427). End. i. 646, followed originally by the two lines:—

Sleepy with deep foretasting, that did bless
My soul from madness, 'twas such certainty.

After "flowers" (l. 665), Keats wrote:—

Hurry o'er
O sacrilegious tongue, the—best be dumb;
For should one little accent from thee come
On such a daring theme, all other sounds
Would sicken at it, as would beaten hounds
Scare the elysian Nightingales. Sometimes . . .

and in place of line 722:—

This all? yes it is wonderful—exceeding—
And yet a shallow dream, for ever breeding
Tempestuous weather in the very soul
That should be twice content, twice smooth, twice whole,
As is a double Peach. 'Tis sad, Alas!

In l. 741, for "pictur'd in" the earlier reading was "pight amid" (*v. Glossary*, p. 619).

P. 69 (*notes*, p. 427). End. i. 761, 2. In Leigh Hunt's copy the words "cónflicting" and "eyelíds" are thus marked, to show their unusual pronunciation.

P. 70 (*notes*, p. 427). END. i. 764, *breeze*: puff, *Woodhouse, cancelled reading.* For lines 770, 771 Woodhouse records an original faulty rhyme, nothing mean—unseam. For "unseam" *cf.* End. ii. 74, and *Glossary*.

P. 71 (*notes*, p. 429). END. i. 813, *combine*: amalgamate, *Woodhouse, cancelled reading.*

P. 72 (*notes*, p. 429). END. i. 896, 7, *Smiling, etc.*: For this and the following line Woodhouse records that Keats originally wrote these twenty:—

> [illegible]
> And do preserve it, like a lilly root,
> [illegible]
> Your veriest help. Ah! how long did I feed
> On that crystalline life of portraiture!
> How long I hovered round the tender lure!
> How many times dimpled the watery glass
> With kisses—maddest kisses; and, till they did pass
> And leave the liquid smooth again, how mad!
> O 'twas as if the absolute sisters bad
> My life into the compass of a nut
> Or all my breathing minished and shut
> To a scanty straw. To look above I fear'd
> Lest my hot eyeballs might be burned and sear'd
> By a blank nought. It moved as if to flee—

Against "bad" (l. 15), Woodhouse puts a note in the margin "*verb*".

P. 73 (*notes*, p. 429). END. i. 924. *amber studs*: a reminiscence of Marlowe's *Passionate Shepherd to his Love*, "coral clasps and amber studs".

P. 74 (*notes*, p. 429). END. i. 990-1. *This said, he rose, faint-smiling like a star Through autumn mists*: Mr. George G. Loane compares with Chapman: *Ovid's Banquet of Sense*: "Herewith she rose like an autumnal star". *This said*: At this, *Woodhouse, cancelled reading.*

P. 76 (*notes*, p. 430). END. ii. 39 *chaffing*: chafing *margin of Leigh Hunt's copy.*

P. 81 (*notes*, p. 431). END. ii. 277. Woodhouse records the earlier reading:—

> Whose flitting lantern, through rude nettle-beds
> Cheats us into a bog—cuttings and shreds
> Of all vexations plaited to a rope
> Wherewith to drag us from the sight of hope
> And fix us to our worldly baiting ring

In l. 294 he records the reading of "Drawing" for "Tracing," in 302 "towards" for "more near," in 340 "cold" for "old". For line 343 he gives "Itself, lush-tumbling on every side," and for line 365 "Whom, loving, music slew not? 'Tis the pest".

P. 83 (*notes*, p. 432). End. ii. 400, *tenting swerve:* Mr. Loane compares *Hero and Leander*, ii. 264, "With both her hands she made the bed a tent".

P. 98 (*notes*, p. 436). End. iii. 1, *lords it:* In margin of Leigh Hunt's copy Woodhouse, rather, unnecessarily, quotes Thomson, *Winter*, 195, "Huge uproar lords it wide".

End. iii. 44, *is misting in:* falls thick about, *earlier reading quoted in margin of Leigh Hunt's copy*.

P. 111 (*notes*, p. 440). End. iii. 621. Woodhouse records the earlier reading:

Was not thine harshest avengeaunce content.

P. 119 (*notes*, p. 441). End. iii. 945. Woodhouse records the earlier reading:

Eternally in awe
Of thee the waves bow down.

P. 122 (*notes*, p. 445). End. iv. 1-29. The statement (p. 445) that Keats "had just been introduced" to Dante is incorrect. *v.* note, p. 565, to *On first looking into Chapman's Homer*.

P. 122 (*notes*, p. 445). End. iv. 10. For "eastern" Woodhouse records the earlier reading "Hebrews"—interesting as showing that Keats had definitely in his mind the poetry of the Bible; l. 17 originally ran:

To thyself and to thy hopes. Oh, thou hast won

P. 124 (*notes*, p. 445). End. iv. 79, 82. The margin of Leigh Hunt's copy records earlier readings, "a lover's eye" for "the eye of love," and "As will a lover's voice" for "As doth the voice of love".

P. 125 (*notes*, p. 446). End. iv. 151. *Is it:* earlier reading is't, altered to avoid the repetition in the use of the "s" sound, is't . . . tips.

P. 126 (*notes*, p. 447). End. iv. 193 *foll.* *Bacchus and his crew.* But Sir Sidney Colvin justly points out that in Titian's picture there are no "tiger and leopard" panting along "with Asian elephants" (ll. 241-2). Hence he suggests that Keats drew them from prints of sarcophagus reliefs brought in 1815 by the Earl of Bedford from the Villa Aldobrandini (*v.* SC *Life*, p. 231, and *Plate* V.). Keats's presentation of "Bacchus and his crew" is thus not drawn from one work of art; but, as is usual with him, is a composite picture. Sir Sidney also suggests that Keats owed something to Wordsworth's conversation as described by Hazlitt, in his *Spirit of the Age* (*v.* SC *Life*, p. 251). But it seems more likely to me that Hazlitt himself, in describing Wordsworth's conversation, is unconsciously drawing colour and vividness from the impression made upon him by Keats's poem.

Miss Amy Lowell (*AL Life*, i. 425-37), following Professor J. L. Lowes, holds that in this Ode Keats is chiefly indebted to Diodorus Siculus and to Rabelais. Rabelais was among the books in Keats's library, and though there is no evidence that he read Diodorus, there is nothing unlikely in the supposition. But *whilst some of the parallels she quotes* are interesting, others are forced; and she seems to me to exaggerate their importance as compared with that of other sources already mentioned in my notes.

End. iv. 250 (*note*) To the Coleridgian echoes in this Ode should be added the phrase "merry din," l. 198. (*Anct. Mar.*, l. 4)

P. 134 (*notes*, p. 448) End. iv. 394. *old Skiddaw*. It is noticeable that the epithet also is from Wordsworth; *v. To Joanna*, l. 62, a favourite poem of Keats's. *End.* iv. 421-23. The only case of a triplet in *Endymion*. iv. 510. Dr. Garnett suggests that the absence of a rhyme here may be due to the rhyme with "own" in the middle of the line

P. 134 (*notes*, p. 449) End. iv. 558 *mask*: masque *margin*, *Leigh Hunt's copy*.

P. 161 (*notes*, p 459) Lamia, ii. 234. *Philosophy will clip an angel's wings. Mr. F. P. Wilson points out to me that in writing this passage* Keats may have had in mind Hazlitt's fine introductory lecture to his series "On the English Poets," where we read, "The progress of knowledge and refinement has a tendency to circumscribe the limits of the imagination, and to *clip the wings of poetry*". Keats attended the lectures in 1817, and doubtless read them when they were printed (1st ed, 1818; 2nd ed., 1819). For Hazlitt's influence on Keats, *cf.* pp. xxxiv, 431, 539, and next note.

P. 164 (*notes*, p. 460). Isabella. When he began *Isabella*, Keats *was fresh from Hazlitt's lecture on Dryden.* "*Dryden's Tales,*" *says* Hazlitt in that lecture, "have been upon the whole the most successful [illegible] of the other serious [illegible] could not fail to [illegible] extravagant [illegible] to think that we [illegible] (H. W. Garrod, *T.L S.*, 19th March, 1925.)

P. 172 (*notes*, p. 462) Isabella, xxxiii *Hinnom's Vale.* Woodhouse refers to *Paradise Lost*, i. 404, quoting Newton's note "by reason of the fire that was kept up there to Moloch, and of the horrid groans and outcries of human sacrifices".

Isabella, xxxiv. Woodhouse records that Keats had been reading the following lines from "Orinda" (Katherine Philips).—

> But as when Traitors faint upon the rack
> *Tormentors* strive to call their spirits back
> Not out of kindness to preserve their breath
> But to increase the torments of their death.

Keats became acquainted with "Orinda's" poems when staying with Bailey at Oxford, in Sept., 1817.

P. 175 (*notes*, p. 464). ISABELLA, xlvi., xlvii. In a letter to Woodhouse dated 22nd Sept., 1819, and first published in 1921, Keats made the following criticism of *Isabella*. "There is too much inexperience of line (? life) and simplicity of knowledge in it—which might do very well after one's death, but not while one is alive. There are very few would look to the reality . . . *Isabella* is what I should call were I a reviewer, a weak-sided poem with an amusing sober-sadness about it. Not that I do not think Reynolds and you are quite right about it—it is enough for me. But this will not do to be public. If I may say so, in my dramatic capacity I enter fully into the feeling: but in Propria Persona I should be apt to quiz it myself. There is no objection of this kind to *Lamia*—A good deal to *St. Agnes Eve*, only not so glaring" (*Keats Memôrial Volume*, p. 119).

P. 180 (*notes*, p. 464). THE EVE OF ST. AGNES. *Woodhouse* (*Poems*, II.), contains another copy "taken from K.'s original MS. on 20th April, 1819. He afterwards altered it for publication, and added some stanzas and omitted others. He left it to his publishers to adopt what they pleased." Woodhouse adds that the poem was written at the latter end of 1818 and the beginning of 1819, and altered in 1820. It was written, he says, "at the suggestion of Mrs. Jones". The identity of Mrs. Jones is a mystery, for she is otherwise known only as a borrower of Keats's books. But the variant readings given here by Woodhouse have a special interest in view of his statement quoted above. As Woodhouse was himself Taylor's literary adviser, the choice of reading which stands in the text was probably made by him, and the decision in nearly every case does credit to his fine taste. The following are the chief variants in this MS: i. 4, *woolly:* sheltered; iii. 7, *went:* turned; 8, *rough:* black; 9, *sake:* souls; iv. 3, *Soon up:* and now; 5, *level:* high-lamp'd; 6, *were glowing:* seemed anxious; viii. 7, *all amort:* à la mort; x. 7, *one breast:* a soul; xi. 1, *creature:* beldame; xiii. 5, *chill:* high; xix. 3, *of such privacy:* if such one there be; xx. 7, *Wait here*, etc.: But wait an hour's passing; xxi. 6, *Through many*, etc.: Through lonely oaken galleries they reach; xxii. 4, *mission'd spirit:* spirit to her; 5, *pious:* gentle; xxiii. 1, *hurried:* floated; xxiv., 7, *And in the midst:* in midst whereof; xxv. 2, *warm:* rich; 7, *a splendid angel:* like silver angel; xxvi. 5, *rich:* sweet; 7, *Pensive*, etc.: She stands awhile in dreaming thought and sees; xxix. 2, *a dim silver:* an illumed; xxx. 3, *from . . . brought:* brought from the cabinet; xxxiii. 8, *affrayed:* half-frayed; xxxiv. 6, *witless:* little; 8, 9, *who knelt . . . speak:* Who with an aching brow and piteous eye Feared to remove or speak; xxxv. 1, *Ah . . . she:* She speaks: Ah Porphyro; 3, *Made tuneable*, etc.: And tuned devout with every softest vow; 4, *those sad:* thy kind; xxxviii. 6-9, *A famish'd pilgrim*, etc.:—

Pale-featured, and in weeds of pilgrimage,
I have found but cannot rob thy downy nest.
Soft nightingale, I'll keep thee in a cage
To sing to me—But hark! the blinded tempests rage.

xli. 4, *huge:* large; 6, *But his sagacious*, etc.: But quick his calmed eye its mistress owns; xlii. 2, *away into the:* into the night of; 6, *long:* all.

In an article contributed in October, 1907, to *Modern Philology*, Mr. H. W. MacCracken pointed out a further source of *The Eve of St Agnes* in an episode in Boccaccio's early prose romance, *Il Filocolo*. On his account of the scene I have drawn for part of the following summary:—

On the eve of a great festival Florio conceals himself in a basket of flowers and is conveyed into a well-guarded tower in which his lady, Biancofiore, is confined. He then makes himself known to her attendant, Glorizia, who is at first terrified, but, on recognising him, she promises her help, and leads him into a room adjoining Biancofiore's chamber. In the

be frightened when she wakes, but that her fear will soon give way to joy. Glorizia then tries to arouse the melancholy Biancofiore, who is given up to longings for her absent lover, to take part in the festivities of the day, and comforts her by recounting a fictitious dream in which she has seen Florio appear in Biancofiore's chamber while Biancofiore was asleep in her bed, and that she woke and made great joy. Cheered by the recital Biancofiore joins in the festival, though time and again her sighs break forth amid the music. When night approaches, Glorizia conceals Florio behind the curtains. While Biancofiore slowly undresses, Glorizia stimulates her longings for Florio by suggesting now the possibility, and again the impossibility of his coming. When Glorizia leaves her, Biancofiore lies down, but only after much longing and lamentation can she sink to sleep. Then Florio advances and caresses her, gazing upon her with impassioned love, and as he does so two magic carbuncles fill the room with a light as bright as day. Florio addresses her in loving words, bidding her awake and enjoy her love. Biancofiore, however, does not awake until Florio clasps her in his arms. At first she mistakes him for the Florio of whom she is dreaming, and remains half-asleep. But gradually awakening, she cries out to her dream Florio: "Who takes thee from me?" Florio at last convinces her of his identity, and, after a ring is given and vows interchanged, the lovers retire and spend the night together.

The similarity between this story and *The Eve of St Agnes* is far too close to be a mere coincidence. At the time Keats wrote the poem he had not sufficient knowledge of Italian to read *Il Philocolo*, but as Mrs. Ridley has pointed out, he may have read it in an old French version—

Le Philosophe de Messire Boccace Florentin, *Paris*, 1542, and some verbal parallels which she quotes tend to corroborate her view. In his treatment of the story Keats shows the same freedom of artistic handling as had characterised *Isabella*. For the dream invented by Glorizia he substitutes the legend of St. Agnes Eve; for the magic light of the carbuncles, the magic effect of the moon through the stained-glass window, and he rounds off the whole with the romantic Lochinvar-like escape of the lovers from the castle. Lastly, the whole tone and atmosphere of the poem is Keats's own, and is incomparably higher than Boccaccio's. "Keats's narrative reads truly like a magically refined and enriched quintessence distilled from the corresponding chapter in Boccaccio's tale." (SC *Life*, p. 293.) But for much of the detail of his story Keats drew, probably unconsciously, upon other books, which we know him to have read. Thus, Miss Martha Hale Shackford (*Publ. Mod. Lang. Assoc. Am.*, 1921) drew attention to striking parallels between the poem and Mrs. Radcliffe's *Mysteries of Udolpho*, with which his letters show Keats to have been familiar. In particular, the emphasis laid upon the cold of the night, and on the storm, the midnight scene in the Chapel, the description of Angela's feebleness and Madeleine's tender care of her, Porphyro's journey through winding passages to Madeleine's chamber, the description of the chamber, with the moonlight streaming through the casement, the lute by her side on which Porphyro plays, the effect on Madeleine of Porphyro's death-like appearance, and Porphyro's pleading, have all their counterpart in Mrs. Radcliffe, and Keats's language often recalls the phrasing of the novel. Mrs. Ridley has pursued the comparison still further, and also shown some analogies with Mrs. Radcliffe's other novels, *The Romance of the Forest*, *The Castles of Athlin and Dunblayne*, *A Sicilian Romance*, and *The Italian*. Mrs. Ridley suggests further that the feast of fruits set out by Porphyro (xxx, xxxi) owes something to Keats's reading of *The Arabian Nights*, that the character and rôle of Angela is a compound of the nurse in *Romeo and Juliet*, Gloritie in *Le Philosophe*, and the Dorothée in *The Mysteries of Udolpho*, and that the ancient bede-man "meagre, barefoot, wan," recalls Friar John, who was "Going to find a barefoot brother out" (*R. and J.*, V. ii. 5). Scott's *Lay of L.M.* II, may also have suggested details. The whole poem is a notable illustration of the manner in which Keats drew unconsciously on many sources for his most original work.

P. 181 (*notes*, p. 466). Eve of St. Agnes, vi. *Upon the honey'd middle of the night*: Mrs. Ridley compares *Measure for Measure*, IV, i. 37, "Upon the heavy middle of the night."

P. 183 (*notes*, p. 467), xv. *brook Tears*. Dr. M. Macmillan points out to me that Scott makes the same mistake as Keats. "Well dost thou brook thy gallant roan" (*Marmion* I, iii.). The *N.E.D.* overlooks these passages.

P. 184 (*notes*, p. 468), xix. *legion'd fairies, etc.*: Mrs. Ridley suggests a parallel between these lines and Milton: *At a Vacation Exercise*, 59-64 (quoted in Brand's *Popular Antiquities*):—

> Good luck befriend thee Son: for at thy birth
> The Faiery Ladies daunc't upon the hearth;
> Thy Drowsie Nurse hath sworn she did them spie
> Come tripping to the Room where thou didst lie;
> And sweetly singing round about thy Bed
> Strew all their blessings on thy sleeping Head.

She also compares Mercutio's praise of Queen Mab, who—

> gal'ops night by night
> Through lovers' brains, and then they dream of love.
> (*R. and J.*, I. iv. 71.)

P. 185 (*notes*, p. 469), xxiii. *But to her heart her heart was voluble.* Sir Sidney Colvin notes that here Keats has turned to gold a phrase which had lingered in his memory from Sotheby's translation (1797) of Wieland's *Oberon*:—

> Oft in this speechless language, glance on glance,
> When mute the tongue, how voluble the heart!
> (*Oberon*, vi. st. 17.)

P. 186 (*notes*, p. 469), v, xxv. Mrs. Ridley suggests that "the splendid angel, newly dress'd Save wings, for heaven" recalls *Romeo and Juliet*, II. ii. 26-28:—

> O! speak again bright angel; for thou art
> As glorious to this night, being o'er my head,
> As is a winged messenger of heaven.

P. 190 (*notes*, p. 474). Ode to a Nightingale, II, III, 7, Mr. George G. Loane compares with II. 7, Dryden and Lee's *Oedipus*, IV. i. "Seething like rising bubbles on the brim," and with III. 1, 3, Drummond's *Flowers of Sion*, *Sonnet to a Nightingale*:—

> What soul can be so sick, which by thy songs
> Attir'd in sweetness sweetly is not driven
> Quite to forget earth's turmoils, spites and wrongs?

P. 192 (*notes*, p. 475). Ode to a Nightingale, VII. (*note*). It is worth adding that Hazlitt, at the close of the fifth of his *Lectures on the English Poets* (which Keats attended) makes this same point.

To the passage quoted from the *Excursion* should be added, Exc. v. [illegible] follow- [illegible] ected to [illegible] that by the continual dashing of the floods . . . foams terribly'. Three paragraphs after this we read 'The waves dashing against these huge rocks, mount up in a curl, and foam to admiration.' And the next sentence but one begins: 'Next adjoining to this perilous sea (AL Life ii 253) More striking, as Mrs. Ridley has pointed out, are the continual references to casements looking out upon the sea in Mrs. Radcliffe [illegible]

"From her casement she look'd out from . . . Alpine steeps . . . into the valley, along which foamed a broad and rapid stream . . . in one broad sheet of foam (*Mysteries of Udolpho*, Ch. XX.), "casements thrown open. . . . Beyond appeared the waters of the Mediterranean, stretching far to the south and to the east, where they were lost in the horizon" (*ib.*, Ch. XXXVIII.). "The countess was sitting . . . in a room the windows of which looked upon the sea. . . . The moon shone faintly by intervals through broken clouds upon the waters, illuming the white foam which burst around" (*Castles of Athlin and Dunbayne*). These lines, and the reference to Ruth which precedes them, may also, as Professor Garrod suggests, owe something, "by some obscure process of association," to Wordsworth's *Solitary Reaper*. Mr. Garrod (*Keats*, pp. 118-33) makes the interesting suggestion that Keats gained some stimulus to the writing of the Ode from his conversation with Coleridge, reported by Keats in a letter written 15th April, 1819.

P. 193 (*notes*, p. 476), ix. *Fled is that music:* Woodhouse comments on the absence of a "?" after "music," and asks why it is omitted in the printed copy. Its presence would give a different shade of meaning to the passage, and Woodhouse speaks probably from a knowledge of how Keats meant the line to be read.

P. 194 (*notes*, p. 476). ODE TO A GRECIAN URN. For a fuller account of the works of art which inspired the Ode, *v.* SC *Life*, pp. 264, 415-417, and *Plates* VI., XI. and XII.

P. 194 (*notes*, p. 477). ODE ON A GRECIAN URN, 3. In this stanza there is another reminiscence of Collins's *Ode to the Passions*:—

> They would have thought who heard the strain
> They saw, in Tempe's vale, her native maids,
> Amidst the festal sounding shades,
> To some unwearied minstrel dancing. . . .

4. *Emptied of this folk:* suggested by Claude's *Sacrifice to Apollo* (SC *Life*, p. 264).

P. 196 (*notes*, p. 478). ODE TO PSYCHE. As illustrating the lack of formal perfection in this Ode, one should note the number of unrhymed lines in it (10, 15, 44, 45), and also the different length of the different stanzas. Note, however, that ll. 44, 45 are repeated from the previous stanza, where each has its rhyme

On the structure of this and the other Odes, and their growth out of the sonnet form, *cf.* Garrod: *Keats*, pp. 85-96. Professor Garrod (p. 99) makes the following valuable comment on the symbolism of the last two lines of this Ode: "The open window and the lighted torch—they are to admit and attract the timorous moth-goddess, who symbolises melancholic love. . . . Keats has in fact identified the Psyche who is the soul (love's soul) with the Psyche which means *moth*. . . . Her identity is certain—we encounter her again, brought into darker shadow, in the *Ode on*

Melancholy. The last stanza of *Psyche* should be read in close connexion with the first stanza of the later Ode"

P. 205 (*notes*, p. 482). To AUTUMN. Miss Amy Lowell (AL *Life*, i. 503-4) quotes from the first MS. of this Ode some interesting rejected readings; ii. 2, she tells us, originally ran "Sometimes whoever seeks for thee may find." ii. 5, "While bright the sun slants through the bushy barn" *corr. to* "Or sound asleep in a half-reaped field." ii 6, "Dosed with red poppies." ii. 7, "Spares for some slumbrous minutes the next swath," and iii. 11, "And new flock still."

P. 206 (*notes*, p. 483). ODE ON MELANCHOLY, 2. *Wolf's-bane, tight-rooted.* Professor Dowden suggests to me that the epithet *tight-rooted* is explained by a passage in Holland's translation of Pliny's *Natural History* (*ed. 1634, ii. 271*). "*And for that the root doth turn and crook inward* in manner of a Scorpion's tail, there be that give it the name Scorpion." It grows "upon bare stones without any mould upon them" (*marginal note*) and thrusts its scorpion-like roots into the fissures.

In the rejected stanza, printed on p. 483, Woodhouse records the reading "creeds" for "shrouds" in I 3.

P. 207 (*notes*, p. 435). HYPERION. *Date of composition.* Keats's letter to Woodh[illegible] corroborates my statement that [illegible] my interp[illegible] incorrect, for in that letter and in the letter to Reynolds of 22nd Sept., [illegible] to its revision. *v.* note on *Fall* [illegible] rce of *Hyperion* is [illegible] n Ronsard's Ode, *A Michel de l'Hospital*, are pencilled on the page opposite *Hyperion*, ii. 18-20. The lines referred to by Woodhouse run thus—

Styx d'un noir halecret rampare
Ses bras, ses jambes, et son sein,
Sa fille amenant par la main
Contre Cotte, Gyge et Briare

. . . .

Typhé hochoit arraché
Un grand sapin esbranché
Comme une lance facile:
Encelade un mont avoit,
Qui bien tost porter devoit
Le fardeau de la Sicile

. . . .

Neptune à la fourche estofée
De trois crampons vint se mesler
Par la troupe, contre Typhée
Qui roüoit une fronde en l'air:

Ici Phebus, d'un air trait qu'il jette,
Fit Encelade trebucher:
Là Porfyre luy fit broncher
Hors des poings l'arc et la sagette.

In Sept., 1818, a month or two before he began writing *Hyperion*, Keats had translated twelve lines of a sonnet by Ronsard (*v.* p. 548), so that we know that a copy of the French poet was in his hand at this time. For the source of the Egyptian element in *Hyperion v.* p. 514.

In the list of Keats's books compiled by Woodhouse (*v.* SC *Life*, p. 557), Mrs. Ridley noticed Davies's *Celtic Researches* (London, 1804). In that book she found these interesting passages: "Long before Troy acquired celebrity, Iapetus married, or took possession of Asia, where he generated a race of Titans, and those Titans, progenitors of Thracians and Celtae, contested with Javan's posterity the possession of these countries: raising the mountains, *i.e.* their inhabitants, against the Greeks, or, in poetical description, against their gods. Such of them as became partizans for the cause of Jupiter were led by Cottus, Briareus and Gyges—names which are evidently connected with a Cimmerian, or Celtic race" (p. 205). "The Titans were after a long struggle vanquished and driven down to the west, into the regions of Pluto. Thither they were attended by Cottus, Briareus and Gyges, to whose charge they were committed." This collocation of names makes it certain that Keats was in part indebted to Davies; and as Davies is at pains to show the relation of the Greek Titans with the heroes of Druid worship, and asserts that on Salisbury plain, "the Hyperborean sages once chanted their hymns to Apollo," Keats's comparison of the Titans to a Druid circle (II., 34-39), and his reference to Saturn's "Druid locks" (I., 137) would come all the more naturally to him.

P. 207 (*notes*, p. 495). Hyperion, i. 8-9. Mr. Claude Finney (*Philological Quarterly*, Iowa, 1924), has pointed out how the whole of *Hyperion* is haunted with Shakespearian reminiscence. He notes that the first suggestion of these two lines is found in a comment made by Keats on *Troilus and Cressida*, I. iii. 316 *ff.* "One's very breath while leaning over these pages is held for fear of blowing this line away—as easily as the gentlest breeze

Robs dandelions of their fleecy crowns."

P. 209 (*notes*, p. 499). Hyp., i. 102. *Peers like the front of Saturn*: *Cf. Winter's Tale*, IV., iii. 3, "Flora peering in April's front" (Finney, *op. cit.*).

P. 211 (*notes*, p. 500). Hyp., i. 169 *ff. omens drear*: For the "gloom-bird's screech" and the dog's howl (171), *cf.* 3 *Hen VI.*, V., vi. 44 *ff.*:—

The owl shriek'd at my birth, an evil sign;
The night-crow cried, aboding luckless time;
Dogs howl'd, and hideous tempests shook the trees;

with "familiar visiting," *cf.* "compunctious visitings of nature" (*Macbeth*, I. v. 46); w[illegible]
prophesying [illegible]
"midnight l[illegible]
181; with " [illegible]
King John, I [illegible]
begins to peer"; for the collocation of "palace and pyramids" (170, 7), *cf. Macbeth*, IV. i. 57; with "the curtains of Aurorian clouds" (181), *cf. Romeo and Juliet*, I. i. 141; with "the stride colossal" (195), *cf. Julius Cæsar*, I. ii. 135, for the "neighing steeds" (184), *ib.*, II. ii. 23; for the wildness of horses viewed as a portent, *cf. Macbeth*, II. iv. 14-16. (Finney, *op. cit.*)

Hyp., i. 264. *Before the dawn . . . should blush:* For the image of the sun bursting through vapours that obscured the dawn, *cf. Richard II*, III. iii. 63 *ff.*:—

> As doth the blushing discontented sun
> From out the fiery portals of the east, *etc.*

and *1 Henry IV.*, I. ii 184 *ff.* 219-25. Similarly, "the planet orb of fire" (209) recalls *Twelfth Night*, V. i. 281, "that orbèd continent the fire" (Finney, *op. cit.*).

P. 215 (*notes*, p. 505). Hyp., ii. 4. *Cybele.* Cybele occupies a somewhat ambiguous position in Keats's theogony. In *Hyperion*, he represents her as mother of the Titans (*v. Hyp.* ii. 389 and MS. reading of ii. 4). At the same time he keeps her quite distinct from Earth, the great cosmic Power associated with Heaven as parent of the Titans, who are the "first-born of all shap'd and palpable gods" (*v.* ii. 200, 153). In the *Fall of Hyperion*, however, he has come to adopt the more consistent conception of Cybele as wife of Saturn and mother of Jove, and, therefore, *sister* of the Titans (*v* i. 401). Popular confusion between the two Queen-Mothers of succeeding dynasties, both Earth-Goddesses, must have arisen early. It is reflected in the Latin writers and from them finds its way into the Elizabethan literature which Keats knew.

Hyperion, ii. 17. *Stubborn'd with iron. Cf.* Shakespeare, *King John*, iv. 1, 60:—

> Are you more stubborn-hard than hammer'd iron?

P. 216 (*notes*, p. 507) Hyp., ii. 53. *Caf.:* Keats would also know of Caf from *Vathek*, where "horrible Kaf" is identified with the Caucasus, and "was supposed to surround the earth like a ring encompassing a finger; the sun was believed to rise from one of its eminences and to set on the opposite, whence from Kaf to Kaf signified from one extremity of the earth to the other."

P. 216 (*notes*, p. 508). Hyp., ii. 66. *Enceladus:* also mentioned as a chief of the Titans in *Titus Andronicus*, IV. ii. 94, "Enceladus, with all his threatening band of Typhon's brood".

P. 218 (*notes*, p. 509). Hyp., ii. 171, *first endeavouring tongue:* another verbal reminiscence of Milton. *Cf. At a Vacation Exercise*, 1, 2.

Hail native language, that by sinews weak
Didst move my first endeavouring tongue to speak.

P. 222 (*notes*, p. 510). Hyp., ii. 317, *the blows, the buffets vile: Cf. Macbeth*, III. i. 109, "the vile blows and buffets of the world" (Finney, *op. cit.*).

P. 229 (*notes*, p. 515-20). The Fall of Hyperion. *Introduction.* To the *Keats Memorial Volume*, Miss Lowell contributed a previously unpublished letter of Keats to Woodhouse, dated 22nd Sept., 1819, which contains lines from *The Fall of Hyperion* (i. 1-11, 61-86; ii. 1-5), and thus proves that at that time Keats had already been at work on his revision. In reprinting the letter in her *Life* of Keats, Miss Lowell committed herself to the view that *The Fall of Hyperion* was the first version of the poem, and *Hyperion* the second. Her position is quite untenable, and has been fully and finally refuted in the *T.L.S.* for 19th March, 1925, and by Mr. Murry (*Keats and Shakespeare*, pp. 242-8). What that letter makes clear is that when Keats told Bailey, on 15th August, 1819, that he was writing parts of his *Hyperion*, and told Woodhouse, on that same 22nd Sept., that he had "given up *Hyperion*" (v. p. li), he was referring to the revision and not to the original poem. As reason for giving it up he mentions its Miltonism, which, though less marked than in the first version, still persists in the revision.

But the fact that much of *The Fall of Hyperion* was written in September does not invalidate Brown's statement (quoted pp. 515, 519) that in the following November and December Keats was at work, in the mornings on *The Cap and Bells*, and in the evenings on "remodelling *Hyperion*". Brown could hardly have been mistaken, and it is probable that Keats added at that time some of those lines that express the bitterest self-recrimination, and altered some to fit more closely to his mood of growing despair. There is a deep pathos in this new light thrown on Keats, whose inspiration was wont to flow so rapidly, and to whom poetry came "naturally, as leaves to a tree," still able to turn out light verse with facility, but when he attempted to express his real self, sitting over his MS. for hours with little result—conscious that the great poetry for which he was now ripe was never to be uttered. That Keats worked on *The Fall of Hyperion* after Sept., 1819, is indeed proved by the fact that the passages quoted in the letter to Woodhouse contain readings that were altered in the final version. These are: l. 10, "charm" for "chain"; l. 64, "sail" for "spread"; l. 65, "remember" for "remember'd"; l. 69, "hard toil'd" for "toil'd hard"; l. 84, "massive" for "massy". In Woodhouse (*Poems*, II.) is a transcript made by Woodhouse himself, from which, as I should judge from my collation of it, Woodhouse's clerk made his copy. This transcript throws light on three places in the text, ll. 166-7, 168, and 277.

P. 231 (*notes*, p. 521). FALL OF HYP., i. 97. *When in mid-way*: H.'s emendation is improbable and metrically bad, as "mid-day" would naturally be accented on the first syllable. If Keats wrote "mid-way," he was conceiving, as Professor A. G. Bradley pointed out to me, of the east wind, on the way [illegible]
shifting to a sout[illegible]
anti-cyclone, the [illegible]
and veers round to south-east, then south, then south-west and the rain comes." But most scholars will accept the brilliant emendation "mid-May" ("A. E. H." in *T.L.S., 4th May*, 1924) as representing what Keats really wrote. "A. E. H." supports his suggestion by reference to *"Maian incense" in l. 103, and to Ode to a Nightingale, v. 8, "mid-May's* eldest child". "When an east wind shifts to the south," he writes, . . . "the result which is here described" (reading either "mid-day" or "mid-way") "does not necessarily or even usually follow. In order that rain may melt out incense from flowers, both flowers and incense must be there; and this condition is not fulfilled in any month between the autumnal and the vernal equinox. Such flowers as bloom in that half of the year are mostly scentless."

P. 233 (*notes*, p. 521). FALL OF HYP., i. 148-59. Professor A. C. Bradley (*Oxford Lectures on Poetry*, pp. 242-3) calls attention to the striking parallel in thought and phrase of this passage with the *Preface* to Shelley's *Alastor*. *Cf.* the whole Preface, but especially: "*All else*, selfish, blind and torpid, are those unforeseeing multitudes who constitute, together with their own, the lasting *misery* and loneliness *of the world*. Those who *love not their fellow-beings*, live unfruitful lives, and prepare for their old age a miserable age."

FALL OF HYP., i. 166, 167. Between these lines, Woodhouse records two rejected lines:—

> Mankind thou lovest, many of thine hours
> Have been distemper'd with their miseries.

FALL OF HYP., i. 168. *To*. Woodhouse has written a "D" over the "T," thus making the "[do]" of the previous line unnecessary.

P. 233 (*notes*, p. 522). FALL OF HYP., i. 187-210. Mr. Middleton Murry (*Keats and Shakespeare*, pp. 178-9), dogmatically asserts that Keats cancelled these lines because "he did not admit that he was a mere dreamer". . . . "Had he not utterly rejected dreams?" he asks. "Did he not know that he was a true poet? The first great reason why Keats cancelled the lines, and why they must remain cancelled is that they were not true of himself. To restore these lines is to do him an injury, in the interests of an apparent logic which he himself rejected." In reply it may be remarked (1) Keats did not erase the lines. All that Woodhouse, our sole authority in the matter, says is "K. *seems to have intended to* erase them. When Keats erased a passage in his MSS. he did it with no uncertain hand, and the mark which he put against these lines,

whatever form it took, is at least as likely to have indicated that the lines needed revision as that they were to be cancelled (*v.* p. 518). (2) To prove his main contention Mr. Murry would have to prove either that Keats never wrote the lines at all or that he wrote them at some considerably earlier period. And if these lines were cancelled because Keats did not admit that he was a mere dreamer, why did he not also cancel ll. 168-9, where Moneta charges him with being a dreamer, or if he did not cancel them, at least make some reply to them? But "had he not utterly rejected dreams?" asks Mr. Murry. The answer is that he had not rejected them *before*, but that he represents himself *now* as learning from Moneta to reject them. It stands to reason that the judgment passed by Moneta, and endorsed by himself, refers to the poetry he had already written and not to the poem he is now writing, in which he expounds the truth Moneta has taught him; a truth which was to guide his future work. Here, then, he is not the "dreamer," but the poet from whom the dreamer is "distinct". That we may not agree with Keats's modesty about his previous work does not affect the case. Mr. Murry's argument, here as elsewhere, is vitiated by his acceptance of what Keats says when it suits his theory, and rejecting it when Keats has the temerity to differ from him.

FALL OF HYP., i. 277. *enwombed.* Thus Woodhouse (*Poems*, II.) solves for us at last a most difficult textual crux.

P. 241 (*notes*, p. 525). THE EVE OF ST. MARK. In *The Bookman* of October, 1906, Mr. Buxton Forman announced the discovery of a MS. containing sixteen new lines of the *Eve of St. Mark.* The new passage belongs between lines 90 and 92, and runs as follows:—

Gif ye wol stonden hardie wight—
Amiddes of the blacke night—
Righte in the churchè porch, pardie
Ye wol behold a companie
Appouchen thee full dolourouse
For sooth to sain from everich house
Be it in City or village
Wol come the Phantom and image
Of ilka gent and ilka carle
Whom coldè Deathè hath in parle
And wol some day that very year
Touchen with foulè venime spear
And sadly do them all to die—
Hem all shalt thou see verilie—
And everichon shall by thee pass
All who must die that year Alas.

It is therefore clearly established that the legend which Keats had in mind was a simplified form of that which Rossetti had described in his marginal note upon the poem (*v.* p. 525).

The new passage is also found in *Woodhouse* (*Poems*, II.) with a note to the effect that before the last two lines there stood originally an erased one and a half lines, "*And they shall passen thee beside Thee in the darke*," whilst the last two were written—

> And everichon shall by thee go
> Truly min auctor sayeth so.

Woodhouse states that he copied the poem from Keats's MS., and adds that it was written 13/17th Feb., 1819, and that St. Mark's day is 25th April.

P. 244 (*notes*, p. 527). LA BELLE DAME, 3. *Cf.* Leigh Hunt: *Story of Rimini*, III. (of Paolo):—

> And pale she stood and seem'd to burst all o'er
> Into moist anguish never felt before.

P. 248 (*notes*, p. 529). TO MAIA. "The first impulse towards this fragment was given, I think, by the *Ode to Maia* of Barnabe Barnes. 'Lovely Maia, Hermes' mother,' Barnes begins" (Garrod: *Keats*, p. 76).

P. 249 (*notes*, p. 529). ODE TO INDOLENCE. Colvin is probably right (SC *Life*, p. 343) in giving May as the date of this Ode. The recurrence in the Ode of phrases written in the journal-letter upon 19th March is readily understood when we remember that the whole letter was not finished until 3rd May, and what Keats had written two months before *might easily have caught his eye. Woodhouse records that originally* the last four stanzas ran in the order 4, 6, 3, 5.

P. 254 (*notes*, p. 532). LINES. *Unfelt, unheard, unseen.* This lyric is curiously reminiscent in phrasing of Spenser. "Unfelt, unheard, unseen," echoes Spenser's line on Death, *F.Q.*, VII. vii. 46. "Unbodied, unsouled, unheard, unseen." For "silver slumber" *cf. F.Q.*, *VI. vii. 19; for* "burden dead" *cf. F.Q*, III. xi. 55. "Dalliance" is in Spenser, as in Shakespeare, and "the blushing of the hasty morn" recalls Aurora of *F.Q.*, I. xi. 51, "for shame as blushing red".

P. 255 (*notes*, p. 532). ON ——. Woodhouse records some earlier variants—in 3 "but" for "and"; 7, 8, *it is gone*, etc.: and only one Sweetly did it die; 11, *And each*, etc: For each will I invent a bliss, 18, *fleeting*: dying.

P. 256 (*notes*, p. 533) *Welcome Joy*, etc Charles Brown dates 1818.

P. 265 (*notes*, p. 536). A SONG. *In a drear nighted December. Woodhouse* (*Poems*, II.), however, informs us, on the testimony of Jane Reynolds, that the date of composition was Dec, 1817, *i e*, when Keats was staying at Burford Bridge. In the copy which Woodhouse gives he omits the "a" in the first line of the first two stanzas, and reads in l. 21, as in his other copy, "The feel of *not* to feel it". Sir Sidney Colvin supports this reading, and doubts whether the alteration is Keats's at all, but he does not convince me (*v.* SC *Life*, p. 160). In the absence of a holograph MS of the poem some controversy has arisen as to whether Keats wrote "steal" or "steel" in l. 23. In advocating "steal" Mr. J F. Muirhead writes

(*T.L.S.*, 9th July, 1925), "'It' is the change or loss, or the sense of change or loss. Why should the poet wish to 'steel,' *i.e.* harden or fix this? He would wish it removed or stolen away, just as freezing removes sensation." To Sir Sidney Colvin's reply (*T.L.S.*, 16th July) that "steel" means "deaden the loss of," J. F. M. retorts (*T.L.S.*, 23rd July) that you can steel your heart against a sensation, but not steel the emotion itself. In either case the stanza is the weakest in the poem. In SC *Life*, p. 160, is printed another version of the stanza, which, however, Miss Lowell (AL *Life*, I. 534) has proved to be by Woodhouse and not by Keats. In addition to Galignani's edition (which reads "steal") the poem was also printed in *The Literary Gazette* for 19th Sept., 1829 ("steel"), and a fortnight later in *The Gem* ("steal").

Professor Littledale points out to me that the beautiful metre of this lyric is anticipated by Dryden in a song introduced into his *Spanish Friar*, i. 1, of which one stanza runs:—

Farewell, ungrateful traitor!
Farewell, my perjured swain!
Let never injured creature
Believe a man again.
The pleasure of possessing
Surpasses all expressing,
But 'tis too short a blessing
And love too long a pain.

Dryden does not carry the prime—time—rhyme effect through all his stanzas, but otherwise the metrical effect of the two poems is identical.

P. 270 (*notes*, p. 538). EPISTLE TO REYNOLDS, 20. *the pontiff knife.* Sir Sidney Colvin, however, points out that "there exists no picture of a sacrifice by Titian, and what Keats was thinking of was the noble 'Sacrifice to Apollo' by Claude from the Leigh Court Collection, which he had seen at the British Institution in 1816 (hung, as it happened, next to Titian's 'Europa'), and which had evidently worked deeply on his mind". (SC *Life*, p. 264, where the picture is reproduced.)

EPISTLE TO REYNOLDS, 75. *the lore of good and ill*: Professor A. C. Bradley (*Keats Memorial Volume*, p. 47) suggests that we should read "lore" for "love". The same suggestion was made independently in *T.L.S.*, 26th May, 1921, and accepted by Sir Sidney Colvin (*T.L.S.*, 9th June). Mr. Middleton Murry defends the reading of the text (*Keats and Shakespeare*, p. 229).

P. 273 (*notes*, p. 540). SONNETS, II. *After dark vapours*, etc. The "sleeping infant's breath" is doubtless a reminiscence of Coleridge's *Inscription for a Fountain on a Heath*, in which a spring is described as sending up its waters "quietly, as a sleeping infant's breath".

P. 273 (ii., l. 14). *a Poet's death.* Woodhouse thinks that Keats had in mind the account given by Spence of the death of Pope. "Mr. Pope died on the 30th of May, 1744, in the evening; but they did not know t

exact time, for his departure was so easy that it was imperceptible even to the standers-by."

P. 275 (*notes*, p. 540). ON A PICTURE OF LEANDER. Woodhouse gives us the correct title of this sonnet *On an engraved gem of Leander*, adding that the gem was presented to the author by Miss Reynolds (*cf.* *SC Life*, p. 92). He dates it March, 1816. The sonnet is thus the earliest example of that gift for which Keats stands unrivalled among our poets—his power of gaining from works of art an inspiration as real and as vital as that which he obtained from nature or human life, and of so presenting them as to *bring out all the human feeling which lies at the heart of their situation*. Woodhouse has a full stop at the end of l. 4, and in l. 5, reads: "So gentle are ye that ye could not see".

P. 278 (*notes*, p. 542), xi. TO THE NILE. *Woodhouse* (*Poems*, II.) tells us that the sonnets were to be written in a quarter of an hour, and that Keats and Shelley finished to time, but that Leigh Hunt sat up till two in the morning working at his.

P. 278 (*notes*, p. 544), xii. TO SPENSER. 7, *quell;* So Keats MS., quill, H.

P. 280 (*notes*, p. 545), xv. *O that a week etc.:* Miss Lowell (AL *Life*, I. 615-18) proves the date of this sonnet to be 20th or 21st April. She also records a cancelled reading of ll. 13, 14—

This morn and yester eve my friend has taught
Such Greediness of Pleasure

P. 284 (*notes*, p. 548), xxiii. To SLEEP. *Woodhouse* (*Poems*, II.), for "Enshaded,' l. 4, supplies the variant "Enshrouded". His text reads "dewy" for "lulling" in l. 8, but "lulling" is added in the margin in Keats's own handwriting. For "lords," l. 11, Woodhouse makes a pencil correction "hoards".

P. 285 (*notes*, p. 550), xxv. ON A DREAM, 13. *Woodhouse* (*Poems*, II.) gives the reading, "Pale was the cheek I saw".

P. 285 (*notes*, p. 550), xxvi. ON FAME. Mr. E. H. W. Meyerstein (*T.L.S.*, 22nd March, 1923) noted the striking debt owed by this sonnet to Dryden: *Epilogue to The Conquest of Granada, Part I.*, 5-22:—

Fame, like a little mistress of the town.
Is gained with ease, but then she's lost as soon:
For, as those tawdry misses, soon or late,
Jilt such as keep them at the highest rate;
And oft the lacquey, or the brawny clown,
Gets what is hid in the loose-bodied gown—
So, Fame is false to all who keep her long;
And turns up to the fop that's brisk and young.
Some wiser poet now would leave fame first;
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

This, some years hence, our poet's case may prove:
But yet, he hopes, he's young enough to love.
When forty comes, if e'er he live to see
That wretched, fumbling age of poetry,
'Twill be high time to bid his Muse adieu—
Well may he please himself, but never you.

It is worth noting that a few months later Keats was engaged on *Lamia* (*v.* notes pp. 4:3-4).

P. 286 (*notes*, p. 550), xxvii. ON FAME, 7, 8. *Woodhouse* (*Poems*, II.) notes that the reading of the *MS. Letter* was "altered because of 'itself' rhyming with 'herself'. But the author forgot that he had left an allusion in the 12th line to those just erased." For "clearness," l. 8, he gives the variant "pureness".

P. 288 (*notes*, p. 551), xxxi. *Written on a blank page*, etc. The discovery by Sir Sidney Colvin of an earlier draft of this sonnet, dated 1819, has proved that it was not, as previously thought, Keats's last composition, though his revision of it, when he copied it out for Severn, was probably his last work as a poet. Sir Sidney inclines to the view (*v.* SC *Life*, p. 335) that it was written in late February, 1819, and, therefore, like the sonnet beginning "Why did I laugh to-night" one of things Keats had in mind when in the *Ode to a Nightingale*, written some weeks later, he speaks of having invoked death by soft names "in many a mused rhyme". It may, however, have been composed in the late autumn, in momentary respite from the torment of passion then consuming him, or on that very night, 25th July, upon which he wrote a letter to Miss Brawne, wherein occur thoughts on love and death similar to those expressed in the sonnet, and which concludes with the significant words. "I will imagine you Venus to-night, and pray, pray to your star like a heathen, yours ever, Fair Star, John Keats". The draft shows several interesting early readings, in 4 "devout" for "patient," in 5 "morning" for "moving"; 10 reads "cheek-pillowed on my Love's white ripening breast"; 11 has "touch" for "feel" and "warm" for "soft"; and 13, 14 read:—

To hear, to feel her tender taken breath,
Half-passionless, and so swoon on to death.

To *The North American Review* for March, 1924, Professor R. L. Rusk contributed a letter of Keats to his brother George, dated 25th to 27th June, 1818, and giving an account of the poet's first impressions of the Lake country. This letter, previously unknown to students of Keats, Mr. Rusk unearthed from the files of the *Western Messenger* (Kentucky). He calls attention to the following passage in the letter as "suggestive of both the thought and imagery of" this sonnet: [The views of Windermere were] "of the most noble tenderness—they can never fade away—they make one forget the divisions of life: age, youth, poverty and riches;

and refine one's general ... which can never cease to b... of the great Power."

P. 352 ... r. *Woodhouse* (*Poems*, II.) records the following opening of the poem, which shows that it was conceived as a dialogue:—

CASTLE BUILDER.

. . . .

In short, convince you that however wise
You may have grown from Convent libraries,
I have, by many yards at least, been carding
A longer skein of wit in Convent Garden.

BERNADINE.

A very Eden that same place must be!
Pray what demesne? Whose Lordship's legacy?
What, have you convents in that Gothic Isle?
Pray pardon me, I cannot help but smile.

. . . .

CASTLE BUILDER.

Sir, Convent Garden is a monstrous beast
From morning, four o'clock, to twelve at noon,
It swallows cabbages without a spoon.
And then, from twelve till two, this Eden made is
A promenade for cooks and ancient ladies;
And then for supper, 'stead of soup and poaches,
It swallows chairmen, damns, and Hackney coaches.
In short, Sir, 'tis a very place for monks,
For it containeth twenty thousand punks,
Which any man may number for his sport,
By following fat elbows up a court.

. . . .

In such like nonsense would I pass an hour
With random Friar, or Rake upon his tour,
Or one of few of that imperial host
Who came unmaimed from the Russian frost.

P. 374 (*notes*, p. 557). HENCE BURGUNDY, etc., l. 17. Professor Garrod notes that "the rhyme-correspondence is to be restored by inserting, after *meridian*, the word *zone*".

P. 336A. HITHER, HITHER, LOVE: first printed in *The Ladies Companion* for 1837, and recovered by Miss Amy Lowell. It is obviously an early composition.

APPENDIX B

Chronological Table of the Life of John Keats

1795. (29th or 31st Oct.). John Keats born at the Swan and Hoop, Finsbury Pavement, London.

1797. George Keats born.

1799. Thomas Keats born.

1801. Edward Keats born (died in infancy).

1803. Francis Mary Keats (Fanny) born. J. K. goes to the private school kept by the Rev. J. Clarke at Enfield; joined there a little later by G. K. and in a few years by T. K.

1804. (April). K.'s father killed by a fall from his horse.

1805. K.'s mother marries Will. Rawlings, stable keeper at the Swan and Hoop.

1806. Mrs. Rawlings leaves her husband and takes her children to live with their grandmother Mrs. Jennings, at Edmonton.

1809. J. K. acquires a passion for reading.

1810. (Feb.). Mrs. Rawlings dies of consumption. (July) Mrs. Jennings makes a will leaving £8,000 to her grandchildren. appointing as their guardians Messrs. Abbey and Sandell.

1811. (Aug.). J. K. wins a prize and leaves school. He is apprenticed to Mr. Hammond, an Edmonton surgeon; pays frequent visits to the Clarkes to borrow books; finishes a (prose?) translation of the *Æneid*.

1812. The Hunts publish their libel on the Prince Regent in the *Examiner* (March)—they are condemned to two years' imprisonment (Dec.).

1812 (13?) C. C. Clarke reads to J. K. the *Epithalamium* of Spenser, and lends him the *Faerie Queene*. *Imitation of Spenser*. Hunt publishes *The Feast of the Poets* with critical introduction and notes, and is at work upon *The Story of Rimini*.

1814. J. K. reads poetry indiscriminately, though chiefly, probably, the poetry of the eighteenth century and of his contemporaries; *On Death*, *Sonnet to Byron* and *Chatterton*.

1815. J. K. meets the Wylies, and through them Haslam and Severn. He writes *Sonnet on Hunt leaving prison* and shows it to Clarke (3rd Feb.). He breaks his apprenticeship to Hammond, and goes to London to study medicine; is entered at Guy's Hospital (Oct.), and takes lodgings at 8 Dean St., Borough.

Also written in this year: *Ode to Apollo*, *To some Ladies*, *On receiving a curious Shell*, *To Hope*, *Woman! when I behold thee*, *Epistle to Mathew* (Nov.).

1816. (Jan.). J. K. leaves Dean St.; lodges with two fellow medical students in St. Thomas's St.; Clarke, in lodgings in Clerkenwell, arranges frequent literary symposia with K. Hunt's *Story of Rimini*, published (March); K. writes Sonnet *On an engraved gem of Leander* (16th March); *Sonnet to Solitude*, printed in *Examiner* (3rd May). Clarke shows Hunt some of Keats's MSS. and is asked to bring him to Hampstead (before end of May?). K. sees something of Hunt (but *cf.* note at end of Chronological Table). *Sonnet to Wells*, *To one who has been long in city pent*, *Calidore*, *Induction*. *I stood tip-toe* begun (under title of *Endymion*).

J. K. joins his brother in lodgings in the Poultry (June, July); he pays his (first?) visit to the sea, at Margate. *Epistle* and *Sonnet to G. K.*, *Epistle to Clarke* (Aug. Sept.).

Sept.-Dec. J. K. back in London; Clarke introduces him to Chapman's *Homer*. The sonnet, *On first looking into Chapman's Homer* (Oct.); J. K. sees a great deal of Hunt and his friends; is introduced to Haydon (3rd Nov., *Sonnet* xiv, *to Haydon*) and meets also at Hunt's and Haydon's, Reynolds, Shelley, Horace Smith, and Hazlitt. 1st Dec. Hunt's article on young poets (Reynolds, Shelley and K.) appears in *Examiner*: he quotes the Chapman Sonnet. Poems of this time: *Keen fitful gusts*, *Give me a golden pen* (Oct. Nov.), *To my brothers* (18th Nov.), *The church bells toll* (24th Dec.), *The poetry of earth* (30th Dec.). In December also *Sonnet to G. A. W.*, *to Kosciusko*, *I stood tip-toe* (finished), and *Sleep and Poetry*. During the year also *Oh! how I love*, *As from the darkening gloom* (early?), *Had I a man's fair form*, *Happy is England!* (?).

1817. Jan. *After dark vapours* (published *Examiner*, 23rd Feb.).

Feb. *Sonnet written at end of Floure and Lefe* (published *Examiner*, 16th March) and *To Haydon on Elgin Marbles* (published *Examiner*, 9th March).

March. *Dedication Sonnet* written and 1817 volume published.

April. J. K., following advice of his brothers and Haydon, retires to the country for study and self-development. He goes to Isle of Wight, visits Shanklin (16th April, *Sonnet on Sea* and Carisbrook. He is deeply engrossed in Shakespeare study. He begins *Endymion*.

May. J. K. moves to Margate, finishes *Endymion*, bk. i.; joins T. K. at Canterbury.

June-August. J. K. returns to London and with his brothers resides at Well Walk, Hampstead. He enjoys the society of his old London friends and is introduced to Dilke, C. A.

Brown and Bailey. He declines invitation to stay with Shelley at Marlowe "that his imagination may have unfettered scope". He finishes *Endymion*, bk. ii.

1817. Sept.-Oct. (middle). J. K. visits Bailey at Oxford, is engaged in reading Milton and Wordsworth and in writing *Endymion*, bk. iii. He makes an excursion with Bailey to Stratford-on-Avon. The first *Blackwood* article *On the Cockney School* appears (Oct.) attacking Hunt, but with sneering allusion to J. K.

Nov. J. K. pays a visit to Burford Bridge, near Dorking, where he studies Shakespeare's *Poems and Sonnets* and finishes *Endymion*.

Dec. K. in London, writing dramatic criticisms for the *Champion*, showing the influence of Hazlitt. He attends Hazlitt's Lectures on the English Poets. He meets Wordsworth at Haydon's "immortal dinner". Lamb also present (28th Dec.). J. K. throws himself with gusto into the social life of his friends.

To this year also belong the sonnet *On Hunt's Story of Rimini* and the lyrics *Think not of it*, *Unfelt, unheard, unseen*, and *In a drear-nighted December*.

1818. Jan.-March. K. continues to see much of his friends and pays several visits to Wordsworth. He writes many of his shorter poems—*To a Cat* (16th Jan.), *Chief of organic numbers* (21st Jan.), *O golden-tongued Romance* (23rd Jan.), *Hence Burgundy, Claret, and Port* (31st Jan.), also in Jan. *When I have fears; Lines on Robin Hood* (3rd Feb.), *Sonnet to the Nile* and *Time's sea* (4th Feb.), *To Spenser* (5th Feb.), *Blue! 'tis the life of heaven* (8th Feb.), *O thou whose face hath felt the Winter's Wind* (19th Feb.), *The Human Seasons*. In the same year and probably in the early part of it *Where's the poet?* and *And what is love? To-night I'll have my friar*, *Welcome joy*, *Extracts from an Opera*, and *Sonnet to Homer*.

March-May (middle). K. joins his brother Tom at Teignmouth, writes *Here all the summer* and *Where be ye going* (14th March), *Epistle to Reynolds* (25th March). He is employed in seeing *Endymion* through the press, in writing *Isabella* and in reading Milton. *Ode to Maia* (1st May). K. returns to Hampstead.

June-August. G. K. marries Miss Wylie (G. A. W.) and starts for America. K. accompanies them to Liverpool (22nd June) and then starts a walking tour with Brown through the Lake country to Scotland, through Dumfries and Galloway, along the coast of Kirkcudbrightshire to Newton Stewart, thence to Stranraer and Portpatrick. Thence to Ireland for two days and back to Stranraer, thence along the coast north to Ayr passing in view of Ailsa Craig. From Ayr to Glasgow, Loch Awe, Oban, Staffa, Fort William, Ben Nevis, Inverness (6th Aug.). Advised by a doctor to give up further touring, he

leaves for London by boat (8th Aug) and reaches Hampstead (18th August). Chief poems of the tour—*On visiting the Tomb of Burns* (2nd July), *Meg Merrilies* (3rd July), *To Ailsa Rock* (10th July), *Staffa* (26th July), *Sonnet written upon Ben Nevis* (2nd Aug.) K.'s only book on the tour is Cary's *Dante*.

1818. Aug. 19-Dec. K. at Hampstead. He meets Fanny Brawne at the Dilkes—is in constant attendance by the bedside of Tom K Tom dies (first week of Dec.) and K. goes to live with Brown at Wentworth Place. During this period he begins *Hyperion* and writes *Nature withheld Cassandra*, *'Tis the witching hour of night*, *Bards of Passion*, *To Fancy*, *I had a dove*, *Hush, hush! tread softly!* . . . . (The last is probably at the very end of Dec.)

1819. Jan. K. at work on *Hyperion* and *Eve of St. Agnes*—he pays visits to Chichester, where he plans the *Eve of St. Mark*, and to Bedhampton. *Ode to Fanny* (?).

Feb -July (middle). K. at Hampstead. He writes *Ode on Indolence*. Sonnets—*Why did I laugh* and *As Hermes once*, *Extempore* (15th April), *Spenserian stanzas on Brown* (16th, 17th April). *La Belle Dame sans Merci* (28th April), *Song of Four Fairies*, *Ode on a Grecian Urn*, *Nightingale*, *Psyche* and *Melancholy* (April, May), *Sonnet to Sleep*, *On Fame* (30th April) and *On the Sonnet*. Sonnet, *Bright Star* (Feb ? July? Oct. ?).

July. K. stays with Rice at Shanklin. Brown joins them and they write *Otho the Great*. K. also at work on *Lamia*.

August-October (middle). K. at Winchester (a few days in London in Sept.) continues *Lamia* and *Eve of St Mark* and begins *Stephen*. He studies Italian, works at *The Fall of Hyperion*, and on 19th Sept. writes the *Ode to Autumn*.

Oct.-Dec. K. returns to London, at first for a few days to Westminster, intending to earn a living by journalism, then back to Brown's at Hampstead. His love passion becomes more absorbing and he writes *To* ——, and Sonnets, *The day is gone* and *I cry your mercy*. . . . In Nov.-Dec. at work in mornings at the *Cap and Bells*, in evenings at the recast of *Hyperion*—also retouching *Otho* and preparing the 1820 volume for the press

1820. G. K. pays a short visit to England (Jan.) K. has bad haemorrhage in which he sees his death warrant (3rd Feb.). After convalescence he lodges at Kentish Town to be near Leigh Hunt (May)—and is engaged in seeing 1820 volume through the press. He has a relapse (22nd June) and goes to live with Hunt in Mortimer Street.

July. 1820 volume published.

August. Favourable reviews by Hunt in *Indicator* and Jeffrey in *Edinburgh Review*. K. leaves Mortimer St. for the Brawnes

(12th Aug.); he declines invitation from Shelley to spend the winter with him in Italy.

1820. Sept. K. sails with Severn in *Maria Crowther* for Naples (18th), lands near Lulworth Cove, and corrects and writes out for Severn the sonnet *Bright Star*, etc. (28th Sept.), reaches Naples (end of Oct.), Rome (Nov. middle), has a bad relapse (10th Dec.).

1821. K. dies (23rd Feb.), is buried (27th Feb.).

Note on Date of Hunt's First Acquaintance with Keats

The exact date of Keats's first introduction to Hunt is important, as it involves the question of the date of several poems in the 1817 volume, and of the influences which are to be traced in them. Mr. Colvin, both in his life of Keats and in his article (*Dict. Nat. Biog.*) gives it as *early in* 1816, in which case Keats would be acquainted with Hunt before the "Solitude" sonnet had appeared in the *Examiner* (5th May) and before he went to Margate, where he wrote the *Epistles* to his brother and to C. C. Clarke. In support of this view is the statement in Hunt's *Autobiography* that he met Keats in the spring of 1816, and the general character of the poetry belonging to this period points in the same direction. *I stood tip-toe, e.g.* written, as all agree, under the inspiration of Hunt, is essentially suggestive of early rather than of late summer, and is most naturally interpreted not as a distant reminiscence, but as a vivid recollection of pleasures that he has just enjoyed. In like manner, the references to Libertas in the *Ep. to Geo. Keats* (dated Aug. 1816) are more like reminiscences of a conversation, introduced in delight at his acquaintance with Hunt, than a mere second-hand reference, which has filtered through Clarke; whilst the reference to Hunt in the *Ep. to Clarke* suggests that Clarke is enjoying a comradeship which he has himself experienced. Professor Hoops, on the other hand (*Keats's Jugend und Jugendgedichte*), contends that Hunt and Keats did not meet till October. He quotes as evidence of his point Hunt's article in the *Examiner* of 1st Dec. where he says: "He (Keats) had not published anything except in a Newspaper, but a set of his manuscripts were handed in the other day," and again in his review of the 1817 volume where, after praising the volume, he remarks: "From these and stronger evidences in the book itself the reader will conclude that the author and critic are friends, and they are so—made, however, in the first instance by nothing but his poetry, and at no greater distance of time than the announcement above mentioned (*i.e.* the sentence written in the *Examiner* Dec. 1816). We had published one of his sonnets in our paper without knowing more of him than of any other anonymous correspondent; but at this period in question, a friend brought us in one morning some copies of verses which he said were from the pen of a youth, etc. . . ." Professor Hoops further points out that the sonnet *Keen, fitful gusts* was written "very shortly after Keats's installation at the cottage" (not as Mr. Forman says, "on the occasion of Keats's

installation at the Cottage"). But it is obviously a late autumn sonnet and could not have been written before October, and Professor Hoops thinks that *I stood tip-toe* might itself be written in late September.

This conclusion, which the internal evidence of the character of the poems affected by it makes it difficult to accept, is not so plausible even on external evidence as it may appear at first sight. Professor Hoops is probably right in thinking that Mr. Colvin's date is a little too early, for Hunt could not, as he has shown, have known Keats at the beginning of May, when the sonnet on Solitude made its appearance, but in his main contention that the two men were acquainted during the summer, *i.e.* before Keats went to Margate, Mr. Colvin is almost certainly correct. There is no evidence which should prevent us from holding that they met in late May or early June. Indeed the acceptance of the sonnet by the *Examiner* on 5th May would naturally tend to press on a meeting for which Clarke must long have been anxious. Clarke would probably lose no time in taking his friend's manuscript to Hunt, and Hunt in his turn would be eager at once to meet the poet of whose future he formed so high an estimate. It is unnecessary to interpret literally, with Professor Hoops, a loose journalistic phrase "the other day." Hunt's only object in using it is to point out that his friendship for Keats sprang from his admiration for his poetry and not *vice versâ*. Nor need Clarke's phrase "very shortly after the installation at the cottage" be taken exactly. Clarke, it must be remembered, was writing many years afterwards, and moreover it does not follow that Keats would be *installed* at Hampstead immediately upon his introduction to Hunt. As corroboration of the view that late May or early June is the right date may be quoted another passage from Hunt's reminiscences where he tells us "we became intimate on the spot. . . . No imaginative pleasure was left untouched by us, or unenjoyed; from the recollection of the bards and patriots of old, *to the luxury of a summer rain at our window*, or the clicking of the coal in winter time."

APPENDIX C

On the Sources of Keats's Poetic Vocabulary

In summing up the distinctive features of Keats's accomplishments as a poet, Lord Houghton remarks that "above all his field of diction and expression, extending so far beyond his knowledge of literature, is quite inexplicable by the ordinary processes of mental education. If his English reading had been more extensive, his inexhaustible vocabulary of picturesque and mimetic words could have been easily accounted for: but here is a surgeon's apprentice with the ordinary culture of the middle classes . . . reproducing his impressions (of antique life and thought) in a phraseology as complete and unconventional as if he had mastered the whole history and the frequent variations of the English tongue, and elaborated a mode of utterance commensurate with his vast ideas."

This sentence puts in an admirable form the view with regard to Keats's vocabulary which is still, perhaps, current, though more careful criticism has long shown it to be untenable. For "his field of diction and expression" can in no way be said to have "extended beyond his knowledge of literature," and though the term "extensive" as applied to a man's reading must always be relative, a poet who is steeped in the writings of Chaucer, Spenser, Shakespeare, Milton and Wordsworth, to mention no others, has acquired more than the ordinary culture of the middle class, has gone some way, at least, towards mastering "the whole history and variations of the English tongue." The wonder indeed remains as great, but it is a wonder of a different kind—that Keats should have realised so intensely his kinship with his predecessors and gained his peculiar power of self-expression so that their life became his and their language the only possible utterance for his ideas and moods.

The object of this appendix is to make some analysis of the sources of Keats's poetic vocabulary and to trace at the same time the development of his power over language. Much valuable work has already been accomplished on this subject. Woodhouse[1] began the task by annotating his own MS. volume of his friend's poems; Mr. W. T. Arnold in the introduction to his *Poems of Keats* (1888) gave the first comprehensive treatment of it, and additions have since been made by Mr. Sidney Colvin,

[1] Woodhouse also interleaved his copies of Keats's published poems, inserting rejected readings and setting down any explanations which seemed necessary, or parallel passages from our earlier poetry which occurred to him. Through the kindness of Mr. Bourdillon I have been allowed to examine his copy of the 1817 volume. The explanations are sometimes obvious but many of them are suggestive; the parallels cited show a capricious but often detailed knowledge of Elizabethan poetry. Of Woodhouse's notes on *Endymion* Mr. Forman has made free use in his edition of Keats, but he has not distinguished them from his own notes, so that we are unable to tell which of the Elizabethan parallels that he cites were originally noted by Woodhouse.

and Mr. Buxton Forman, whilst Mr. Read in his dissertation *Keats and Spenser* has discussed fully the relations of Keats and Spenser, and Prof. Hoops in his edition of *Hyperion* the debt of *Hyperion* to Milton.

It is unavoidable that many of my remarks should be a mere repetition of theirs, but even so I can claim for them that they are corroborative, in that they are the result of independent investigation; yet my contribution to the subject may not be without value if it shows, by the glossary which is appended to it, what has, I think, never been shown before, that Keats's language is not nearly so definitely imitative of single authors as reproductive of a language which the earlier authors held in common and which, therefore, he regarded as his lawful inheritance. If Keats became familiar with a word in many authors, instead of merely meeting it in one, he would be not only more likely to reproduce it, but more fully justified in so doing. This is where the valuable work done by several scholars, in suggesting Keats's debt to individual authors, has at times created a false impression. Mr. Arnold, *e.g.*, attributes the word *eterne* "probably" to Spenser, and in this he is followed by Mr. Forman, but when we see that the word is used also by Chaucer, is to be found in one of the most haunting speeches of Lady Macbeth's, is in Browne, in Chapman, and in Chatterton, all of whom Keats knew well, the complexion of the matter is quite altered. The word may be archaic, but to Keats it seems quite natural—he is merely employing language which he has frankly accepted as his poetic birth-right. This is doubtless an extreme instance, but a glance at the glossary will show that the point could be illustrated at great length. Messrs Arnold and Read attribute to Spenser among other words *griesly*,[1] *perceaunt*, *raught*, *sallows*, and Mr. Read "with a high degree of certainty," *amate*, *atween*, *bale*, *distraught*, *fray* and *affray*, *pight*; but though Keats was certainly familiar with them in Spenser he knew them equally well in other sources—*amate*, *e g.*, is in Chatterton, and seeing that it is used by Keats in his *Sonnet to Chatterton* it would be more natural to connect its use with him than with the earlier poet. So *perceaunt* is used twice by Chatterton (and twice by Chatterton means as much as many times in Spenser, because of the different bulk of the two writers) and by Keats at the time when he was making a special study of Chatterton; *atween* is a form used by Coleridge in the *Ancient Mariner*, *fray* and *affray* are used by Chapman and Shakespeare, *pight* by Shakespeare in *Troilus and Cressida*, a play Keats knew through and through; *griesly* is as much connected with Milton as Spenser, *sallows* is used by Sandys and Chapman, whilst *bale*, *raught*, and *distraught* are archaisms common enough to need no special explanation. The point to realise is that in the majority of cases Keats does not borrow consciously from any definite author or passage. His memory is richly stored with the language of earlier poets and he draws upon it, as we draw upon our own natural

[1] "Griesly, perceaunt, and raught," says Mr. W T Arnold, *Keats*, p. xxiv, "were undoubtedly derived from" Spenser.

vocabulary, unconscious of its actual source; and even when, as is often the case, the cadence of the passage in which the word is used or its definite association with other words betrays its immediate origin, our judgment of Keats's use of it must be tempered by the fact that the word was familiar to him from other sources and was therefore to him a natural word to use. His case is in no way to be compared with Chatterton's; Keats never set himself to hunt for words; he read those authors who had most kinship with him and their manner of expression became his own.

But the basis of any author's vocabulary is the language that he brings to it from his ordinary life. Of this the greater proportion calls for no comment, but its most striking features must be examined before the influence of literature can be fully understood. "As soon as literature becomes common," says Coleridge, "and a large number of men seek to express themselves habitually in the most precise, sensuous and impassioned language, the difference (between prose and verse) as to mere words ceases. The sole difference in style is that the poetry demands a severe keeping—it admits nothing that prose may not often admit, but it oftener rejects." Without the culture of such a society as Coleridge here describes, and moving for the most part among those who were not accustomed "to express themselves habitually in the most precise, sensuous and impassioned language," Keats needed to extend his vocabulary in the direction in which such language could be found; equally did he need to learn a lesson which a more cultivated man would have known instinctively,—what it was essential for him to reject.

The vulgarisms of Keats's diction resolve themselves into the use of words, which, debased by trivial association or in themselves quite incompatible with genuine passion, should never be used in poetry; the use of words to which he gives a meaning which they do not bear, except in slang or the loose language of a too familiar conversation, and the undue affection for certain words or formations of words. In the first class I should be inclined to notice *elegant, gigle, tip-top* (*Endymion*, i. 805, iii. 15), the interjection *hist!* by which Endymion recalls Peona—"hist! one word I have to say" (*End.* iv. 909), the unfortunate remark of Cynthia's *Pallas is a dunce* (*ib.* ii. 799), and the reference to himself in the *Hymn to Apollo* as a "blank idiot." In the second class I should place *jaunty* as applied to a stream (*Tip-toe*, 22, etc.), *smitten* in the sense of smitten with love, beauty, etc. (*Ep. to C. C. C.* 102, *Lamia*, i. 7), *things* as a loose substitute for a more definite noun (*End.* iv. 717, etc.), *treat* in the sense of a joy or delight (*Lamia*, i. 330), *like* in the phrase *these like, this like* (*Hyp.* i. 50; *F. of Hyp.* i. 328),[1] and the frequent use of *feel* and *shine* as nouns. The first of these is essentially vulgar, the second is a common Elizabethanism, but it cannot be regarded as such in Keats; it came to him from his ordinary life, and its vulgar associations should have kept him from introducing it so frequently into his verse.

[1] This use of "like" may be due in Keats to false analogy with "such like" which is common in Shakespeare.

This list is necessarily small, because Keats who felt that "poetry should surprise by a fine excess" was not prone to adopt the commoner words or to attempt dangerous experiments on the side of familiarity—had he in any measure accepted Wordsworth's theory of diction the list would have been greatly extended. But he had no desire to approach too near to the language of common life and when he recognised that he had done so he was quick to correct. Two bad uses of *feel* disappeared from the first draft of his poems, and many of the passages rejected from *Endymion* owe their absence from the printed text to his consciousness of their triviality of phrase.

The undue affection for certain words is rather a matter of temperament than, strictly speaking, of vocabulary, for given the sentiment to be expressed, the words themselves are often quite justifiable; and it is only their reiteration which contributes an element of peculiarity to the vocabulary. Certain of these however call for brief comment. The word *luxury* and the adjectives which correspond to it recur unpleasantly in the early poems. Mr. Arnold notes the recurrence of *delicious* twenty times, and Mr. Bridges calls attention to the undue reiteration of such words as *melting, fainting, swimming, swooning*, and *panting*. Peculiarly offensive is the word *stare* which is continually introduced in the poet's early love scenes (about ten times), whilst *squeeze* (*Cal.* 81; *End.* iv. 665) is, if possible, worse.

Other favourite words are *tiptoe, tease* and *nest*. In no way perhaps is the mastery over language shown more indisputably than in the power to elevate a common word either by its association or position or the feeling put into it, into a world of higher thought or emotion; but this is the last reward of a consummated style and is hardly to be expected in a mere tyro, particularly if he is ill-educated. Keats does not always know when a common word is elevated by its context, or when the whole sentiment of his passage is degraded by a common word. This is admirably illustrated by his use of the word *tease* which occurs no less than ten times in his poetry and rings the changes on all grades of emotion from the execrable "No little fault or blame Canst thou lay on me for a *teasing* girl" (*End.* i. 517 rej.), almost paralleled in vulgarity in his *Song of Four Fairies* written at a time when he might have been expected to know better, "and Oberon *will tease*," to the great passage in the *Ode on a Grecian Urn*—

Thou, silent form, dost *tease* us out of thought
As doth eternity.

The same gradation of feeling can be traced in his employment of the word *tiptoe*, which he introduces once at least with exquisite effect; but *nest* was always a snare to him, its singularly inappropriate introduction [illegible] the Titans being one of the few [illegible] certain words we pass naturally to a discussion of the peculiar word formations to which he had an unfortunate leaning. First among these is the love of abstract nouns, some of them manufactured for the occasion, and the majority of them

boundly is on the analogy of *roundly* which Keats had found in Browne. This seems to me very far-fetched. I think that obviously Keats was led to it through a desire, perhaps unconscious on his part, to write a euphonious verse. He may have meant *boundless* or *bounden;* in the one case he would have had an ugly repetition of his sibilant, in the other an ugly repetition of a nasal—he felt it and he cut the difficulty in a manner that seemed to him at that period quite natural and quite justifiable. But the greatest artists do not avoid the difficulties of their material, they triumph over them; and it is noticeable that as Keats gains a mastery over the language these words become more and more sparingly used till they assume their proper proportion among his adjectives. Out of about fifty which we find in the poems (not counting those in ordinary use) only fifteen appear after *Endymion* (*i.e.* after 1817), of these only seven are new to him, and of those seven only two or three are not justified, either by some literary association, or by their unquestionable effectiveness. These are *fledgie* and *sceptry*. A full list will be found in the Glossary.[1]

All these features of Keats's early style, some of them showing traces of survival even in his maturer poems, were natural to him, and would have had their place in his work if he had never read a line of poetry, supposing, for the moment, that he would in that case have written any himself. But it must be remembered that in every case he had a precedent or an analogy by which he could have defended himself. *Slumbery* may be, as Mr. Arnold remarks, "a very vile word," but it is used by Shakespeare and Milton: *paly* by the side of *pale* is a totally unjustifiable formation, but it is found in Shakespeare, Collins and Coleridge. So that the study of Keats's idiosyncrasies of diction leads naturally to a consideration of the influence upon him of other authors, from whom he learnt both good and bad, though only as he developed was he able to discriminate the good from the bad. Our next duty therefore is to examine the points of affinity between the vocabulary of Keats and that of those authors whom he read most assiduously, remembering at the same time no one author can be viewed entirely apart from the rest. An exact chronological treatment of these influences is impossible, as in many cases they were contemporary with one another; in tracing the development of his style, however, it is obviously the proper course to begin by a discussion of those who encouraged him in his own evil tendencies.

The worst of these is Leigh Hunt. Of the general vulgarity of Hunt's influence enough has been said in the General Introduction; it will be sufficient now to show how he encouraged by example, if not always by precept, the worst elements in Keats's vocabulary. In *The Story of*

[1] Mr. Bridges criticises Mr. W. T. Arnold's reference to Keats's predilection for -y adjectives in the witty remark, "I never heard of any one objecting to Shakespeare's 'I can call spirits from the vasty deep.' Indeed what is in question is very much the same with the words as with the spirits, whether they do come when you do call for them." Exactly, and the point which Mr. Arnold proves, I think, *conclusively*, is that in many cases they do not come, but that the words produced carry no more conviction than the spirit rapping of the modern exorcist.

Rimini (1816) we have the same love of abstract nouns to express a concrete thing; especially abstract nouns formed from present participles, *e g. smearings, measurings, doings;* the same love of adverbs from present participles—*thrillingly, smilingly, crushingly, preparingly;* the same delight in the use of -y adjectives which have no good authority, or are obscure in their meaning, *scattery, glary, flamy.* In *Foliage* published in 1818 (but much of it written somewhat earlier) Hunt draws on the same vocabulary; of pres. part. adverbs we have, *glancingly, poutingly, kneadingly,* of -y adjectives we have *leafy* and *rooty, strawy, surfy* and *layery.* It must be remembered, moreover, that such words would probably be found in undue excess in Hunt's familiar conversation and that Keats, in associating with Hunt, would have them continually before him. In both of Hunt's volumes, as would be expected, words abound which express a sense of luxury and ill-defined delight, nor are we surprised to find as common to both Keats and Hunt the word *tiptoe*[1] used metaphorically, but without poetic effect (in Hunt's *tiptoe looks*), *stare* in the offensive sense already referred to, and twice, the objectionable *feel* as a noun.

But at the time that a personal acquaintance with Hunt came to swell the force of distant admiration, another influence began to work which in itself would lend support to the dangerous idiosyncrasies of the untrained poet. This was Chapman. In our reverence for the greatest of Elizabethan translators and our gratitude to him for the inspiration which he gave to Keats we should remember also that no writer of his eminence ever took grosser liberties with the language, or bent it more remorselessly to fit the Procrustean bed of his ideas. And just as in his *Odyssey* he illustrated all those laxities of form for which the early versification of Keats has been condemned, so it was with his use of diction. If he did not find a word bearing the required metrical value, in which to express his conception of Homer's meaning, he had no hesitation in coining a new form, and he did this in the same manner as did Keats in a later day. In him we find:—

(*a*) The excessive use of the abstract noun formed either in -ing or -ment, *e g embracings* for *embraces, deservings* for *deserts, murmurings, deplorings,* etc., *designments, procurement, intendment,* etc. Mr. Colvin attributes to Chapman Keats's use of abstract nouns in -ness and refers to the *Hymn to Pan,* where we find *cliffy highnesses* and *wat'ry softnesses.* These are indeed in the manner of Keats, and Keats doubtless knew the [illegible]

of them strange and even awkward, *e g. beamy, cavy, cliffy, cloddy, gleby, gulfy, foody, flamy, barky, nervy, orby, oxy, rooty, spurry.*

[1] Mr. Bridges attributes Keats's use of *tiptoe* to Shakespeare. Of such a passage as *End.* i. 831 this statement is obviously correct, but Keats's earlier employment of it, in the 1817 volume, as well as certain of its uses in *Endymion*, betray a far different origin.

(*c*) The vulgar use of *so*, *e.g.* *so* languishingly (*Od.* i. 97), *so* weak and wan (*Od.* vi. 2).

(*d*) An occasional familiarity of phrase which seems singularly incongruous in a heroic poem. Can we wonder at the banality of some of Endymion's language to Peona or to Cynthia when Keats found in his great epic model Calypso thus addressing Odysseus:—

O ye are a shrewd one, and so habited
In taking heed thou know'st not what it is
To be unwary, nor use words amiss.
How hast thou charm'd me, *were I ne'er so sly!*

In all this we can see how Chapman would seem to Keats to lend support to some of his natural tendencies of style. But that the influence of Chapman continues far beyond this early period, is evident in *Hyperion*, and though there is little that can be attributed to the influence of Chapman only, there can be no doubt that his translations contributed considerably to the vein of Elizabethanism which runs through the work of the maturer Keats. For example, the interchange of the different parts of speech is common to all Elizabethan writers, but certain of Keats's verb-nouns have a distinct ring of Chapman about them. Such are *exclaim*, *proclaim*, *pierce*. *Cf.* Chapman's use of *impair*, *upbraids*, *manage*. Again, the love of abstracts in the plural. This is a feature of Keats's latest work and by it he obtains at times the most successful effects. The form *imageries*, indeed, is rightly attributed to Spenser, but the peculiar musical effect obtained by words of this kind, especially when placed at the end of the line, is extremely common in Chapman, *e.g.* :—

in his *effeminacies* (*Il.* vi. 347).
Never war gives Troy *satieties* (*Il.* xiii. 575).
Grace this day with fit *transparences* (*Il.* xvii. 561).
But Ithacus our strongest *phantasies* (*Od.* iv. 391).
In pleasure of their high fed *fantasies* (*Od.* xx. 13).
Where, after, we will prove what *policies* (*Od.* xxiii. 107).

Keats has the following :—

Poured into shapes of curtain'd *canopies*
Spangled, and rich with liquid *broideries* (*End.* ii. 618, 619).
Her silk had play'd in purple *phantasies* (*Is.* xlvii.).
So rainbow-sided, touch'd with *miseries* (*Lam.* i. 54).
And with the larger wove in small *intricacies* (*Lam.* ii. 141).
The space, the splendour of the *draperies* (*Lam.* ii. 206).
All garlanded with carven *imag'ries* (*St. Ag.*).
'mong thousand *heraldries* (*St. Ag.*).
And daz'd with saintly *imageries* (*St. Mark*).
Among its golden *broideries* (*St. Mark*).
With its many *mysteries* (*St. Mark*).
And hopes, and joys, and panting *miseries* (*Ode to Fanny*, ii.).
Bigger than stags,—a moon,—with other *mysteries* (*Cap and Bells*).
And all the smooth routine of *gallantries* (*Cap and Bells*).

There can be no doubt that Mr. Arnold is right in attributing to Chapman's influence Keats's love of the word *sphere* both in usual and unusual senses. I have noticed it about twenty times in Chapman and its use often seems somewhat strained. He is particularly fond of applying it to the eyes, *e g. spheres of eyes* (*Od.* xlii. 535), *visual spheres*, let mine eyelids close their *spheres* (*Od.* xix. 801). It was passages such as these which suggested to Keats (*Hyp.* i. 117), "Open thine eyes eterne, and *sphere* them round." The line, "Twelve *sphered* tables, by silk seats *insphered*" (*Lamia*, ii. 183) employs the word in a more natural sense, and is also paralleled in Chapman. *Cf.* also note to *Hyperion* [illegible] ing old words wou [illegible] other Elizabethans [illegible] *horrid, sallows,*[1] [illegible] attributing to Chapman Keats's use of *wicker* = basket (*End.* i. 137). Chapman's phrase is "press *of* wicker" (*Od.* ix. 350), *i.e.* of wickerwork, which is exactly the modern use. Keats is more likely adopting a modern colloquialism, to be found in many parts of England at the present day.

The seventeenth-century poet who may be ranked next to Chapman in his effect upon Keats's style and vocabulary is William Browne of Tavistock. A quotation from *Britannia's Pastorals*, which heads the early Epistles, shows that Keats must have read Browne just before he had become familiar with the translation of Homer, whilst reminiscences of Browne which are to be found in the *Ode to the Nightingale* and *La Belle Dame sans Merci* suggest that either Keats continued to read him, or, as is more likely, that at an early period he had studied him in such detail as to make a permanent impression on him. Certainly there was much in Browne which would have attracted Keats at that time; his freshness of mind, his rambling delight in nature, find expression in a versification which has all the laxity of Keats's immature couplets and in a vocabulary with many of the features which mark the 1817 volume. There is the same love of abstract nouns in -ment and -ing(s), *languishment, embracement, dreariment, procurement, famishment, sonnetings, banquetings, shading* (shade), *mutterings, fondlings*; and the same licentious use of adjectives in -y, many of them forms quite unjustifiable except for purposes of metre, *e g. calmy, greeny, scaly, pitchy, lawny, plumy, flaggy, rushy, swarty*; the same love also of compound adjectives of a kind especially dear to Keats at an early period, *e g. lily-silken, silver-seeming, silver-circling*. Of words and forms rare or archaic common to the vocabulary of Browne and Keats one may notice the following: *mew, y-fight, freshet, writhen, raught, rillets, teen, undersong.* None of them, except perhaps *writhen*, would he owe entirely to Browne, but this fact does not make the influence of Browne by any means unimportant.

A similar influence, as far as vocabulary, at least, is concerned, was

[1] The spelling "chace" for "chase" is more likely to be due to the influence of Chapman than to that of Somerville, whom we do not know that Keats ever read.

ess exerted by Sandys's translation of Ovid, which Keats must have continually reading in 1817-18. We have the evidence of Wood- e to the effect that the somewhat strange use of the word *brawniest* *yp.* ii. 21 "the brawniest in assault" was suggested by Sandys's, *big-* *ned Ægæon*, and Mr. Forman has pointed out that the only known rary use of the word *bowse* before Keats is to be found in Sandys. ilarly the form *spry* (*End.* iv. 157), which some have taken to be an fortunately Cockney mispronunciation of *spray*, whilst others, *e.g.* Mr. rnold, have asserted that it has nothing to justify it except the necessity f a rhyme (which would indeed have been quite a sufficient justification n the eyes of Spenser), was traced by Mr. Forman (following Woodhouse) o Sandys, "who, he remarks, will certainly do as an authority in default of a better." It is interesting to be able to add, as a further justification of Keats in its use, that he was not merely drawing upon a form which he had noticed in one passage. In the early editions of both Defoe and Smollett, both of whom we have evidence that Keats knew, the word is spelt *sprye*. Apparently, therefore, the form was by no means as uncommon as has been supposed, and Keats, having met it in several places, would feel perfectly well justified in employing it. Other rare words which a study of Sandys would familiarise to him are *disparted*, *embracements*, *covert*, *sallows*, *spume*, *nervy*, *spumy*.

As a whole, however, the influence of Leigh Hunt and of the seventeenth-century poets (Chapman and Browne especially) was rather to encourage the natural tendencies of the immature Keats than to add to the resources of his vocabulary in a manner which would be permanently useful to him. Hence it has seemed best to discuss them first. The other authors who may have left traces upon the work of Keats will be considered in their chronological order.

First of these was Spenser.

As I have already implied, there has been, in my opinion, a tendency to overrate the predominance of the influence of Spenser on both the thought and the language of Keats. The reason of this is partly because it has been the subject of the most thorough and scholarly investigation, first by Mr. Arnold and then quite exhaustively by Mr. Read, partly also because the well-known story of Keats's first acquaintance with Spenser, as told by Clarke, has something arrestingly dramatic about it. It was the first influence to make itself felt upon him, but, in spite of its great attraction, at no period of his literary life can it be said to have been the foremost influence. Almost at once it was subordinated to the phraseology of the eighteenth century, then to the seventeenth century and Leigh Hunt, then to Shakespeare and then to Milton. After this Keats's style is more truly eclectic, and Shakespeare, Milton, Chatterton and Spenser all are laid under contribution, so that it would be difficult to assign the mastery to any one of them. At the same time it must be recognised that Spenser's vocabulary has left its mark upon all the work of Keats, and even though it is not the sole or principal source of many of the word

which have been attributed to it, there is no doubt that in many cases Keats saw them first in Spenser, so that when he met them afterwards in other writers that he happened to be studying at the time more closely, he was already familiar with them. Almost certainly the following came to Keats from Spenser, *daedale*, *elf* (for man), *lifeful*, *louted*, *needments*, *tinct*; whilst Spenser shared with other writers in familiarising Keats with a large number of words, among which I should regard as the most justly associated with his name, *beldame*, *beadsman*, *bedight*, *covert*, *dreariment*, *raft*, *shallop*. A full list will be found in the Glossary.

There can be little doubt that the [illegible]

a [illegible] as it freed him from undue subservience to any one master, was Shakespeare. In Shakespeare he found many of those qualities which in their exaggeration in Keats and others have been mentioned for censure, but here he found them in their due proportion and used with that easy mastery which proclaims the consummate artist. A glance at the Glossary will prove, what has, I think, been overlooked before, not only how many words Keats undoubtedly learnt from Shakespeare,[1] but also how many, whose presence in his work has been attributed solely to others, and generally to Spenser, are to be found in Shakespeare also; and that too at a time when we know that Shakespeare was forming the principal object of his study. And as the great dramatist became daily a greater wonder to him and he came to understand him to his very depths, he caught something of that power over language, which is indefinable, because it cannot be analysed into mannerisms, and is only called Shakespearian from its inevitable fitness and its supreme felicity. It is difficult, for example, to avoid associating with Shakespeare's influence some of those compound adjectives, characteristic of Keats's maturer work, which suggest a far fuller meaning than is afforded by regarding the first part of the compound as in purely adverbial relation with the second. In his early poems, doubtless, Keats had formed his compounds on the analogy of the looser Elizabethan writers such as Browne and Chapman, but for any parallel to the wealth and the subtlety of meaning carried by Keats's *dark-clustered*, *wild-ridged*, *soft-conched*, *soft-lifted*, *high-sorrowful*, and others of the same pregnant force, we must turn, I think, to Shakespeare. *Cf.* for example, *deep-contemplative* (*As You Like It*, ii. 7. 31) and three which occur in *Troilus and Cressida*, a play studied by Keats with peculiar care,

[1] "There is hardly any direct imitation or adaptation of Shakespeare in detail" (Arnold, *Keats*, xxxviii.). "Spenser, Leigh Hunt and Milton, these then are the three names which I think a student of Keats has constantly to bear in mind" (*ib.* xxxvi.). Mr. Read, indeed, duly records the presence of many of his Spenserian words in [illegible] of the importance of this fact [illegible] arrived at.

subtle-potent (iii. 2. 25), *dumb-discoursive* (iv. 4. 92), *momentary-swift* (iv. 2. 14).

Undoubtedly Shakespearian in Keats are *a-cold, amort, angerly, close* (embrace), *dibble, coverture, pleached, rubious, ruddy* (drops), *sliver, snail-paced, throe*[1] (as a verb), and to the influence of Shakespeare with that of others the words, *beldame, beadsman, bruit, capable, daft, darkling, dight, eld, ebon, honey dew, libbard, lush, parle, pight, rack* (of clouds), *tiptoe; phantasy, yerk, pleasure, scandal* and *quire* as verbs, and the adjectives *fenny, mealy, paly, slumbery.* (*Cf.* also General Introduction, p. xxxiii, Introduction to *End.* bk. ii. p. 429.)

It is a curious fact that the influence of Milton (more especially in the early poems) whilst it is as prominent as that of any other author, is shown far more in allusion and reminiscence of Miltonic cadence, than by the borrowing of definitely Miltonic words.[2] But before *Hyperion* we have *alp, argent, capable* (of an ear), *delectable* (also in Shakespeare, though with different stress), *drear,* and *dight,* the one often attributed solely to Chatterton and the other to Spenser, *dulcet, lave* (also in Chatt.), *eld* (also Shak.), *monstrous* (*i.e.* peopled with monsters), *eclipsing* (in a sense definitely reminiscent of *Paradise Lost*, ii. 666), *snuff* (verb), *bloomy, oozy,* and *wormy,* and contemporary or later than *Hyperion, besprent* (with dew), adjectives in -ant, formed on the analogy of the Miltonic adjective of the same formation (which, however, can be paralleled in Chatterton also[3]) *e.g. adorant, aspirant, couchant; lucent* (also a favourite word in Cary's *Dante*), *parle* (also Shak. and Marston), *rhomb, sciential, slope, syllabling, sooth,* and the form *foughten.* The Miltonisms of *Hyperion* are noticed in the introduction to that poem. Mr. Arnold has pointed out that the immense increase of adjectives in -ed, which in Keats's later work supplant the -y adjectives, is also chiefly due to the study of Milton. A full list of these is not given in the Glossary, because, as the N. E. D. points out, the termination -ed is now added without restriction to any substantive from which it is desired to form an adjective with sense "possessing, provided with, characterised by." Hence only those are given which are distinctly participial rather than adjectival, or which afford an interesting literary parallel within the known limits of Keats's reading.

The influence of the eighteenth century upon the vocabulary of Keats was, as Mr. Colvin has pointed out, predominant in the poet's *Juvenilia.* This was partly no doubt because he read the eighteenth-century Spenserians without being able to discriminate between their work and that of Spenser himself, but it was also due to the fact that the poetic diction in

[1] "I believe that Keats invented the verb 'to throe'" (Arnold, xlv.).

[2] These are pointed out in the notes *passim.* Keats probably borrowed more from *Comus* than from any other poem (or part of a poem) of the same length, and he drew upon the minor poems of Milton continually all through his literary life. The influence of *Paradise Lost*, too, began earlier than has often been supposed. *Cf.* notes to *End.* iii. and iv. *passim.* It is interesting to know upon the authority of Severn that Keats's next poem, which he would discuss with his friend on his voyage to Italy, was to be upon the subject of Sabrina.

[3] And in Shakespeare, as Professor Bradley has pointed out to me. *Cf. Timon of Athens*, iv. 3. 5, *dividant;* iv. 3. 25, *operant;* iv. 3. 115, *trenchant;* iv. 3. 135, *mountant.*

vogue in the eighteenth century was still the language of verse in Keats's own day, and before he began to have definite theories about his art he would naturally accept its recognised medium of expression. We find accordingly such eighteenth-century phrases as, *verdant hill, laurelled peers, tuneful thunders, ravished heavens, tremblingly expire, renovated eyes, melt the soul, radiant fires, delicious tear, romantic eye*, etc.; together with a typically eighteenth-century personification, *Disappointment, parent of Despair, Despondence, miserable bane*, etc. These and such phrases it would be a mistake to attribute to any definite influence, they were the poetical stock-in-trade of the period; but certain authors of the eighteenth century made a less transient appeal to Keats and are worthy of a short notice in this connection. These are Thomson, Collins and Chatterton.

From Thomson Keats certainly took the word *clamant*, his phrase *athwart the gloom* is repeated by Keats in *Sleep and Poetry*, his famous line *And hold high converse with the mighty dead* is more than once adapted by Keats, and his line *The blackbird whistles from the thorny brake* is at least echoed in the last stanza of the *Ode to Autumn*. Another word, used in Keats with peculiar lingering effect, is also a favourite of Thomson's—*gradual*.

Where, fading *gradual*, life at length goes out (*Winter*, 890).
larger prospects of the beauteous whole
Would, *gradual* open on our opening minds (*Winter*, 580).
gradual sinks the breeze
Into a perfect calm.

[illegible]

I cannot parallel this use exactly in any other author.

Probably from Thomson also is the phrase *horizontal sun*, and the adjective *plumy* as applied to birds, though this is found in other authors, whilst Thomson helped to familiarise him with the words *disparted, drear, citied, herbaged, sleeked* (of wings), *spume, spumy*, and *umbrageous*, which in previous investigations have either been left unnoticed in his vocabulary, or attributed with too much confidence to another writer.

The influence of Collins is slighter, but it is not unimportant, and, if we remember the small bulk of Collins's work, as large as could be expected. The word *brede* has been attributed to Chaucer[1] in whom it means *breadth* and to Waller in whom it means *embroidery*. There is no evidence that Keats ever read Waller, nor is it easy to see why he should ever have [illegible] two different senses. He therefore meant by it in both cases *embroidery*, and his mind was turning back, consciously or unconsciously, to the *Ode to Evening* "with brede etherial wove." It can hardly be doubted either

[1] Speaking more accurately the poet of *The Flower and the Leafe*, in which *brede* is found in line 43.

that *chilly finger'd spring* (*End.* iv. 971) owes something to Collins's *Spring, with dewy fingers cold,* and though his lines *Heard melodies are sweet but those unheard Are sweeter* may owe a more direct debt to Wordsworth, Keats knew also their original in the *Ode to the Passions,* "In notes by distance made more sweet." Adjectives formed both in -y and -ed are used in Collins to a fault: common to both poets are *pillared, laurelled, honied, curtained, shouldered, paly,* though they are found elsewhere, and Collins's love of Spenser and Milton would continually recall to Keats the language and tone of his two greatest masters.[1]

But the poet of the eighteenth century who influenced Keats most deeply was that one who least of all partook of the qualities of his age. Chatterton appealed to Keats in his earliest years of the poetic life; to him *Endymion* was dedicated, and in revulsion from the classicalism of Milton he turned to Chatterton as his model. Apart from the unfortunately Rowleian old English of the *Eve of St. Mark* (99-114) there is nothing in his vocabulary which owes its presence exclusively to Chatterton; at the same time there are many words which gained an additional hold upon him through Chatterton's use of them, which, as we know, would convince him perhaps more than it would convince us of their unimpeachable integrity. Of these I should especially call attention to *amate, argent, darkling, drear, eterne, languishment, lave; mickle, dight* and *pight* (great favourites with Chatterton), *ope, perceaunt, shent, shoon, sith, teene, paly.* He would also find in Chatterton *engine* used as a verb, whilst the same authority was joined, as we have seen, with what to Keats seemed the essentially antagonistic authority of Milton, in suggesting to him the -ant adjectives.

Of the influences of Keats's contemporaries it is not necessary to say much here. A glance at the Glossary will show that he did not stand alone in his age in his love of words which were already either obsolete or rare in common speech. The great characteristic of the whole literary movement of which he was a member was its recognition of the glories of the past, and he would have found ample corroboration of his own practice in Coleridge, in Southey, in Scott,[2] in the Essays of Hazlitt and Lamb, even in the poems of Wordsworth. But in Keats less than any of them was this practice studied. Limited as was the vocabulary of his everyday life, it sought reinforcement in that language in which alone the poetic side of his nature could find full expression. Naturally and without conscious effort, he adapted that language to his own needs, and in those poems which are most essentially original and characteristic of his genius he resumed that flexibility, that beauty, that "old vigour," which have made it a worthy vehicle for the richest literature of the world.

[1] In Collins these are blended with the conventional poetic diction of the day, and some of its phrases also are common to Collins and Keats.

[2] Dr. Murray has pointed out to me the interesting fact that a large number of good Elizabethan words, which are absent from our literature in the later seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, reappear in the pages of the *Waverley Novels.*

GLOSSARY

Word	Usage in Keats	Reference in Keats	Keats's Probable Source
a-cold		St. Ag. i. 2	Shak. Lear iii. 4. 59.
admiration	wonder	Otho iii. 2. 16	common Eliz.
adorant		F. Hyp. i. 259	analogy of Milton *congratulant*, *volant*, etc. and Chatt. *passant*.
alp	(in sing. = mountain)	Son. xvii. (1817); E. i. 666	Milt. P. L. ii. 620.
amain		E. ii. 12; St. Ag. xxi.	common Eliz.; Sp.; Shak.; Milt. etc.
amate	daunt, subdue	To Chatt. (1814)	Sp. common; Chatt. (2).
amaze	(as noun)	E. *passim*; Lam.; St. Ag.; Otho	Sp.; Shak.; Milt. etc.
amity		Otho i. 1. 133	common Eliz., Shak. often.
amort	*deadened, dull*	St. Ag. *viii.*	Shak. (2), *e.g.* *T. of Shrew iv. 3. 36*; Massinger, Parl. of Love iv. 5.
angerly		Hyp. i. 182	Shak. (3), *e.g.* Macbeth iii. 5. 1.
anguished	(p.p. and pret.)	Is. vii.; Hyp. iii. 130	by analogy with passioned (*q.v.*)?
annoy	(as noun)	Indolence 4	Chap. Od. xv. 598.
antagonising	(verb active)	E. iii. 531	none.
antre	cave	E. ii. 230	Shak. Othello i. 3. 140.
appalling	(as noun)	Otho ii. 1. 145	(verbal subst. obsolete, 1603. NED)
architectured	(p.p.)	Staffa 27	none.
argent	(adj.)	E. i. 595, iii 186; St. Ag. v.; Hyp. i. 284; Lamia i. 163	Milt. P. L. iii. 460, etc. (3); Chatt.
aspirant		Hyp. iii. 93	analogy -ant *words in Milt. and Chatt.*
[illegible]	(as noun)	Isab. xx.	Eliz. (espec. Chapman) analogy.
[illegible]		Hyp. ii. 165	Milt. P. L. ix. 890.
athwart	athwart the gloom	S. and P. 146	Thomson, Winter 128.
[illegible]		Sonnet xii. p. 36	Sp. common; Coleridge, Anc. Mar. (1st vers.)
[illegible]		Psyche 20; Hyp. i. 181	
[illegible]	[illegible]	E. iii. 621 (rej.)	(*Coverdale Bible 1535, Philips, Cyder, etc.*)

Word	Usage in Keats	Reference in Keats	
bale	a standard	Tip-toe, 180; E. iv. 942	Sp. common; Shak. Cor. etc.
banneral	b. of its great diadem	Induct. 38; St. Ag. iii. (rej.)	Sp. F. Q. vi. 7. 26
bare of	ready for battle	Hyp. i. 101	Milt. P. L. ix. 1062 (bare of all their virtue).
battailous		Otho iv. 2. 90	Sp. F. Q. i. 5. 2; Chap. Il. xv. 571; Milt. P. L. vi. 81.
beadsman		St. Ag. i.	Sp. F. Q. i. 10. 36 (but in form bead-men); Shak. (3) R. II. iii. 2. 116, etc.; Burns; Scott, etc.
becks		Otho v. 4. 32	Milt. L'All. 28.
bedight		Sonnet p. 351	Sp.; Milt. but common archaism.
beldame		St. Ag. xvi. etc.	Sp. F. Q. iii. 2. 43; Shak. (but in uncomplimentary sense); Chap. Il. iii. 404.
besprent		Lamia i. 148.	Milt. C. 452; Sp. Shep. C.; Chatt. (3).
boundly	boundless or bounden?	S. and P. 209	none.
bourn		Autumn 3	common in poetry, *e.g.* Hamlet iii. 1. 79.
howse	drink	Mermaid 12	Sandys, Ovid—illus. to Met. v. Sp. F.Q. I. iv. 22.
brede	embroidery (*v.* note)	Grec. Urn. 5; Lamia i. 158	(= "breadth" Flowre and Leafe 43) Collins, Ode to Evening.
brim	figurative, of day	E. iii. 366	
brimming	(vb. trans.)	E. iv. 186, ii. 994 (intrans.)	
brook	keep back	St. Ag. xv.	common arch. but Keats's use wrong.
bruit	(v. intrans.)	E. i. 791.	Shak. 1 Hen. VI. ii. 3. 68.
capable	susceptible	E. ii. 674	Shak All's Well i. 1. 106; Milt. P. L. viii. 49 (of an ear).
centinel	sentinel	E. ii. 842	Elizabethan spelling.
chace	chase		spelling Eliz. as well as 18th cent. *e.g.* Chap.
character'd		E. i. 890, ii. 62	Shak. common; Cowper, Task iii. 823, etc.
charactery		E. iii. 762; Sonnet p. 277	Shak. Jul. C. ii. 1. 308, etc.
chouse		Cap and Bells vii.	Ben J. Alchemist ii. 1.
cinque-parted		Cap and Bells lxxvii.	analogy 'cinque-spotted'; Shak. Cymb. ii. 2. 3

cirque		E. iv. 769; Hyp. ii. 34	Wordsworth, Excurs. iii. 50; White Doe.
cirque-couchant		Lam. i. 46	couchant, Milt. P. L. iv. 400; Dryden.
citied	(adj.)	Lam. ii. 90	(Thomson, Liberty i. 305; Drayton, Polyolbion.)
clamant		E. ii. 494	Thomson, Autumn 350.
climacteric		To a Cat	common early, *e.g.* Drummond.
close	embrace	E. ii. 13	Shak. Twelfth Nt. v. i. 161, etc.
colure		Hyp. i. 274	Milt. P. L. ix. 66.
complain	(as noun)	E. i. 495 (rej.); Lam. i 238	Eliz. (espec. Chapman) analogy.
completion	completeness, perfections	E. i. 260, ii. 757; Hyp. i. 191	(perfections 1602. NED.)
conched	(soft-c. adj.)	Psyche 4	
coronal		E. (3 times) etc.	common Eliz.; Sp.; Fletcher; Wordsworth.
cosset		Mod. Love 2.	Literary or colloquial?
covert		Sonnet p. 39; E. i. 17, iii. 470, iv. 101; Hyp. i. 152, ii. 32, iii. 39; St. Ag. xxi; Isab xxviii.	common in Sp; Shak.; Milt. etc.
coverture		E. iii. 930	
cower	(verb active)	E. ii. 647	Shak. Much Ado iii. 1. 30, etc.; Sp.
curtained		E. ii 618; Sonnet p. 287 (fragrant-c.)	Milt. Nat. Ode; Shak. Macbeth; Collins.
curtaining	(vbl. subst.)	Lam. ii 18	
dædale	treacherous, cunning	E. iv. 459	Sp. F. Q iv. 10. 45; iii. Introd. 2; cunning (of artist), Drummond.
daft	(p p. of verb daff)	Lam. ii. 160	Shak. Much Ado (2); Othello iv. 2. 176; Ant. and Cl. etc.
dangered	endangered	Otho i. 1. 6	Shak. Ant. and Cl. i. 2. 109; Marlowe Ed. II.
darkling		Nightingale 6.; St. Ag. xl.	Shak. Ant. and Cl. iv. 15. 10, etc.; Milt.; Chatt.
Dedalian		S and P. 303	Chapman, Hymn to Apollo.
delectable		E. iii. 901	Shak. 2 Hen. IV. iv. 3. 103 (but with different stress); Milt. P. L. iii. 630.
demesne		Chapman Sonnet, etc.	Chaucer; Shak. R. and J. ii. 1. 20.

Word	Usage in Keats	Reference in Keats	Keats's Probable Source
izen		S. and P. 48; E. iii. 215	Browne; Dryden; Pope, etc.
monded	(p.p. adj.)	St. Ag. xxiv.	originated by K., so "diamonding" in *Notes to Milton.*
bble		E. iii. 153	Shak. Winter's Tale iv. 4. 100
ght		E. iii. 10	Sp. Shep. Cal.; Milt.; Chap.; favourite of Chatt.
isparted		E. ii. 308, 407, 517; Lam. i. 195	Sp.; Milt.; Chap.; Sandys; Thomson, Spring 310.
istract	(p.p.)	Otho ii. 2. 84	Shak. Lover's Complaint 231; Milt. S. A. 1556 (=mad); Shak. J. C. iv. 3. 155.
distraught		E. i. 565; Hyp. i. 232	Sp. F. Q. i. 9. 38, etc.; Shak. etc.
divorcement		Otho i. 3. 116	Shak. Othello iv. 2. 158.
drave		E. iii. 612	common archaism Bible, etc.
drear		E. i. 904, etc.; Lam. i. 150, 238; Robin H. 18; Hyp. ii. 32; St. Ag. xxxv.	in Sp. a noun; as adj. Milt. Il Pens., P. L.; Chatt. (4); Thomson; Byron, early poems.
dulcet	dulcet-eyed	Fancy 81	Milt. P. L. i. 712, v. 347. (Southey (1795), Joan of Arc; Shelley, Cenci.)
dungeoned	(p.p.)	Otho i. 2. 170	
eclipsing	over e. eyes	E. ii. 877	Milt. P. L. ii. 666
eld		E. i. 358, iii. 661	common Eliz.; Sp.; Shak.; Milt. etc.
elf	man, knight =spirit	E. ii. 461, etc.; Isab.; Son. pp. 282, 286 Night. 8; Lam. i. 55	Sp. *passim* and Spenserians, *e.g.* Collins.
emblemed	(p.p.)	E. iii. 203	common poet. (none, but Eliz. use NED.)
embrace-ments		E. ii. 533	Sp.; Sandys; Browne; Shak. T. and C. iv. 5. 148, Ven. and Ad.
empery		Lam. ii. 36; E. etc.	Eliz. common; Shak.; Chap. etc.
empierced		Cap and Bells	Sp. F. Q. iv. 12. 19, etc.
empty of		E. iv. 128; Lam. ii. 307; (emptied of—Grec. Urn 4; Otho iv. 1. 66; Hyp. i. 59)	common Eliz.; Shak. (T. and C. iv. 2. 6, etc.); Milt. P. L. xi. 616; B. and Fl.; very common in Chap.

enormous		Hyp. iii. 113	common Sp.; Milt. P. L. v. 297 "enormous bliss".
entrancements		E. ii. 704	Otway; Coleridge, Sib. Leaves; (Keepsake).
espial		St. Ag. xxi.	Sp. F. Q. v. 4. 15, iv. 10. 17; Shak. Hamlet iii. 1. 32, etc.
essence		Hyp. i. 232, ii. 331	Milt. P. L. i. 425, ii. 215.
eterne		E. iii. 42; Hyp. i. 110	Chaucer; Sp.; Shak. Macbeth; Browne; Chatt. v. common.
evident	evident God	Hyp. i. 333	Chap. Il. xvi. 781, their e. deeds (as a dissyllable).
exalt	(as adj.)	E. iii. 663	(none before Browning. NED.)
exclaim	(as noun)	E. ii. 471	Eliz. e.g. Chap. Il. xxii. 70.
fannings	spley f.	E. ii. 604	
faulture		F. Hyp. i. 70	(no ex. NED.)
favonian		Faery Songs ii. 11	(Young, Night Thoughts)
fear	(verb tr.)	E. iv. 792; Isab. viii.	Sp. F. Q. ii. 12. 25, etc.; Shak.
feel	(as noun)	E. i. 903, ii. 234, iii. 139, 496; Cal. 139; Son. p. 273; Hyp. i. 189 (rej).	vulgar colloquialism of 18th C.; Hunt, etc.
fend	defend	E. ii. 574	(no author within K.'s reading, but archaic.)
fevered	(pret.)	Otho ii. 1. 31	
fever out	(verb inf.)	Hyp. i. 133	none
fiddle faddle		Cap and Bells xxvii	Wordsworth, Idiot Boy.
[illegible]	of a kiss	E. ii. 491	vulgar use.
flaw	storm	St. Ag. xxxvii (flaw-blown); Son. p. 293	Shak. Hamlet v. 1. 239, etc.; Milt. P. L. x. 698.
flitter-winged			
float	a boat	Lam. i. 294	none.
[illegible]	f. along (p.p.)	E. ii. 611	(used ME, but no authority for K.)
[illegible]	(as noun)	Hyp. ii. 234	nonce word.
[illegible]	(abst. noun)	E. i. 612	vulgarism
for	(as conjunction)	Hyp. i. 134 Otho iv. 1. 144	Othello ii. 1. 76 (cf. Lycidas 103). common Elizabethanism.

Word	Usage in Keats	Reference in Keats	Keats's Probable Source
foughten		Otho i. 3. 44; F. Hyp. i. 199	Milt. P.L. vi. 410.
fragment up	pick up in fragments	E. iii. 845	(none; not noted in NED.)
fray	frayed, affrayed, etc.	St. Ag. xxii., xxix., xxxiii.; E. ii. 245	Sp.; Chap.; Shak. T. and C. iii. 2. 34. etc.
freakful		Lam. i. 230	none (-ful adjs. common in Hunt and in Chap.)
freshet		E. iv. 34; Isab. xxvii.	Browne, Brit. Past. iii. 3. 1004; Milt. P. L.
front	forehead	Hyp. i. 102	common Eliz.; Shak.; Milt.; Marst. etc.
gaze	at pining gaze	Otho i. 1. 149	com. Eliz.; Chap.; Marst., etc.
ghittern		Isab. xix.	Chaucer (Cant. Tales, 5 times).
globed	(as adj.)	Mel. 2; F. Hyp. i. 221	(no author before K. NED.)
gordian	of snake	E. iii. 494; Lam. i. 47	Milton P. L. iv. 348 (of the serpent "with g. twine").
gordianed	(p.p.=knotted)	E. i. 614	nonce word (Shak. Hen. V. i. 1. 46, gordian knot.)
gorgon	(as adj.)	E. iv. 129, 754	Massinger; Dryden, but v. likely formed by K. from noun.
gratulate		Otho i. 1. 55	Milt. P. R. iv. 434; Chap. Hym. to Homer, etc.
'haviour		Otho iv. 2. 51	Eliz. contraction.
havocked	(p.p.)	Steph. i. 2. 23	vb. "to havoc" in Milt. P. L. x. 617 (and prose).
herbaged	(h. meads, adj.)	To —— 40	Thomson, Summer 475; herbaged brink (of stream).
hist		E. iv. 66, 909	colloquial (vb. used in Milt. Il. Pens. 55, but quite differently).
honey-dew		E. ii. 7	Sp. F. Q. iii. 11. 31, etc.; Shak. Tit. And. iii. 1. 112; Coleridge, Anc. Mar., Kubla Khan.
[illegible]	(adj.)	St. Ag. vi.; Indolence 4	Chaucer; Shak.; Gray; Collins.
[illegible]		Hyp. i. 94.	Eliz. e.g. Shak.; Chap.; Milt. etc.
[illegible]		Indolence 2; Eve of St. M. 21; Lamia ii. 263	Shak. Hamlet ii. 2. 508, etc.

imageries	(*N.B.* plur.)	F. Hyp. i. 77; St. Mark 56	Chaucer, H. of F. 3. 120; Sp. Ruins of Time 90.
ingrate		To Chatt. 1814	Milt.; but prob. 18th cent. here.
inlet		Hyp. i. 211	Milt. Comus 839.
labyrinth	(*as verb*)	*Lam.* ii. *53*	prob. original in K.
lackeying	(verb)	Otho i. 1. 97	common Eliz.; Chap.; Milt. etc.
lampit	limpet	Ep. Reynolds 88	Burns (1786), Earnest Cry and Prayer viii.
languishment		Sonnet p. 35; Cal. 80	Sp.; Browne; Chatt.; Wordsworth.
languorous		F. Hyp. i. 214; Son. p. 287	Sp. F. Q. ii. I. 6.
lapped	lapped and lulled	E i. 646	Sp. F. Q. iii. 6. 46; Drayton, Man in Moon.
laurelled	(adj.)	Son. to G. K. 3, etc.	Thomson, Winter 150; Collins, etc.
lave		*E.* i. *936*, ii. *969*, etc.	*com. poet.*; Milt.; Chatt.
lavendered	(adj.)	St. Ag. xxx	not before K.; but much since in poetry, *cf.* Hood, Tennyson.
leafits		Isab. liv.	(1787, botanical, now obsolete. NED); Coleridge, Nightingale 65 (1798).
legioned	(adj.)	E. ii. 43; St. Ag. xix.	[anal. of Milton's squadroned (Arnold)], but in Dryden; *N.B.* Shelley also, 1818.
libbard	leopard	Lam. ii. 185	Sp. F. Q. i. *6.* 26, etc.; Shak. *L. L. L.* v. 2. *551*.
liegeless	free	Hyp. iii. 92	(no ex. except K. NED.)
lifeful		*E.* i. *763*; *Cap and Bells* lxiv.	*Sp.* F. Q. vi. 11. 40 (like *lifeful* heat to numbed senses spake).
lodge	*v.* note	E. i. 293	Marston, *cf.* note.
louted		Otho iii. 1. 17; Cap and Bells xxix.	Sp. common
lucent		Psyche 41; St. Ag. xxx.; Hyp. i. 239, etc.; Four Fairies 61; Son. p. 287	Milt. P. L. iii. *589* (but a favourite word in Cary's Dante).
lush	explained by Woodhouse as meaning "deep-coloured"	E. i. 46, 940, ii. *52*, etc.; Tip-toe 31; as noun *E.* ii. *403*; -est, *E.* i. *631*	Shak. Temp. ii. 1. *52*, *of grass*.
luxury	concrete and abstract	Ded. 1817; E. ii. 676, etc. (12 times)	Leigh Hunt; but *cf.* Chapman.
lymning		S. and P. 33	Eliz. spelling, *e.g.* Marston.

Word	Usage in Keats	Reference in Keats	Keats's Probable Source
mammoth brood		Hyp. i. 164	Milt. analogy.
magian		E. iii. 265; Cap and Bells (as noun) lx.; Staffa 1.	Arab. Nts. (?).
medicined	(p.p.) of sorrow	F. Hyp. i. 183	Shak. Othello iii. 3. 332, etc.
melodious	well m.	Sonnet p. 273	Lycidas (melodious tear).
memoried	simple? common?	Sonnet p. 279	
mere		E. iii. 845	Eliz. use, *e.g.* Chapman.
metropolitan		Hyp. i. 129; Cap and B. lxiv.	Cowper; Wordsworth, Excurs. Introd. 86.
mickle		St. Ag. xiv.	Milt. Comus 31; common in Chatt.
minish		E. ii. 582	Eliz. contraction, *e.g.* Bible.
ministrant		E. i. 285	Milt. P. R. ii. 385; P. L. x. 87.
missioned	(p.p. adj. vb. pret., commissioned.)	E. i. 701; St. Ag. xxii. (adj.); Lam. ii. 130 (vb. pret.)	(Southey, but rare.)
monitor	(as verb)	E. iv. 884	
monstrous	*i.e.* peopled with monsters	E. iii. 69	Milt. Lycidas 158.
morion		Steph. i. 2. 30	Sp. Muiopotmos, Sonnets; Chap. Il. x. 227; Beau. and Fl.; Scott, Marmion.
mountained	(p.p.)	E. ii. 107	
mouthed	(adj.)	Hyp. ii. 270	
needments		E. i. 208	Sp. F. Q. i. 6. 35, etc.; Colin Clout 105.
neighboured	(p.p.) favourite in K.	Otho iii. 2. 142	Shak. Hamlet ii. 2. 12; Hen. V.; Lear.
nest, nestled, nestly		Hyp. ii. 90; E. *passim*, etc. (10).	Leigh Hunt, vulgar.
nigh	(as verb and pres. part.)	Son. Hum. Seasons, *vide* p. 540, note; Hyp. ii. 103; Lam. i. 202 (pres. part.) Lam. ii. 6	Sp. Shep. Cal. March 4 May 316.
non-elect		E. i. 800; Hyp. i. 166; Otho iv. 2. 91 Otho iv. 1. 79	colloquial.
	(adj.)		Milt. P. L. vi. 543. Shak. common.

paragon	(verb)	S. and P. 172	Milt. P. L. x. 426.
parle		*Bards of P.* 8; *Sp. Stanzas* on Brown	Shak. Hamlet i. 1. 62, etc.; Milt. P. L. vi. 296, etc.; Marston.
passion	(verb)	E. i. 248, ii. 201; Lamia i. 182	passioning, Shak. Two G. of V. iv. 4. 172; -ed. Sp. F. Q. ii. 9. 41, iii. 12. 4 (adj.).
pavilions	(verb)	E. ii. 56	Milt. P. L. xi. 215.
pebbled	(adj.)	E. ii. 17	Collins, To Fear 61; Shak. Sonn. 60 (p. shore).
penanced	(p p. and adj.)	Lam. i. 55; Otho iv. 1. 146	(Southey, Joan of Arc.)
penetrant		Lam. ii. 34	analogy of -ant adjs. in Milt. and Chatt.
perceant		Lam. ii. 301	Sp. F. Q. i. 10. 47, ii. 323; Chatt. (2), *N.B. Ælla, 561, of a sting.*
pettish		Lam. i. 193	
phantasied	(p p.)	E. iii. 506	Shak. K. John iv. 2. 144; Chap. Il. xxiii. 60.
piazzian		Lam. i. 212.	none.
pierce	(as noun)	Isab. xxxiv.	none (anal. Chap.?)
pight		E. ii. 60; Otho v. 5. 164	common in Sp.; Browne; Chatt.; Shak. (3) (T. and C.).
pleached	trellised	E. iii. 927	Shak. Much Ado iii. 1. 7.
pleasure	(verb)	E. iii. 436; Isab. xi.; Son. p. 287 (adj.)	Shak. Mer. W. i. 1. 252, Much Ado v. 1. 129.
plumaged		Cap and Bells v.	
plump	(as verb)	E. iv. 377; Aut. 1	
poesied	(past tense of vb)	Isab. ix.	
portioned	proportioned	Hyp. i. 176	
pozed	settled?	Hyp. ii. 244	
pricket		Teignmouth	Sp. Shep. Cal.; Browne, Brit. Past. iii. 1. 1.
prisoned	(p p imprisoned)	E. ii. 461	
proclaim	(noun)	Hyp. i. 130	anal Chap.
pry	(as noun)	*To G. A. W.*	(C. Smart, A noon piece).
psalterian		Lam. i. 114	none.
quell	(as noun)	Sonnet to Spenser, 7; E. ii. 537	Shak. Macb. *I.* 7. 72.
quired	(as verb)	Sonnet on Sea	Shak. Merch. of V. v. 1. 62, Coriolanus.

Word	Usage in Keats	Reference in Keats	Keats's Probable Sou[rce]
ack	of clouds	E. ii. 288; Lam i. 178	Shak. Ant. and Cl. iv. 14. 10., Hamlet ii. 2. 506, etc.
raft	(p.p.)	E. i. 334	Sp. F. Q. i. 1. 24, Shep. Cal. (Aug.); Chap. Il. xi. 332.
ramping		E. iv. 595	Sp. F. Q.; Shak. John iii. 1. 122, etc.; Milt. P. L. iv. 343.
raught	reached	E. ii. 282, iii. 856, outraught i. 866	archaic, Sp.; Shak.; Browne, etc.
recognizance	power of recognition	Sonnet iv. (1817)	(In Shak. Oth. v. 2. 214, metaphorically = pledge.)
regard	(as noun)	Hyp. i. 37	Milton P. L. iv. 876, etc.
region	region-whisper	Hyp. i. 340	Shak. Son. xxxiii. "r. cloud".
regioned	sapphire-r., space-r.	Psyche 26; Hyp. i. 119	
reluctant	(v. note)	Hyp. i. 61	Milt. P. L. vi. 58, x. 515.
retire	(as noun)	Lam. i. 230; Four Fairies 6	Shak. T. and C. v. 3. 53, etc.; Milt. P. L. xi. 267.
rheums			Shak.; and Milt. P.L. xi. 488.
rhomb	square of a battalion	Otho i. 2. 55	Milt. P. L. viii. 134.
rillets		E. ii. 945	Browne; (common poetic since Keats).
rubious		Lam. i. 163; Otho iv. 2. 37	Shak. Twelfth Nt. i. 4. 32.
ruddy	used of blood	E. iii. 546; Isab. vi.; Otho v. 4. 24	Shak. J. C. ii. 1. 289.
rustled	rustling	Hyp. ii. 2	
sallows		Tip-toe 67; E. ii. 341, iv. 392; Aut. 3	Sp. F. Q. i. 1. 9, etc.; Sandys; Chap. Od. x. 629.
scale	(verb intrans.), ascend	Cal. 37.	Milt. P. L. iii. 541.
scandal	(verb)	Sonnet on Fame	Shak. J. C. i. 2. 76; Cymb. iii. 4. 62.
scantly	scantily, scarcely	E. iv. 920	
sciential		Lam. i. 191	Milt. P. L. ix. 837; Ben. J. Masque of Darkness.
spray		E. iv. 157	Sandys, Ovid, Met. xi. 498; Defoe, Rob. Crusoe; Smollett, Per. Pick.

seemlihed		E. iv. 950	Sp. F. Q. iv. 8. 14; Chaucer R. of R. l. 1130.
sermoned	(p.p.)	Steph. I. 4. 16	Imperative in Shak. T. of A. ii. 2. 101.
serpenting		E. iii. 561	
serpentry		E. i. 821	
shallop		E. i. 423; Cal. 67	Sp. F. Q. iii. 7. 27, etc.; Browne; Scott; Shelley (Alastor), etc.
shawe		Robin Hd. 36	Chaucer; Robin Hood Ballads, etc.
shedded	(p.p.)	E. iv. 769; F. Hyp. i. 370	
sheen		E. ii. 207	Shak.; Sp.; Chatt.; Coleridge common.
shelve	shelf	Hyp. ii. 64	
shent		E. iv. 509; Lam. i. 198; S. and P. 379; Otho iii. 2. 125	Sp. F. Q. iii. 9. 33; Chatt.; Shak. Merry Wives, T. and C.
shine	(as noun)	E. i. 32, 352, ii. 809, iii. 361, 685; Tip-t. 207; Lam. ii. 188; Cap and Bells viii.; Eve St. M. 118, etc.	in K. probably colloquial; but common Eliz. also.
shook	shaken	E. iv. 453	Shak. and Milt.
shoon	shoes	Fancy 21	Chaucer; Shak. (Hamlet); Chatt.
shouldered	(verb)	E. iii. 835	Sp. F. Q. ii. 12. 23, sea shouldering; Marston; Collins, Liberty 27.
shut	(noun)	Hyp. ii. 36	Milt. P. L. ix. 278.
sith	since	E. iv. 110	common archaic; Sp; Shak.; Chatt.
size	swell	E. iii. 206	B. and Fl. Wit at Several Weapons ii. 1; Massinger, Great Duke of Florence iii. 1.
slabbed	(adj.)	Lam. i. 381	
sleeked	of wings	Tip-toe 89; S. and P. 150; E. i. 463.	Shak.; Thomson.
sliver	of sword	Isab. L (rej.)	Shak. Hamlet iv. 7. 174.
slope	sloping	Lam. ii. 26; Hyp. i. 204	Milt. C. 98, P. L. iv. 591, 591.
sluice	of eye	E. ii. 326	Milt. P. L. v. 133, "each in their crystal s.".
slumberous		E. i. 440 (rej.), iii. 324	Milt. P. L. iv. 615.
smitten	ever-s., over s.	Ep. C. C. C. 102; Lam. i. 7	colloquial.
smoke	to chaff	Cap and Bells lxix.	Shak.; Chap. Od. iv. 336, etc.
smutch	smudge	E. ii. 90	Shak. Wint. Tale i. 2. 121; Ben J., etc.
snail-paced		E. iv. 25	Shak. T. and C. v. 5. 18, Richard III.

Word	Usage in Keats	Reference in Keats	Keats's Probable Source
snuff	sniff	E. iv. 365; Hyp. i. 167	Milt. P. L. x. 272
softling	of a hand	E. iv. 316	colloquial.
sooth	of a voice	F. Hyp. i. 155	of speech; Shak. Macbeth v. 5. 40.
soother		St. Ag. xxx.	Milt. C. 823 (soothest).
soothly		Four Fairies 40	Chaucer; Sp.; Scott.
sovran	(spelling)	Hyp. iii. 115; Melancholy 3	Milt. P. L. common.
speculation		Tip-toe 189; Hyp. i. 324 (rej.)	Milt. P. L. xii. 589.
spell	(as verb = enchant)	Sonnet, Oh! how I love	Dryden tr. Verg. Geo. iii. 45.
sphered	ensphered (as verb and adj.)	Hyp. i. 117; Lamia ii. 183	common in Chapman Il. xxii. 24, Od. xiii. 271, etc.; Shak. T. and C. etc.
spleenful		E. iv. 256	Shak. Tit. And., 2 Henry VI.
spooming		E. iii. 70	B. and Fl. Double Marriage iv. 1, to spoom; Dryden, Hind and Panther.
spreaded	outspreaded, wide-spreaded	E. i. 867, iii. 389; Hyp. i. 287; Lam. i. 354	
spume		E. iii. 655	Milt. P. L. vi. 479; Sandys; Thomson, Summer 106.
stare	(v. note p. 388)	early poems, frequent	vulgar, with touch of Spenser.
steeled	(adj.)	Otho i. 3. 67	Shak. M. for M. iv. 2. 90, Henry V. ii. 2. 36.
stubborned	(pt. adj.)	Hyp. ii. 17	
swolt		Isabella xiv.	Chaucer, Knt. T., etc.
tarn	mountain-lake	E. iv. 693.	Wordsworth, Fidelity, etc.
teazed		E. i. 687, 745, etc., ii. 558, 602, 954, iv. 510; S. and P. 82; Four Fairies 38; G. Urn 5; Ep. to R. 77; Isab. xxviii; Otho iii. 2. 199; Sonnet to Sleep 4 (rej.)	colloquial, but *vide* p. 573.
teen		Imit. of Sp. 22	Sp.; Shak.; Chatt. etc.
tenting	in form of top of a tent.	E. ii. 400	Cary's Dante?
	(adj.)	St. Ag. v.; Sonnet p. 287	Milt. Comus 6, "low-thoughted"

throated	(adj.) *full-*, *calm-*	Night. 1.; Hyp. iii. 38	
throe	(as verb)	E. iv. 485; To—(Fanny) 17	Shak. A. and C. iii. 7. 81, Tempest ii. 1. 231.
thwart	(as adj.)	Otho i. 3. 91	Shak. Lear i. 4. 305; Milt. P. L. x. 1075.
tinct		St. Ag. xxx.	Sp. Shep. Cal.; common in Shak. as a noun.
tiptoe	(v. note)	E. i. 831, ii. 261, 358; Tip-t. 1, 57; Lam. i. 287; St. Ag. vii.; Cap and Bells xvii., xxx., etc.	Shak. once ordin., once poet. (R. and J. iii. 5. 10); Marston "make triumph stand tiptoe".
tip-top		E. i. 805, iii. 15	colloquial.
trammel up		Lam. ii. 52	Shak. Macbeth i. 7. 3.
tranced	(adj.)	Hyp. i. 72	Shak.; Scott, etc.; common poet.
treat	of a woman	Lam. i. 330	colloquial.
trembled	trembling	Psyche 11	
truck		Steph. i. 3. 11	Elizabethan *e.g.* Hakluyt's Voyages; Ben J. Bart. Fair ii. 1, etc.
umbrageous		E. iii. 467	Thomson, Spring 179; Milt. P. L. iv. 257.
under-song		Cal. 61; Lam. ii. 200; Isab. xxxvi.	Sp. Shep. Cal. Aug. etc.; Browne; Wordsworth.
unfooted	(adj.)	E. i. 77; Hyp. iii. 50	Ford; Chap. Il. xxiv. 94; "footed" Shak. (Lear) several.
unlidded		Four Fairies 86	
unmew		E. i. 132	(mew) Sp. F. Q. ii. 3. 34; Shak. R. and J. iii. 4. 11; Browne, Brit. Past. iii. 1. 838.
unpruned	orig. of trees, then of birds with damaged feathers	St. Ag. xxxvii.	Shak. Cymb. v. 4. 118; Sp. F. Q. ii. 3. 30.
unseam		E. ii. 74	Shak. Macb. i. 2. 22.
utterless		Hyp. ii. 120	Milton on Divorce ii. 21 (p. 150 Bohn).
vail		Steph. i. 3. 25; E. iv. 263	Shak. M. for M. v. 1. 20, etc.
vassalage		E. iii. 212	Shak. Sonnets, T. and C., etc.
vast	(as noun = sea)	E. iii. 120	Shak. Pericles, "O God of the great *Vast*"; Miltonic.

Word	Usage in Keats	Reference in Keats	Keats's Pre
vermeil	(vermilion, adj.)	E. iv. 148	Sp. F. Q iii. 1. 46; but here Milt. (v. tured lip) C. 752
viewless		Night. 4.; Lam. ii. 136	common poet, from Shak. onwards.
vineyarded	(past tense)	Isab. xvii.	
wandered	(adj. wandering)	F. Hyp. i. 43	
wicker	basket	E. i. 137	Chap. Od. ix. 350, but there "of wicker," *cf.* p. 579.
wist	whist	Lam. i. 85 (rej.); Four Fairies 98	Sp. F. Q. iii. 7. 59; Shak. Tempest; Milt. Nativ. Ode.
wonderment		Tip-t. 142; E. ii. 384, iv. 1003	Sp. common; Browne; Coleridge; Scott, etc.
wox		Hyp. i. 326; Sp. Stanza.	Sp.; but common archaism.
writhen		E. iii. 529	Browne, Brit. Past. ii. 3.
yeaned	bring forth young	S. and P. 257	Faith. Shep. iii. 1; Shak. M. of V., 3 Hen. VI.
yerk		Otho iii. 2. 74	Shak. Hen. V. iv. 7. 83; Marston, Satires i. 3. (intrans. in B. and Fl. Sea Voyage).
yon	there	E. iv. 914	vulgar use for sake of rhyme.
zoned		E. ii. 569	
-Y Adjectives.			
beamy	moon-, sun-	To Some Ladies 12	Chap. Od.; Coleridge.
bloomy		Ep. to Mathew 52; Tip-t. 136; Hyp. ii. 274	Milt. of spray; K. of grapes with bloom, and vulgar.
bowery		E. ii. 967; S. and P. 63	Pope.
clayey		Isab. xlv.	Sidney, Apol. for Poetrie "clayey lodgings"
drouthy		Four Fairies 57	Drayton; Philips; Byron; Burns.
		Son. i. (1817); E. i. 333, 379	common poetic.

fenny		E. i. 80	Shak. Macb iv. 1. 12; Chap. Georg. ii. 9; Sp. Vergil's Gnat.
fledgy		Staffa 41; Otho ii. 2. 102.	(in Milt. fledge as adj.)
gummy	of *frankincense*	E. i. 229	Milt. P. L. x. 1076 of pine, *i.e.* already in gum (NED.).
heathy		E. ii. 303	common.
jaunty	j. streams, j. flutterings	Tip-t. 22; S. and P. 253	colloquial (introd. 18th C.).
lawny		Imit. Sp. 3; Induct. 66; S. and P. 374	Browne, Brit. Past ii. 1. 184; Coleridge, etc.
liny	full of lines?	S. and P. 364	colloquial, loose; no ex. before K.
mealy	of butterflies	E. ii. 91, 996	Shak. T. and C. iii. 3. 79, "mealy wings".
nervy		E. i. 174, ii. 646	Shak.; Sandys; Chap. Il. xvii. 253.
oozy		Hyp. ii. 170	Milt. Lyc., Ode on Nat.; Shak. Tempest; Chatt.
orby	*orbed*	E. iii. 180	*Chap. common.*
paly		E. i. 984; Son. Burns	Shak. R. and J. iv. 1. 100, etc.; Chatt.; Collins.
pearly		E. iii. 1005; Hyp. i. 355	common poetic.
pebbly		E. ii. 99	Browne, etc.
pillowy		Tip-t. 188; Isab. xli.	Leigh Hunt, "p. fields".
pipy		E. i. 241	
plashy		Hyp. ii. 45; Stephen i. 1. 6	Rimini "plashy pools"; Wordsworth, Res. and Indep.; Crabbe.
ripply	rippling	E. i. 430	B. and Fl.
rooty		E. iv. 558	Chap. Il. xvii. 654; Hunt, Foliage.
rushy		Tip-t. 62	Browne, Brit. Past. iii. 2. 302.
sceptry		Otho i. 1. 107	
scummy		Hyp. i. 258	
sea-foamy		E. ii. 699	Chap.; Wordsworth.
skyey		E. iv. 558	Shak. M. for M. iii. 1. 9.
slaty		Hyp. ii. 16	
sleety		Drear-nighted Dec. 6	
sluicy		E. i. 940	
slumbery		E. ii. 406	Shak. Macbeth v. 1. 12; Sp. F. Q. iii 6. 26; Chap.

Word	Usage in Keats	Reference in Keats	Keats's Probable Source
spangly	s. hollows of the world	E. i. 569 ; Isab. x i.	Wordsworth, Excursion vi. 1155.
sparry		E. ii. 204	Sand. Ovid vii. p. 137 ; Dryd. Vergil.
spermy		Sonnet to Homer	Milt. Comus ; Shak.
sphery		E. iii. 33	(of air) Milt. ; Chap. Od. xxi. 526 (of clouds) ; Burns.
spongy		E. i. 225	Thomson, Summer 106, etc.
spumy		Four Fairies 16	
streamy	streaming	S. and P. 127	
surgy		E. i. 121	
thorny	t. spray	Fancy 34 ; Eve St. M. 9	Thomson, (t. brake) Spring 603 ; Shak. (6).
towery	t. perching	E. i. 535	
wormy	w. circumstance	Isab. xlix.	Milt. Fair Inf. (wormy bed).

ADDENDA

Word	Usage in Keats	Reference in Keats	Keats's Probable Source
avengeaunce	(of the mind)	E. iii. 621 (rej.)	Coverdale, Isaiah xxi. 1. Phillips, Cider II.
bowed		E. rej., Preface ; E. i. 101 (rej.)	Coleridge, Ode to Departing Year, 6.
ensky'd		E. iv. 772	Shak. M. for M. I. iv. 34.
first-endeavouring		Hyp. ii. 171	Milton, Vacation Ex. 2.
quell	(as a noun)	E. ii. 537. Sonnet to Spenser	Shak. Macb. I. vii. 72.
spiriting		Sonnet to Spenser	Shak. Tempest I. ii. 298.

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